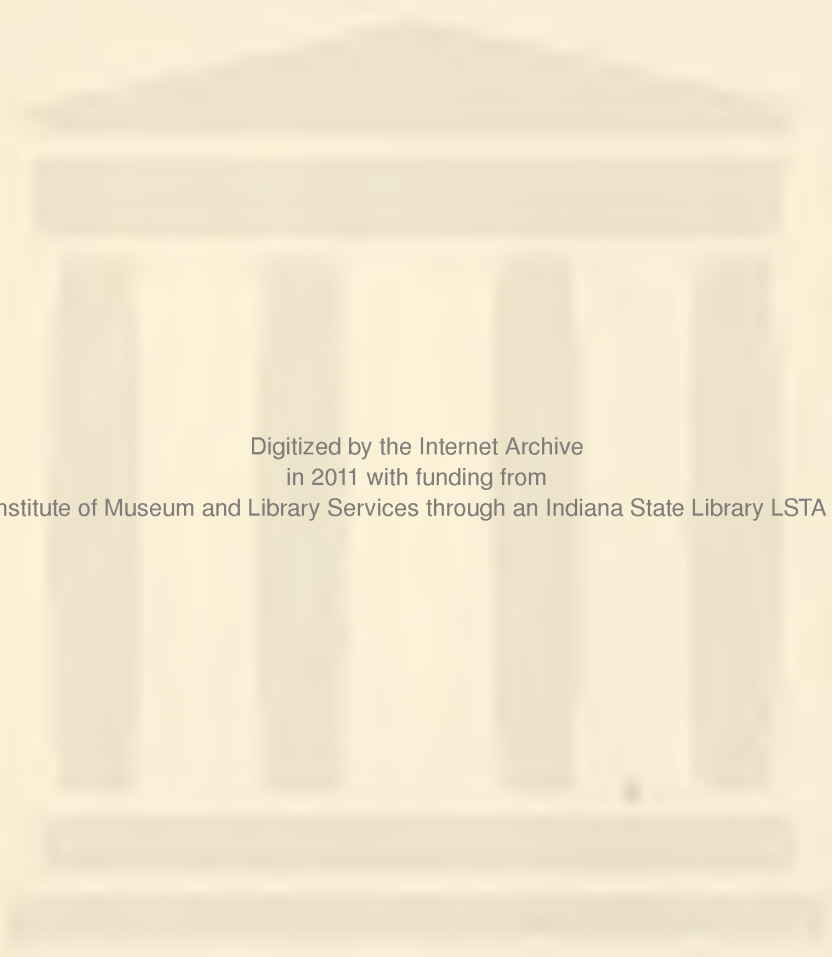


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THE LIFE
OF
CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.
MEMOIRS,
WRITINGS, AND SPEECHES,
SHOWING
*HIS CONDUCT IN THE OVERTHROW OF AMERICAN SLAVERY,
THE SALVATION OF THE UNION, AND THE
RESTORATION OF THE AUTONOMY
OF THE STATES.*

“Quorum — pars fui.”

IN TWO VOLUMES, WRITTEN AND COMPILED BY HIMSELF, AND
ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL.

VOLUME I.

CINCINNATI, OHIO:
J. FLETCHER BRENNAN & CO.
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1886.

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P R E F A C E .

AMONG the millions of books which fill the world, as the dust of summer, or the leaves of autumn, how few are Autobiographies! And, of those few, how many are fragmentary—illuminating a few promontories only; whilst the vast continent of life remains dark!

The acts of the drama of a life may be few, but the scenes—the thoughts—are infinite. It seems to be a law of nature that the memory of evil is lasting; whilst the joys of life are soon forgotten. How shall we solve this hard problem—the Spanish apothegm — “There is a skeleton in every house?”

In Hamlet’s soliloquies the partial enumeration of the ills of Life seem sufficient to make Death tolerable, if not desirable; but all its ills are not there set forth. Often have I heard men and women say, they would not live life over again. And so published reminiscences and memoirs are few; because they occasion a faint repetition of life.

Of these ills, not mentioned by Shakespeare, the greatest is Calumny, which, unlike those others, follows us even beyond the gates of death. It is often said, “a lie will not live forever;” that “truth is omnipotent, and public justice certain.” These dicta may be very encouraging to youth; but to me, who have lived long, and seen much of life, they are very unsafe maxims. For it may just as well be said that, “a lie will travel miles, whilst truth is putting on his boots.”

The Gracci were, no doubt, patriots. The ruin of Rome came of not following their advice; yet the voice of mankind has branded them as villains. Henry Clay was hounded to his death with the cry of "bargain and sale," because he took the best man and the best cause in charge, as was his right and patriotic duty. Now, no man conceals the avowal that combinations of personal ambitions for noble purposes are not only virtuous but wise. The misfortune of the Gracci, and of Clay, and others, including myself, is, that those who attack great interests, or thwart the ends of great parties, incur immortal hatreds.

Those who follow principles can not always remain in the same party. As the enemy of Slavery, the Democrats hate me; and, as the vindicator of Southern autonomy of the States, the Republicans (in the language of one writing of Seward's hostility,) held toward me "unflinching enmity." Of course, there are great-souled and just men in all parties. But the union of all personal ambitions, and all honors and emoluments, in parties, creates that *esprit du corps* which is stronger than all other human ties, and over-rides all moral and religious duties.

Every man should be estimated, not by his personal success—the emoluments and honors of office—but by the triumph of those principles which add to human happiness. In the history of the world, the latter only are remembered with gratitude. The overthrow of Slavery in this Nation, in the judgment of many, was a more important event than even American Independence. We came out from monarchy by great sacrifice of blood and treasure; but, in the course of human events, we may wisely return to it again. But Slavery, at great sacrifice, is abolished; and, whether we remain one nation, or many—whether Republic or Empire—is gone forever! Can any one estimate the sum of happiness which has been secured to the human race by its death?

So the restoration of the autonomy of the States was but another form of the great struggle for the Government of the People, as against the Divine Right of Kings. These States, ruled by a central power at Washington, by means of patronage

and military influence, still bearing the name of Republic, would be in fact a corrupt and tyrannical despotism, without the wholesome checks upon tyranny which come from the hereditary descent of the rulers.

In the light of these great events, I desire to stand before the reader, and receive such consideration among men as my share in their triumph shall merit. The episodes and incidents, and even the actors in this grand drama, are but the filling in of the stage scenery; and, in comparison with the great principles determined, are nothing but "leather and prunella."

C. M. C.

White Hall, Madison Co., Ky., 1885.

LINES TO C. M. C.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

BRAVE heart, and truly noble! that didst single
From all Earth's lofty aims the loftiest one,
Pursuing it by means which might not mingle
With views less generous — nobly hast thou done!
And dared and striven — through every obstacle;
And steadfastly resisting, through each ill,
The Wrong and False. Sure, thou hast read and pondered
With highest wisdom on those words divine —
“Love one another;” therefore ne'er hath wandered
The star that led thy spirit to the shrine
Of holiest truth! Still may the angels have
Their charge o'er thee. Still (with the hope sublime
To serve thy race) mayest thou all danger brave,
And win thy way, now, and through future time!

For Truth — Truth pure and indestructible —
Is the strong ark wherein thy safety lies.
Even 'midst the slanders of fierce enemies
Shalt thou be armed with hero-courage still
T' oppose the Wrong, and pray God speed the Right.
Now steadily upon the wondrous light
Of Freedom, in the Future, fix thy glance;
Then, animated by the grandest dream —
The noblest earthly hope — still to advance
(With fearless will) the Cause that must redeem
The promise written on the Nation's scroll —
The pledge that in the Country of the Free
Men shall have Equal Rights! Courage, O ardent soul!
Press onward — onward still! and thou shalt reach the goal!

LINES TO C. M. CLAY.

BY JOHN H. BRYANT, (BROTHER OF WM. CULLEN BRYANT.)

BOLD champion of the poor! a thorny road
Before thee lies; for thou hast bared thy breast,
And nerved thine arm, to lift the heavy load,
And break the chains from limbs too long oppressed.
Tyrants' and Custom's dupes may strive in vain;
Truth wields a weapon mightier far than they.
Huge bars and gates of brass are rent in twain,
Touched by the magic of her peaceful sway.
Hold then thy course, nor bate a jot of hope.
Lo! the day dawns along our eastern shore;
Soon shall the night of prejudice be o'er,
And a bright morning give thee freer scope
To rouse thy countrymen to deeds of good;
And just and peaceful laws shall save the land from blood.

PRINCETON, Nov. 7, 1845.

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THE LIFE OF
CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

MEMOIRS, WRITINGS, AND SPEECHES

OF

CASSIUS MARCELLUS CLAY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.—THE CLAY FAMILY.—MY HOME.—FIRST FIGHT.—MY MOTHER.—FIGHT AGAINST ODDS.—BOYHOOD.—SCHOOL-MATES.—MY FATHER.—YOUTH.—EDUCATIONAL CAREER.—SLAVERY.—MARY.—SIDNEY PAYNE CLAY.—HENDRICKS' BOY JOE.—THE IRON COLLAR.—FIGHT WITH GEORGE.—EDUCATION CONTINUED.—JOURNEY TO CINCINNATI.—ADVENTURE WITH BIRDSEYE.—“NEVER TELL ANY ONE YOUR BUSINESS.”—EDUCATION CONTINUED.—ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, BARDSTOWN.—FIGHT AT ST. JOSEPH'S.—FELLOW-STUDENTS.

I WAS born in Madison County, Kentucky, United States of America, October 19, 1810, on the uplands of Tate's and Jack's creeks, near the Kentucky River. My mother, Sally Lewis Clay, was the daughter of Eliza and Thomas Lewis, descended from Scotch and English ancestors—Douglas being a family name to this day. My grandparents had a large family of sons and daughters, of fine minds and physique. One of my aunts married James Garrard, Governor of Kentucky, and another John T. Johnson, long time member of Congress, and the nephew of Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States. My great-grandfather, Edward Payne, was a contemporary of George Washington, and is honorably named by Mr. Weems, in his life of the Father of his Country. My grand-parents were born in Virginia; and lived at the large spring, about four miles north-west from Lexington, Kentucky, till their death. My father, Green Clay, was born in Powhattan County, Virginia, August 14, 1757, and died October 31, 1826.

My uncle, Ezekiel Clay, was an Episcopalian clergyman; and uncle Matthew Clay was the contemporary of Thomas Jefferson, often a member of Congress, and his friend. Matthew was a man of fine person, and quite noted for his prowess, in the old times, when the old-fashioned knock-down was deemed more honorable than the pistol and Bowie-knife. One of his daughters was distinguished for her beauty, and perished in the burned theatre of Richmond, Virginia, which at the time created a national sensation.

My grandfather was named Charles, his father Henry, and his father again Charles, who, with his two brothers, Henry and Thomas, came to America in "the times of Queen Elizabeth, with Sir Walter Raleigh, and remained here, each having received £10,000 from their father, Sir John Clay, of Wales." So says Porter Clay, the half-brother of Henry Clay, in 1848. But I believe I have the only reliable record of the Clay family extant. It is written on blank leaves in the "Works of Samuel Johnson, London, 1713." The oldest ancestor recorded is Charles Clay—no birth-date given.*

* "THE CLAY FAMILY."

An old letter, written in 1848, by the Rev. Porter Clay—then preaching at Alton, Illinois—gives the following facts in regard to the origin of the Clay family:

LETTER IN SAMUEL JOHNSON'S BOOK.

"Your wishes to know something about the history of our family could not be gratified in the limits of a letter. The following concise account must suffice. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, . . . Sir Walter Raleigh brought over to the Virginia plantations, among others, three brothers, sons of Sir John Clay, of Wales, England. He gave them £10,000 each. . . . They were named Charles, Thomas, and Henry. They settled on James River, near Jamestown. Charles and Thomas had large families. Henry had none; but the name has been handed down with great tenacity in both families ever since. Cassius M. Clay . . . is a descendant of Charles Clay; Henry and myself from Thomas Clay."

Porter and Henry Clay were the sons of John Clay, no doubt named after the first John known of our family. I believe our families unite in my great-grandfather, Henry Clay, son of Charles, son of John, of Wales.

My "Speeches and Writings," edited by Horace Greeley, and

My next ancestor, Henry Clay, oldest son of Charles and Mary Mitchell, was born in 1672. The other descending line is all regular, down to my own birth. It is evident that the Rev. Porter Clay speaks from tradition. At what time Henry Clay, the orator and statesman, enters this family-tree is not known. His father was John Clay, and that is all I know about it. He always called me "Cousin Cash." Porter Clay says I descended from Charles, of the three brothers. My family were remarkably long-lived—Henry dying in his eighty-ninth year, and my mother in her ninetieth year. I take but little interest in these antecedents; but I can not but be a little proud that I, through my mother and my Douglas blood, can claim to be of the same race as that Gordon who is now the noblest figure in our times.

I write in the house in which I was born. It is a well-burned brick structure, with heavy range work of Kentucky marble and grey limestone, and of the Grecian style, having three porticos of imperfect Corinthian and Doric columns. It was added to after 1861; but the old building, after the English manner, was preserved almost intact. Even at that day, though there were many homesteads, the original forests in near proximity to the mansion were almost unbroken by the axe. The tulip, walnut, ash, Kentucky coffee-bean, beech, and other magnificent trees, rose at places to sixty feet without a limb, with native vines carried up with their growth perhaps centuries old. The surface, ever undulating, was clothed in the ravines with the native cane, twelve feet or more high, as seemingly impenetrable as an East India jungle. But most of the surface under the trees was bare, and brown with fallen leaves the year round, covered with exquisite wild flowers in summer, and steady light snows in winter. The plum, the black haw, the May-apple, the

published by Harper Brothers, New York, 1848, has grave errors—as the manuscript proof was never revised by me—which are here corrected.

C. 1885.

paw-paw, the persimmon, the hickory, the walnut, hackberries, and wild grapes were found in profusion. The rivulets, in almost every ravine, were ever fresh and perennial from the vast reservoir of the forest humus; and fish were found in the very springs, as they bubbled up in never-ceasing music; whilst birds of every color and song, the chattering squirrel, and the scream of the hawk, made all nature harmonious in its full development.

Our family is the first of the human race, so far as we know, that ever claimed fee simple in this soil, as my father was the first white man that ever, by pre-occupation and culture, and civic title, claimed ownership; the natives never having assumed proprietary rights in the "Dark and Bloody Ground," which was the common hunting place of all the tribes of the now surrounding States.

It is curious how far back the memory will reach; and I remember, as yesterday, the brilliant buttons and plumes of the Kentucky Volunteers whom my father led, as commander-in-chief, to the relief of Fort Meigs, in Ohio, in 1813, then besieged by the British under Proctor, and the Indians under Tecumseh. General William Henry Harrison was the Federal commander of all the regular forces and the volunteer militia.

As my physical courage and training greatly aided the higher moral courage which my political life demanded, I have concluded to give an account of all my personal encounters from boyhood. I am a believer in bloods, not in the sense of aristocratic or plebeian bloods, but in natural organization: so moral or physical traits are aggregated in families. The first hewn log-house in the county was built by my father; and, when the family moved into the brick mansion, which was also the first of that class, the overseer, Covington, dwelt in the old house in the border of the yard.

It was with Covington's son that I had the first fight. I don't remember the cause of the quarrel, but I mastered him, and gave him a terribly-scratched face. His mother

complained to mine, and, when I came to the house, she, following Solomon's advice, had ready a peach-tree "rod," and I bear testimony that she did not "spare" it.

At another time, 'tis said, I told a "story"—as the lie is thus often charitably clothed in velvet vestments. She ordered me sternly to come to her; but, as I had once tested her mettle, I was more inclined to take, as Gobbo, "to my heels," and I ran. She was not a woman to be trifled with; and was not one of those sentimental creatures who sit all day with a recalcitrant, "toddling thing," lecturing it upon the reasons why it should obey the mother, and not the mother obey the child. So she made chase; and all the house-servants, and all the kitchen-servants joined in the pursuit. Finding that I would be overtaken, I concluded to fight. There was a pile of stone-siftings, left over from an out-building of considerable size, upon which I took my stand, and made things lively—throwing never in sham, firing no blank cartridges, hitting hard. For, as I had been whipped for fighting, now I fought not to be whipped. So the dear old mother had to come herself. Thank God, I never in childhood even raised my hand or turned my heart against her. So I surrendered. This was my second whipping, and the last; for when I found escape neither in running nor in fighting, I ever after submitted with sublime philosophy to the inevitable.

My mother was a Calvinist in faith, and, though not believing in good works as the ground of salvation, yet was the most Christian-like and pious of women in every word and thought. With her, *truth* was the basis of all moral character. She would not tolerate even conventional lies, never saying, "Not at home" to callers; but, to the servants, "Beg them to excuse me." And was she not right? Let the wisdom of all ages decide. This it was, when I was asked, in order to corner me, if slavery was not a good and Christian institution?—considering all the con-

sequences, remembering her who had given me life and principles to live or die by—that led me to answer No!

My father was a stern man, absorbed in affairs. He spent but little time with the children, and did not assume control. Yet he directed, in the main, what was to be done; and, when the time had come, he sent me to school with my next older brother, Brutus J. Clay, much to the regret, it seemed to me, of my mother; for I was the Benjamin of the family. Through the forest then, over rivulets, flushing the birds, cropping the wild flowers, gathering the May-apples, with book-satchel slung over my shoulders, and the lunch-basket carried by turns with my brother, I set out. At length, in less than a mile, we came to the common school—a log cabin unchinked—under a beech forest, near the spring and rivulets which meet near by, forming Tate's creek. The stones of the chimney yet lie there, half covered with blue-grass, but the trees are gone!

But chimnies were of little use, as it was mostly in summer that the children from families far apart went to school. I well remember the great pleasure with which, in childhood, I took off the hated shoes and socks, and waded barefooted in the rain-puddles and rivulets. The large scholars were held to their books; but, laying mine down on one of the rude benches, I went into the water running over the bright pebbles, and amused myself by catching the small minnows, which, at this season, swarmed upon the clear shallows. So I was employed day after day; and the good mother again and again filled the lunch-basket with nice things, and topped them off with the A B C mystery. The neighboring girls were also in primitive stockings, and were not averse from wading also in the cool waters at play-time, and hunting and digging the wild turkey-peas and ginseng.

In this near association I had fallen in love!—Platonic, of course. There was a nearly-grown girl named C. B—n, and another called R. C—s. Now, when the dominie saw

the bad example I was setting, he determined to reduce me to submission; so, when I set out, as usual, for the branch, and I not obeying, he followed me, as did all the school. But, taking in the situation, as the teacher was the only one who had on shoes, I took position in the deepest pool, where he could not reach me with his long beech-rod, and, as the girls happened to be the largest, he ordered Miss C—s to bring me out. But, as she advanced, I seized a stone and struck her with great violence, nearly severing her big toe from the foot. In the confusion, I was forgotten; and, C. B—n coming to me, begged me to come out, which I at once did; and without ceremony set out for home. Now, was I not in love?

Some structures are like a wooden log, you can't get a responsive sound with a hammer; whilst others are so finely strung, like the famous Cremonas, that the slightest wave of air will wake them into melody. Yes, I was in love! This broke up the school-business; and my mother, being told of the tragedy, was about to flog me once more, but my father assumed command, and I was dismissed (with a suppressed smile) to my usual quarters.

Such was my early life, and it leaves the question yet undecided: are the tendencies of our life from nature, or from education? Or, rather, are they not from both? At all events, the mother, being both parent and teacher, mostly forms the character. But I leave this an open question for others to decide; as many will, no doubt, with M. C. J., of Lexington, Kentucky, hold that "God Almighty made the noble and the ignoble of the same clay;" but was sure "the first class was made out of the fine clay, whilst the second was made of the gravel and refuse which remained."

So far as memory goes, the most of my youth seems but as a dark night, with here and there a light set; so there remains but a few events. I saw but little of my father; he was nearly always absent, and when at home was engaged in business. But one incident reminds me

how much those who rule children should remember that example is more potent than precept. My father had an old Virginia military wine-chest, holding about a half dozen cups or glasses, and as many bottles of liquors, mostly of domestic make. These bottles were English, square, of very thin glass, and very finely inlaid with gold-leaf. To prevent the breakage by awkward servants, he would not allow any one but himself to touch them. But, in the morning, having a bottle of native "Bourbon," filled with camomile-flowers, which, being bitter, were used very generally as a tonic before breakfast, he would take out the bottle, fill his mouth with the hateful liquid, and, having swallowed it, make a rueful face at the boys; but he would drink no more that day. He never would allow us to use cards or taste liquor.

I watched him a long time, not having it clear to my mind that if it was good for papa, it was not good for us. At length, one morning, when he had made his usual libation, and discharged a painful duty with heroism, as shown by his countenance of silent suffering, I thought to myself, now, if it is so bitter, why do you take it? So I'll see. And, taking up the bottle, and pouring out a portion, I found it very far from bitter; though, fortunately for me, the Bourbon itself was not fascinating, but the bitter was all gone, and the camomile was but a sham.

Having gone to four common (voluntary) schools, as before described, and then to the Richmond Academy, our father sent Brutus J. and myself to the home of Joshua Fry, a celebrated teacher, who, having made a fortune, still, by the force of habit—living on a fine farm on the banks of Dix River, in Garrard County, Kentucky—taught a few scholars and his grand-children for his amusement. Whilst there, among others who reached distinction in the world, was the Congressman, W. J. Graves who killed Cilley, in the celebrated duel between the champions of the North and the South. Mr. Fry was a teacher of Latin as a specialty. Among the scholars

was a beautiful young girl of about my own age, L. F—; and as, in the first joint education of the sexes, there was war, so now, by the occurrence of contrasts, there was peace. She inspired me to rivalry and study, and I soon surpassed her, and mastered the Latin language as I never did any other language; and, although my after life never allowed me much leisure for its use, I am a good Latinist to this day. Never having studied English Grammar at all, at any time, I think I would hardly be classified, in that respect, with Burns's scholars in regard to my own tongue:—"What's 'a the learning of the schools?" etc. Yet my readers will judge.

In the meantime, my father being the largest slave-owner in the State, I early began to study the system, or, rather, began to feel its wrongs. Whilst I was yet a boy, my sister Eliza being very fond of flowers and their culture, I had my miniature garden also; with great delight living close to nature, and feeling that serenity and passive happiness which she always lavishes upon those who love her. One day, whilst absorbed in my favorite pastime, I heard a scream, and, looking up, what was my horror to see Mary coming into the yard with a butcher's knife, and her clothes all bloody! All the servants, from every cabin, big and little, ran wildly around in tears, with exclamations of grief and terror.

Who was Mary? A handsome mulatto girl, of about eighteen years of age, who had been engaged years ago as one of the flower-gardeners. She was a fine specimen of a mixed breed, rather light colored, showing the blood in her cheeks, with hair wavy, as in the case with mixed whites and blacks. Her features were finely cut, quite Caucasian; whilst her eyes were large, black, languid, and unconscious, except when some passion stirred the fires of her African blood, when they flashed as the lightning through a cloud. It was Mary who had assisted in laying out my garden. A peach-tree, then planted

by me, was in full bearing long after I was married, being more than a foot in diameter.

After some years she was sent to the house of an overseer, at one of the separate plantations, to cook for the whites, the "hands" and the overseer, his wife, and two or three grown daughters. Mary was very bloody, but not hurt. Payne, for that was his name, was a drunkard; and, returning home after spree, made it his custom to abuse Mary by words, which was not submitted to in those days by any slaves, when coming from "poor white trash," as they called the non-slave-holders; and so she in turn used a woman's tongue in such a way as to arouse the anger of the whole family. Mary was sent into the kitchen or elsewhere, whilst the family, having made all preparations to bar up the doors, prepared to punish the woman severely, and, as the jury afterward decided, to kill her. They called her in, and sent her up stairs to shell the seed-corn for planting. All the field-hands were out at work. But Mary, suspecting mischief, knowing Payne's temper, secreted a butcher's knife in her bosom, and went sullenly to her work. As she anticipated, they soon came up and all attacked her. She attempted to run down stairs, and out of the house; but, finding the door securely fastened, she turned upon them and slew Payne, and at length succeeded in making her escape. She came home to the family. The whole community was in arms, and Mary taken to jail in a few hours. But my father being a man of fortune, and a "long head," Mary was finally acquitted and set free.

Sidney Payne Clay, our oldest brother, who had been educated at Princeton College, New Jersey, and had returned home, was an emancipationist as well as a Presbyterian. By my father's will he was appointed chief executor. As was the custom in all the border slave States, Mary was, by his will, ordered to be sent South, I suppose to make murder odious. Now, the most astonishing feature of the slave-system was the delusion that, as it was legal, it was morally right; whilst all the sentiments of the soul

and the force of the mind proclaimed it wrong. For "the greatest of all rights," said the eloquent Robert J. Breckinridge, "is the right of a man to himself." This doctrine, joined to some passing remarks in the Bible, written in an age when slavery was the result of a common barbarism, confused the strongest intellect, and led to the most conflicting results. Never shall I forget—and through all these years it rests upon the memory as the stamp upon a bright coin—the scene, when Mary was tied by the wrists and sent from home and friends, and the loved features of her native land—the home of her infancy and girlish days—into Southern banishment forever; and yet held guiltless by a jury of, not her "peers," but her oppressors! Never shall I forget those two faces—of my brother and Mary—the oppressor and the oppressed, rigid with equal agony! She cast an imploring look at me, as if in appeal; but meekly went, without a word, as "a sheep to the slaughter."

One more tale of the "Lost Cause," and I close this sad record. About 1810–15, my father, having succeeded in a land-suit against a neighbor named Hendricks, the angry master sent his slave Joe to burn our dwelling; but Joe, driven back by the watch-dogs, went to a large barn filled with hay and grain and set fire to that, in the hope of averting the anger of his master, which he had too much reason to dread. The barn made such a light that the poor fellow was terrified, and stood looking wildly at the flames, when he was seen and caught. On being questioned, he confessed the whole story. Now, by the laws of the "Lost Cause," in no crime against the master could a slave be a witness. But the public opinion was all the same. Hendricks and sons, having put an iron collar on Joe with a bell, and moving to the banks of Station-Camp Creek, in now Estill County, then a remote and sparsely populated country, are said to have whipped Joe three successive days; and finally, when he died under the lash, they tied a large stone to his neck, and sank him in that deep

stream. But the stone, heavy enough to sink the fresh body, was too light when the gases of decomposition were generated, and Joe's mortal remains arose to the surface, and revealed the secrets of the prison-house to the world. But what of that? Slavery, like necessity, knows no law. But the Hendricks' family were driven, by the irrepressible instincts of the human soul, into exile; and they went West, where the memory of the crime and the criminal was lost.

In early times, the use of an iron collar was to prevent the slave from running off. The collar on Joe had a bell on it, so that every one could see or hear it; and, the collar being riveted on at a smith's shop, could not be taken from the runaway's neck without great danger of discovery. Nothing shows the degradation of the "Lost Cause" more than this custom, which was generally abandoned before my time. Yet in Lexington, in 1845, whilst I edited the *True American*, hearing one night some disturbance in my hen-house, I seized my pistol, and went out to see the cause. To my surprise, a negro man had both hands full of chickens. He belonged to a "mild-mannered man" of my acquaintance, who ran a hemp factory. The man said, in reply to my questions, that he was poorly fed, and that he ought to help himself to better fare. I told him, with some indignation, that he ought not to come to me, who was the friend of his race, to rob. To which he replied: "Mars' Cash, I did not think you would hurt me." This reasoning was not at all satisfactory; but the low moon cast a few rays through the trees, and I saw the bright prongs of a steel collar as long, on each side of his neck, as the horns of a Texas steer. My rage, which was at first almost deadly—standing with pistol in hand—was turned into pity; and I let the poor fellow go with all the chickens. Was I not also politically guilty? This nerved me to a more deadly warfare against the "Lost Cause."

When I was yet a boy, I had a playmate of about my own age—a fine fellow, as straight as an Indian, and as black as a crow, with large dark eyes, and large whites

around them. He was bigger than myself, and not wanting in courage—the black race is not so wanting. The hands and other members of the body are moved through the nerves by the central seat of intelligence—the brain. Now, it takes *time* for the will to communicate with the hands and feet. In a fight, time is not everything, but it is a great factor. In the negro race this nervous movement is slower than in the white; in other words, the intellect and body are quicker in the white races. Hence the French, when other things are equal, are the first fighting people among the nations.

But other qualities, as heroism, fortitude, and all that, enter into the battles of nations; and in these last I think the English, Germans and Russians are superior to the French, whilst the Americans have all the best qualities of the English, with more intellectual quickness. So we have nothing to fear in battle with any nation. Now, as early in life as my fight with George, I began to appreciate the situation. I offended George, who said: “Mars’ Cash; you would not treat me so, if you had not marster and mistress to back you.” “Well,” said I, “George, I can whip you myself.” “If you won’t tell, we’ll see.” “All right,” said I. Now, the forests on one side of our yard were unbroken. My father allowed no one to touch them. So George and I went alone into the near woods; and, as the boughs hung low near the light, were soon out of sight of all the family, white and black. I was, of course, excited, and in the lead. George was evidently my overmatch in size and strength, so I thought of stratagem. I selected the ground. The grey limestone, fine for building, lies near the surface. Here was a steep descent toward the Kentucky River, and the stone being taken out in horizontal layers, left a nice level bench, now covered with moss and dry leaves. So I took my place near the declension, leaving space for George to take his stand on the level land, with my face toward the ravine. Striking George the first blow, I sent him staggering down the hill;

and then advancing to the very edge of the plat, I was taller than he, and had all advantages, as he had to labor up the hill when struck, and I had time to blow. Of course, I was triumphant, and George asked for quarters, and admitted himself beaten. We ever kept our secret. George never saw the unfairness of my position; nor was I bound to advise him, because I considered that if I gave him a fair use of his mind and body, it was a fair fight; and it was, in the broadest sense. The Democrats and the Republicans may both study this episode with advantage, in running the Republic with so large a black population. This fight with an African was one of those instrumental influences by which Deity shapes the ends of life. George's courage won my respect, and his sad expression of defeat excited my sympathy; for he had one of those faces which in the blacks at times are so expressive of all the sentiments; and which, yet unmarked by crime, and undegraded by conscious servitude, at times so interest the observer. I had settled the question of personal supremacy with George; but back of that remained that great problem of my life: why should master and mistress claim the power of appeal and redecision? Let the advocates of the "Lost Cause" answer.

These incidents are as fresh on my mind as if they were of yesterday. On this plateau, in the deep shade, was built a cabin in which the freedmen of my father only dwelt. The log hut has perished, but the ruins of the stone-chimney remain; and the ledge is yet marked by a magnificent oak. The appeal of George was to a higher court than my parents filled, and the omnipotent God decided in his favor. Infinitesimal and obscure, he was still one of the factors in human progress, and his battle in reality was not "lost!" Thus, as in the Cosmos, every ounce of matter forms the attraction of the whole, so every truth and every noble aspiration make the sum of the moral and intellectual world, on which the happiness of mankind depends.

The farm of Joshua Fry, as I said, came to the very

banks of Dix River. In places on this peculiar stream there are no hills. In early times the limestone rock seems to have been cleft asunder, allowing the waters from above to pass on, and in time wearing a deep channel through solid rock banks, with very narrow alluvial bottoms first on one side and then on the other, as the turns of the river left the deposit of the reduced strata. Occasionally a great boulder of limestone was precipitated into the rushing stream, causing deep eddies, where the bass, perch and other varieties of fish found secure shelter and feeding-grounds. Never was there a finer display of nature, on a scale not grand as some, but as picturesque as any to be found. The trees overhung the jutting cliffs; flowers and vines covered all surfaces; and fish could be seen, as well as caught, ever gambolling on the crystal riffles, and in the rock-bound depths of the river. The red birds and many-colored orioles and thrushes were in great numbers, as well as many other birds of brilliant plumage and melodious song. Here I alone spent most of my leisure hours, fishing and enjoying the loveliness of nature. I deem it fortunate in my life that I was thrown so often in close contact with mother earth, from whom we gain not only pleasure but strength. For here the body and soul are made robust for the great trials of life; and an apt fable was it that made the giants of old the children of the earth, who, when thrown down, arose again with new force for the combat. Hence come the great characters of history; and from here the perishing cities renew their population.

When I was about twelve or thirteen years of age, during a school vacation, my father sent me to Cincinnati, Ohio, to pay taxes upon some lands which he owned in that State. This city was about one hundred miles away; with no railroads then, nor stage-routes even. The only means of travel was on horseback; and along the ridge-road, as it was called, there were inns, where travellers were entertained. Being fully equipped with saddle-bags, and with my money sewed up in some part of my clothing,

with only enough left accessible to pay way-expenses, I set out with a rather heavy heart. In those times, when city robberies were little known, desperadoes, driven by crime from the East, took refuge on the frontiers of civilization, and committed frequent assaults upon travelers, and appropriated their money. These were not pleasant memories to me; but, as I entered the sparsely-settled forests, full of birds and squirrels, and occasional wild fruits, as plums and grapes, I began to feel more at home, and, on the whole, enjoyed my journey. I traveled about thirty miles a day, and reached Cincinnati on the third day, in the late afternoon. About 1812 Fulton introduced steam-boats on the Ohio; but at this time, about 1823, the flat-boats and barges were the main means of commerce, and a few hind-wheel steamboats made the trips at long intervals up the river to Wheeling and Pittsburg, and down to New Orleans. I don't remember any houses where Covington and Newport now are; and Cincinnati hardly reached above Second Street, parallel with the Ohio River. The principal buildings were on the street perpendicular to the upper river-wharf, on the right of which was the hotel. There were few brick buildings, and on Second and Third Streets the houses were low and scattering, with small yards in front. Having taken my supper, I came down into the sitting-room, in which at those times was also the liquor-bar. Here men assembled around a huge coal fire, a mixed mass of travelers and boatmen from all the river-crafts spending the Sunday evening. One rather sinister-looking man, with small, sharp grey eyes, and high Roman nose, drew up his chair, and began to question me about my journey, whence I came and where I was going. With some reticence I told him the main facts. He then invited me to go with him to church, to which I assented, inquiring his name. He told me it was "Birdseye." This was a curious and unknown name to me, and at once excited my suspicions about his character, as it seemed assumed. However, I went with him to church. I watched him during the

ceremonies slyly, and found he showed no reverence whatever, looking about him and the audience. As we returned, he stopped opposite a small framed house, rather, isolated, with two rooms. Without ceremony, he said he wished to see a friend a moment on business, and would go on with me in a minute, and invited me in. I went in. There was no light in the first room, and in the second was a dim dip-candle burning, and a man, whom my friend asked out into the back-yard. My suspicions were aroused. I was to be robbed, and perhaps murdered. Why should they go out of the house to talk? So I at once passed out into the street, with a steady march for my hotel. My friend overtook me at a few paces from the door, and continued his walk with me, nothing being said by either party in explanation. In the meantime, I had taken out my pocket-knife, opened the largest blade, and put it up my sleeve, keeping my friend on my side, and never allowing him to fall behind me. As he passed a small alley, he said, suiting the action to the word, and turning in himself: "This way is the nearest route to the hotel." There were but few lights shining from the houses, and most of the church-goers and citizens had disappeared from the streets. Now, I was raised in the woods, and was well posted as to place; and I knew that, so far from that route being nearest, it led me into the street parallel to the one where I had lodged, and that I would have to go to the river-wharf and then turn up to my quarters. So, paying no attention to his words or his actions, I went steadily on, and arrived with safety at my hotel. I sat some time awaiting the foiled Birdseye, but he came no more. Now his object, no doubt, was to rob, if not to murder me—take my money, and go aboard the river-craft, and escape. This was a lesson to me through life, and I refused ever to go about in cities with strangers. And though I have traveled much in the world, I never was robbed of a cent, though many vain attempts have been made to pick my pockets. I paid the taxes and returned home in safety, allowing no horsemen to be long with me

on the road, either going forward or falling back, till I was alone. And I then felt how wise was my father's apothegm: "Never tell any one your business." This trip was evidently intended by my father as a school of self-reliance, and he was careful at all times to teach me such lessons, including occasional manual labor.

From Garrard County we followed Mr. Fry to Danville College, where he continued to teach Latin under President Murray; and, still further, to the house of his son Thomas, in the same county. We had a pleasant time in this old Virginia family, with a large house and farm, and with the noted spring, wherein suckers could be seen in ten-foot water—studying by day, and dancing with the girls at night. Thomas, the host, was a jolly fellow, fond of tobacco and jokes, and played the violin whilst we danced. This was the father of General John Speed Smith Fry, who killed General Zollicoffer in the civil war. At length, having completed our Latin, with some other branches of learning, my brother, Brutus J., went into business as a farmer and stock-raiser. He was noted as the best farmer in the State—was President of the State Agricultural Fair of Kentucky, thirty years President of the Bourbon Fair Association, and once a member of the Congress of the United States as a Unionist; but, when Kentucky was treated in bad faith by the Republicans overthrowing slavery, without compensation, although pledged against such illegal action, he joined the Democratic party, and there remained till his death, in his seventy-third year. He accumulated a large estate, left a large family, having been twice married, and was much like my father in ability and habits.

I was now sent to the Jesuit College of St. Joseph, in Nelson County, Kentucky, to study French under Priest Fouché, a native Frenchman. I boarded with the father of the President of the college, William Elder, in a beautiful grove of beech trees and shrubbery, in which the white cottage was built; and where I enjoyed the advantages of the conversation of some French-Catholic students from Louisi-

ana. At length I joined the students in the college, and there boarded. Here I had my next fight; for the only time in my life acting on the offensive.

By the laws of the college, a priest was always with the students to keep order in and out of class hours. About the largest boy was a Kentuckian named T—r, who was ever annoying the small boys, and then handling them roughly, till he got to be thoroughly hated by all—going far enough to be offensive, he yet stopped short of absolute violation of the rules and liability to punishment by the teachers. One day, when we were all playing in the classroom, and the supervising priest being out of doors somewhat, T—r began his usual role of Hector. I had observed him a long time. I had ever been devoted to athletic sports—riding on horse-back, boxing, hunting, fishing, gunning, jumping, scuffling, wrestling, playing base-ball, bandy, foot-ball, and all that—so I had some confidence in my prowess. I was then in my thirteenth year. So, as T—r was torturing a small boy, who began to cry, being too small to reach him, I sprang upon a bench, and hit him a stinging blow upon the nose, which caused the blood to fly in all directions. He was taken by surprise, and was utterly confounded. The priest, who had heard the noise, looked in, and, taking in the situation, went out again, glad to see T—r punished, and affected to be ignorant of any cause of offence. This cured T—r of his evil ways, and made me quite a hero in the eyes of the little fellows.

The next year, 1824, Henry Clay, my remote relative, whose anti-slavery views I had partially known, was then Secretary of State under John Quincy Adams. I ventured to write him a letter, to which he replied in his characteristic careful style of hand-writing. This was my first letter from him, before I had ever seen him. Unhappily this letter, with almost my whole correspondence up to the year 1861, was burned during the war, with my study—the old hewed log-house homestead—where I had carelessly left them on going to Russia.

I had a very pleasant time at the Jesuit College of St. Joseph, studying only French. I had much leisure, and spent much time in fishing on the Beech Fork of Salt River. Here I learned to eat bull-frogs, of which my French playmates were very fond. The banks of the river are covered with rushes, and here the frogs were found in large numbers. With a cotton sack slung over my shoulder, and a native cane-rod of proper length, with a short line and fish-hook bated with red-flannel or earth-worms, I would find the frogs sitting among the rushes, bring the hook near their mouths, when they would catch it and get hung. Then I would cut off their hind legs, and fill my pouch with them, throwing away all else. These legs are quite tender and white-fleshed, like those of the gray squirrel, which is a favorite dish in all the South and West. We had much fun with the fastidious, passing off the frogs for squirrel or chicken legs, till they were greedily eaten, and then we informed the *gourmands*, when they felt quite effervescent about the stomach! Here I formed the acquaintance of Rowan and James Hardin, and their father Benjamin Hardin; and also I visited the family and knew John Rowan, sr., and his son John; also, I formed associations with other families and ladies, among others Miss Hardin, who married Governor Helm. Many of these persons I met in after-life.

CHAPTER II.

MY FATHER, GREEN CLAY.—HIS CHARACTER.—HIS APOTHEGMS.—HIS MILITARY CAREER.—HIS LETTER TO CAPT. M. HARRISON.—HIS TREATMENT OF HIS CHALLENGER.—HIS FONDNESS FOR THE PEACEFUL, INNOCENT, AND GOOD.—HIS DEATH.—WHY HE CAME TO KENTUCKY.—TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.—ITS PRESIDENT AND PROFESSORS.—FELLOW-STUDENTS.—I VISIT WASHINGTON CITY AND BALTIMORE.—PRESIDENT ANDREW JACKSON.—ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER.—JOHN C. CALHOUN.—MARTIN VAN BUREN.—JOURNEY NORTH.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.—GEORGE TICKNOR.—DANIEL WEBSTER.—PROMPT TO KEEP APPOINTMENTS.

MY father's fatal illness called me home from Bardstown—where I had formed quite an attachment to many friends, Catholic and Protestant, and who made me ever tolerant in religion—to feel the great woe of his approaching death, the greatest of human calamities.

“Oh, Ada, death has come into the world!”

Has been the cry of all the generations of men. We enter the world without our knowledge, and we go out unconscious. As the tired child sinks into sleep, so the man of old age falls, as a ripe apple, from the bough. There can not, as a general thing, be any physical pain in death, when the natural law has had sway. It is only when anomalous circumstances surround us that the terrors of the mind and the pains of the body are exhibited. On the contrary, many instances are known where men have been drowned and restored where pleasure and not pain was the true feeling. So men, when frozen to death, sink into sweet and willing sleep, and refuse to be restored. Agnosticism is one thing, and aggressive infidelity quite another thing. I think Ingersoll makes a mistake in his propagandism of infidelity. No man has a right, in the name of freedom of thought, to pull down even a bad system till he is able to build up a *better*. Much less has

he a right to pull down the best religious and moral system evolved from the wisdom of all the ages, without building up any other at all! Let the friends of Christianity not be disturbed. Ingersoll will die and be forgotten. He has thrown no new light upon faith nor morals, much less upon the *esse* of the immortal spark, which is not matter, and which, even if it were matter, can not die. And who can say that it will, or it will not, assume a continual and a regular progression of increased happiness forever. At all events, we have hope left us, if nothing else; and we may, from the lowest standpoint, say, with Burns:

"Here lies an honest man: if there is another world, he lives in bliss.
If there is no other world, he made the best of this."

If the more generic word, a *virtuous* man, in the largest sense of the term, was substituted for the more limited "honest," this seems to be about the best philosophy on the whole subject of Futurity, so far as we are at present advanced in the direction of the unknown. If the Immortality of the Soul can not be proved, it certainly can not be disproved; and Ingersoll, standing over the grave of his brother, it is said, in this found consolation.

My father was a Deist; and for months looked death steadily in the face without the tremor of a nerve. I was his youngest child, whom he kept mostly with him as nurse, and waiting closely on all his wants. He arranged all his business and papers with the utmost care, and patiently awaited the end. Like Brutus, before the battle of Philippi, his mind was but once disturbed—just the night before the day of his death. He called me to his bedside, and said: "I have just seen death come in at that door," pointing in the direction of the family graveyard. Those were his last words. Now, after some experience in life; I see no reason for those fictitious tales of the horrors of death-beds of illustrious men who are called agnostic; many of whom have been the greatest

benefactors of mankind. The leaving all that has known us in life, and all that we have known and felt, is death. As John Q. Adams said: "This is the last of earth!" With all his New England education of Protestantism and dogmatic faith, he said all that he could say with knowledge: "This is the last of earth"—evidently looking back at what was to be left, and not to what lay before him in the unknown. And this, however deprecated by enthusiasts, is the natural order; and this the "sting" of dissolution. But happily here, as I said before, nature prepares the way; and the true philosopher, as well as the true Christian, will walk patiently, if not willingly, in it.

I think I can say impartially, that my father was intellectually a man of the first order. In whatever he undertook, he met with success. His profession was not that of the soldier or statesman; but, when he attempted either, he played a very high part. His life was one rather of business than anything else; and here he passed all his contemporaries in the West. Those who knew him best compared him favorably with Henry Clay; and, had all his powers been concentrated in one direction, they thought he would have reached equal eminence. And these were the opinions of those who were themselves eminent, and therefore very competent judges. His grasp of a subject was very quick and comprehensive. Hence, though good at figures, he said he had never studied them but nine months, in which he accomplished as much as others in many years.

By a strange mistake in Horace Greeley's life of myself—the "Life and Writings of C. M. Clay" [N. Y., Harper Bros., 1848,]—he is represented as having only attended school "nine months," when, in fact, he was as well educated as were men generally in Virginia in his day. His style was good and correct, his voice very fine; and in his short statements of a subject, in public speech, he was quite forcible, and much after the manner of Franklin in his generalizations and utterance. He had a

thorough knowledge of human nature; and took very practical views of the problem of life. I remember some of his homely but terse apothegms, although I was under sixteen at his death: "Never tell any one your business." "Enquire of fools and children, if you wish to get at the truth." This, of course, referred to ordinary events, and is very true; for they have no motives for concealing what they know. "In traveling in dangerous times, never return by the same road." In his day, highway robbery on the frontiers was a common thing. "Never set your name on the right-hand side of the writing." This was a forcible way of warning against securityships; for the right-hand side is the one of obligation, the left of attestation. "Never say of any body what you would not have proclaimed in the court-house yard." The force of the place of utterance can only be appreciated when we know that in Kentucky, in early times, that was the place of the assemblage of the whole people. "Well is the tongue called a two-edged sword," for it makes irreparable feuds. A man will forgive an injury before an insult. He can bear the first, but not the last, and maintain his self-respect. "Keep out of the hands of the doctor and the sheriff." That is, avoid debt and disease. He never put his hand to any work on his large real-estates, because he might injure his limbs, when a subordinate would do the work as well. He would never walk up a steep hill to rest his horse, as is the almost universal custom among mankind. He said: "There are forty thousand or more horses, and but one Green Clay." And yet he rode much, and was the most careful man I ever knew in having his horse cared for in travel and in the stable. He rarely sold on credit. He said: "My property is worth more on the farm, or in the store-room, than in the pockets of spendthrifts." He rarely employed physicians, holding, with many eminent men, and with the most enlightened physicians themselves, that nature is stronger than art; and that a man who had a term of years to study his

own constitution would be a fool if he did not understand his own case better than one, however skilled, who only gave a few minutes of superficial observation to the disease.

He was a hard-worker, yet always would have plenty of sleep. He would make up in the day what was necessarily lost in the night. He would never allow children to be awakened; but left them, under all circumstances, to sleep on till they awoke of themselves. And this is the most important of all the means of health. He would never sleep in the house in the day-time, when he could find a suitable place to lie down in the open air. I attribute much of my good health to the same cause. The damp and darkness of rooms, and especially the imperfect ventilation, are the causes of untold diseases. He understood very well that impure water was the cause of most summer-complaints, as flux, diarrhœa, typhoid and bilious fevers, etc. Hence, he took all possible precautions to secure good pure water. He bored two artesian wells—a thing almost unknown in his day; and they produce pure water to this time. He was a great lover of sheep; and had great faith in mutton, not only for its agreeable and nutritious qualities, but as a medicine. When flux prevailed, which was rarely the case among the blacks, he had mutton-soup given to all, sick and well. It is the best possible remedy now for that disease. But what physician will open the way for a practice which sends him to the poor-house? He understood how a mutton-sheep should be butchered, an unknown art to millions to-day. No man understood better how to manage his dependents. He provided first-class clothing, food, and shelter for his slaves; but always was rigid and exacting in discipline. Of all the men I ever knew, he most kept in view the means which influenced the end.

Now, slavery was a terrible thing; but he made it as bearable as was consistent with the facts. When any of the slaves were found to "play the old soldier," and pre-

tended to be sick, he had a very fine medicine in the bark of the white-walnut. This he would have mixed with much water. If the patient was really sick, it was a safe and excellent remedy for many diseases; but, if he was playing "possum," he would go to work rather than swallow the bark. There was no market for sheep in those days; and my father's object of raising large flocks was to clothe his slaves well. He always had the heaviest cloth made for men and women, and then "fulled." By this operation the web was thickened, and made, like the felting of the wool-hats, water-proof. He used to say: "Better lose the value of a coat than that of the workman." He fed and sheltered his slaves well, allowing them gardens, fowls, and bees. Groups of cabins were far apart for pure air.

He was much ahead of his times in agriculture; and greatly in favor of secure shelter for his stock, grain, and hay. In his intercourse with the world, he was rather pleasant than reserved—never aggressive—but always prepared for defense.

When he went to the relief of Fort Meigs, in 1813, which was built on the river Raisin (where now the city of Monroe, Michigan, formerly known as Frenchtown, stands), instead of going directly to the fort, where he must necessarily have lost much of his force from the Indian sharpshooters, he landed above, built rapidly flat-boats, with high side-planks, which were bullet-proof, and, thus dropping down the river, he hardly lost a man.

The defeat of Colonel Dudley was the fruit of a contrary policy. He was ordered by my father to attack a battery, spike it, and return to the boats. But Dudley, elated by success, followed the Indians, and was cut to pieces, with his whole force.

This caution of my father was regarded by the unwise as timidity; and, no doubt, to avoid such imputation, the gallant Dudley was ruined. When too late, of course all agreed that Clay was the better commander.

GEN. GREEN CLAY'S LETTER TO CAPT. M. HARRISON.

“FORT MEIGS, *July 8, 1813.*

“DEAR SIR:—I should have written to you more often; but indeed, my friend, we have but little to write to you about, except the battle, and you have heard that told over and over again. I have been confined to my tent ever since the 8th of May, nearly; but am recovering, I hope, fast. Here has been a fine field for your surgeons—200 wounded men, and but a few surgeons; many limbs have been taken off, and other operations worthy the attention and experience of practitioners. A siege is a horrid situation to be in; we were literally driven under ground. The enemy's cannon-balls and shells and grape and cannister-shot and carcasses we were unable to meet; and we were compelled to secure ourselves by burrowing below. We have had picked up by the soldiers about six wagon-loads of balls and shells not bursted, which the enemy threw in and at our fort.

“Your countryman, Maj. D. Trimble, whom I had appointed Brigadier-Quartermaster, I am likely to lose. General Harrison told me the other day, when he was here, that he had appointed him one of his aids. Major Trimble has rendered me great and important assistance. When we arrived at Fort Defiance, we were met by an express from General Harrison, informing me that the enemy had arrived at Fort Meigs with three thousand (3,000) men, including Indians; and ordered me to unload our boats, and force ourselves by rapid marches into Fort Meigs. General Harrison did not know where his orders might meet me; therefore it was necessary for me to send off an express to General Harrison, informing him where I was, the strength of my (command) detachment, and to announce to him my intended route, and time of arrival at Fort Meigs. While I was looking out for a proper character to execute this dangerous and necessary service, Major Trimble volunteered his services. It was, indeed, a forlorn-hope. Major Trimble set out late in the afternoon, with six or seven men, rowed all night, till he reached the fort, and was fired upon and nearly defeated from our own fort. As General Harrison expected the enemy to force the walls, he had ordered the sentries not to hail. The night being exceedingly dark and rainy, and no light in the fort, they fell below it, and were nearly in the enemy's camp before they found out their error. He was received with great joy by General Harrison.

"On the day of the action, Major Trimble accompanied me to cover the retreat of the remnant of Colonel Dudley's regiment, and he behaved with great coolness and gallantry. He is really the soldier; and has frequently solicited my permission to go out scouting and reconnoitering.

"I can not tell what may be thought in Kentucky; but here, the throwing into this fort the small succour of (1,200 men) twelve hundred men, invested with so powerful a force, and such a subtle enemy to cope with, is thought to be one of the most perilous and dangerous enterprises an army could be capable of performing with raw, undisciplined militia.

"Here the Kentuckians drove Tecumseh, where the hottest battle was fought; and then he crossed the river, and, with their whole force, overwhelmed Colonel Dudley.

"Yours, with sincere respect and esteem,

"GREEN CLAY.

"General Harrison left here the day after the siege was raised, and gave the command of this and all the department (forts) posts to me. Here are the 4th, 17th, 19th, and 24th United States Regiments, two (2) companies of Engineers and Artillerists, two (2) Regiments of Ohio Militia, the Pittsburg and Petersburg Volunteers, and a Corps of Riflemen and Calvary, and my Brigade of Kentucky Militia. I am, with high esteem and respect, your most obedient servant,

GREEN CLAY.

"We shall move on to Malden shortly.

"CAPT. MICAHAH HARRISON, *Mt. Sterling, Ky.*"

The impression of timidity made at Fort Meigs caused some to doubt his courage; but, whilst none were more prudent than he, none were braver when the occasion called for valor. The man who slept often alone in the wilds of Kentucky, among bears and Indians, could not be otherwise than brave.

J. J—, owing my father money, challenged him, supposing that he would bully him; but my father replied, through the same channel of the communication: "That, if J— would pay him first, he would fight him afterward." That settled the question, of course, without a fight. He was economical in saving small and great sums; but gave most liberally when he felt it his duty or his pleasure. He

was fond of the beautiful, dressed well, and was scrupulously cleanly in his person and all his surroundings. He always kept good liquors and a good table; but drank and ate with moderation. A cultivator of tobacco, neither he nor any of his family ever used it in any way. So none of his children ever gambled or drank to excess.

In the discipline of women, my father knew, as every sensible man knows, the strength of the sexual passions. Nature ever tends to the preservation of the races of animals. Opportunity, notwithstanding all the sentimentalism about innate chastity, is the cause of most of the lapses from virtue. Americans must soon learn this lesson, or we are ruined. Reserved and rather stern toward his children, he was yet much devoted to their true interests, and, under a hard bearing, he had much tenderness toward them. He never struck me a blow but once. Having imported a fine merino buck, he had him tied to a tree; and, whilst he was at dinner, seeing the buck a little belligerent, I was in the act of inviting a trial of hardness of heads with the sheep! But my father returning, and seeing my danger, with the flat of his hand knocked me farther than the sheep could probably have done. Some of the calumniators of my facile will said, on hearing this in after-life, that my father took needless precautions, for my head would have proved too hard for the buck.

He was early convinced of the destructive and exhaustive culture of tobacco; and, among the first to do so, expelled it from his lands. So he saw that the use of the "infernal weed," prostrating the nervous system, led in a broad road to drunkenness and disease; and hence his embargo against its use. He was also very successful in the breeding of pigeons and bees, saying these were the cheapest operatives, "working for nothing, and finding themselves." He was fond of fruits and flowers and trees, and attempted landscape-gardening, but it was the false French rectangular kind. He had no idea of the effects of forests on the production of rain, moisture, etc., in agriculture, but

believed in the future value of timber; and many acres, if kept in the original trees, in fact would sell now for more than the land itself. He had no taste for hunting and gunning, and looked upon them as a waste of time; but he was not averse to music and dancing.

As he died while I was yet quite young, I knew but little of his early life. The tradition is that he was inspired with a love of adventure in consequence of Boone's visit to the wilds of Kentucky; and my grandfather, a slave-holder, for some trivial offense, put him, with the women and children, to picking cotton, then cultivated for family uses, which offended him. At all events, he migrated whilst yet a minor to Kentucky. For his success, and political and civil life, see *American Cyclopædia* and *Collin's History of Kentucky*.

After the death of my father, in about my seventeenth year, I entered Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky. Alva Wood was then president, succeeding Dr. H. Holley, who had gained it quite a reputation. Being a brilliant scholar, of fine presence, and great conversational powers, he was quite a figure in the elegant society for which Lexington was then noted, as the center of wealth and refinement of the State—Louisville and Covington being then but villages. Wood was also a New Englander, but a very different man from Holley; a fine scholar, but quite modest and reserved in his manners and bearing. He was very rigid in his discipline and examinations; and turned out some very finely instructed students in the short time that he was in the chief place.

Among those in my class was N. L. Rice, who became somewhat notorious for his debate with the illustrious Alexander Campbell, at Lexington, where Henry Clay presided as moderator or chairman. This debater, Rice, whom I heard, was a close, silent, and severe student; but he made no mark in college. Lewis Rogers, of Louisville, was a distinguished physician, and died in old age, and was respected there by every one. He was a member of my

class, and was the contestant with myself for the first place in scholarships. It was a hard-fought battle between us; but no public announcement of our relative rank was made, as Dr. Wood, being called to the better-paid presidency of the Alabama University, left us in the senior year, before the time of graduation. But as he offered me the first place in the professorships of his new university, perhaps I may not be presumptuous in claiming precedence in scholarship in Transylvania.

During my residence in Lexington, I had the good fortune to know and see some of Kentucky's most noted orators: Henry Clay, Robert J. Breckinridge, Robert Wickliffe, Jesse Bledsoe, John Pope, and Wm. T. Barry. Here, also, I first saw and made the acquaintance of Mary Jane Warfield, the daughter of Elisha Warfield, who bred the celebrated race-horse Lexington, the best horse, sportsman say, that ever lived. Miss Warfield, the second sister, was three years my junior, of medium size, graceful movement, and gay, fascinating manners, which are so noted in Irish women. She seemed equally pleased with me; and, with a few lines from Byron, on the blank leaves of Washington Irving's sketch-book, if I remember aright, I left her and Lexington, and joined Yale College, in Yankee land, in the year 1831, entering the Junior Class.

Having letters of introduction to many distinguished men of both parties, I carried one also to Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory"), who was then President of the United States. My family, father, brothers, etc., were all Whigs—Henry Clay Whigs; and when I, having sent in my letters, was ushered into the presence of the President by his successor, Martin Van Buren, I was fearful that a Clay would receive quite a cold reception from Harry's old foe. But it was all the contrary. Jackson was as courteous, affable, and agreeable as possible; and, after inquiring about many of my acquaintances whom he knew, (but nothing about Harry!) where I was going, and what

I proposed in my journey East, he dismissed me, by telling Mr. Van Buren to take care of me.

I was surprised and delighted with Jackson; and did not wonder at his great popularity with the public and personal friends. As I approached him, he rose up, took me by the hand, and seated me. He was a striking figure, above six feet high, of fine build and military carriage; his hair grey, cut, and standing up, as all his portraits show it. His head, high and expansive, showed great intellectual and moral powers, rather than that bull-dog courage which has always been attributed to him. But I need not dwell upon a man so well known, and so often painted by word and pencil. After I learned more of his life, and had by reflection and experience become better equipped as a critic, I think I may say that Jackson was a man of eminent moral courage rather than physical; though he had ample store of each.

Man, like other animals, has a mental structure from the brain and nerves; and also a physical structure—the brain, nerves, and muscles, being more united in the last. Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, I think, has proven beyond cavil, that the anterior brain is the place of the intellect; and the posterior portion, resting upon the neck, is that which regulates the muscles, the senses, the sensual and the sensuous sentiments, actions and passions. Whilst rejecting the elaborate subdivisions of the brain which phrenology claims, I think these two grand divisions of craniology must be accepted as facts.

In the bull-dog, we have the immense neck and posterior development of the brain, which impels him to sudden and unreflecting brute force and courage. But in the shepherd, the spaniel, and the St. Bernard, we see the lighter neck and the facial angle of the brain more elevated, approximating in degree the “human face divine.” The whole memoirs of Jackson show that he acted according to his facial, or rather higher cranial, structure. He was not quick to resent injuries, far less to rush into personal

assault; but, on the contrary, was quite well poised and cautious in difficulties, when force was to be used. He showed this in his Indian wars, and also in his battle at New Orleans. But, "being in," he exerted all his moral forces, and all his physical powers, to the fullest extent. So he attacked the British unawares before the great battle of the 8th; not so much to demoralize those trained veterans, as to prove, in a one-sided and partial success, to his own new troops, that these "Red Coats" were not invincible. Then, again, on account of the situation of the ground, the British must advance at right lines in the front, or not at all. So he wisely intrenched and fortified with the celebrated cotton-bales, which were not only accessible, but the finest possible material for the purpose. The result all the world knows. And this mental foresight in resisting force, or other obstructions of a mental or sentimental cast, is *moral courage*. And this all great statesmen and generals have exhibited; notably, Cæsar, Hannibal, Scipio, Napoleon, and others.

At Lodi, the bridge must be passed, or the battle lost; and the battle lost in the enemy's country, with an army numerically greatly inferior, and far from recruits or supplies, all was lost. Hence the "Little Corporal" went into the fight first with the moral and then the brute courage united; and fortune stood on his side. Henry Clay had equal moral courage with Jackson, but he lacked military glory; and, with the ignorant majority, military glory is appreciable; whilst moral courage and intellectual statesmanship are incomprehensible. In such conflict, Jackson, of course, triumphed. Had Mr. Clay accepted the Generalship-in-Chief in the War of 1812, as proposed by his friends—the President, Madison, being one—there is no doubt but he would have made a great and successful general; for, of all men who ever came into political rivalry in our country, Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson were the most alike in character.

Of all the generals who have lived, Julius Cæsar was the greatest; and he was great in all the departments of human effort—great as a lawyer, great as an orator, great as a historian, and greatest as a general. In the social circle, among men and women, he had no superior—handsome, affable, considerate, and magnetic; whilst in battle he was quick, stern, and inflexible—first anticipating all obstructions, and then rushing like exploding dynamite upon his astonished foes. Jackson and Clay, if they had the equal talent of Cæsar, had not his opportunities; and, after all, fate plays a great and unknown part in human affairs, and men are rather the sequences than the directors of events. Later in life I knew Thomas H. Benton.

On the same occasion I was introduced to John C. Calhoun, who was quite courteous to me. Still, as I had no admiration for the man's principles, I made my visit short. His person was good, and his face intellectual and expressive; but he left no great impression on my memory. As we were in antagonism all our lives on great and conflicting principles, I say no more about him.

Mr. Van Buren invited me to a family dinner, his three sons being at table, among whom was "Prince John," as he was familiarly called by his friends, whom I afterward met in Russia, and of whom I shall speak again. Van Buren was kind but reserved, and I only remember his rather square German face and head. And here I was struck with the different manners of the North and the South, which continue to this day. The Russians of the higher class are more like the Southerners, than the Southerners are like the Northerners. In Baltimore I made the acquaintance of Reverdy Johnson, and his most agreeable family, and other men of less note. In Philadelphia, I carried letters to John Sargent, and I was introduced to the Ingersolls, Biddles, and other distinguished families, who left no impression upon me. New York was democratic, and then provincial, compared to Philadelphia, and I carried no letters there. Passing New Haven, I went to

Boston, and formed a very large circle of acquaintances. I carried letters to John Quincy Adams, George Ticknor, and others. I saw Mr. Adams on my second visit to Boston, after I had begun political life, at his own home at Quincy, and spent over an hour with him. At that time (I never have been there since,) the famous man, though wealthy, lived in a framed house of very humble pretensions, in an agreeable group of trees and shrubbery. The ceiling was very low, being much less airy than my own house. I found Mr. Adams at home, and, waiting in the hall to send in my card and letters, in a very short time I was in the presence of the statesman whom I so much admired, as the friend of Henry Clay. He is too well known to call for my impressions of his person. He received me with a smile, and talked long and familiarly with me. But after such a lapse of time, but little remains on my memory. I only recall that he told me he never missed an appointment in his life. I, knowing the careless habits of the South in that respect, said to him: "You, of course, speak of appointments to speak." "No," returned he; "but in all the transactions of life, I make it a rule to be prompt at the time named."

This made such an impression on me, that I determined that I would imitate him myself. And I can now say that I have made more public speeches than any man in America, excepting the public lectures may be so called, and I have never missed an appointment. I was always ready to move, and to move on the first conveyance. So that, if the first boat, car, or stage broke down, I would have the chance of the next; and, if there were no other trains or conveyance, I had at least all chances of repair of the ones used. Once, however, whilst lecturing in New York, with all my precautions, I missed connection, and was about to lose my appointment. I was getting then from fifty to one hundred dollars for each lecture (a large sum then for any one, and I was not interested in it), so if I lost that one, I lost not only my hundred dollars, but was likely to lose

the next series, or a part of it. So, going to a railroad office, I paid fifty dollars for a special car, and so down in time. The audience, a full house, were all in, and waiting for me. The time was nearly up, and many said: "He can not come; the train is in, and Clay not on it." Here a friend of mine, knowing my punctuality, said: "I will bet a hundred dollars that Clay will be in time by the clock." The bet was made, and in I walked. My friend, who afterward told me the circumstance, said: "I handed back the money, telling the loser that it was not fair to take it up on a certainty of the result."

When I spoke in Ohio, in 1876, I was forty miles away from my appointment; and, there being no stage, boat, or railroad in that direction, all my friends said it was impossible; but I got there in time by carriage, with relays of horses. So, in 1875, I was at Memphis, and my appointment was at Greenville, Mississippi. All said it was useless to attempt it; yet, after forty-eight hours' struggle, I was in the presence of my expectant audience, and received with great enthusiasm. So, in all my life-work, I have not recognized the impossible till fate had finally decided. Something of this is, no doubt, constitutional; but much was the result of illustrious example.

As this visit was probably in 1844, after I had entered upon my anti-slavery career, Mr. Adams paid me the compliment of saying he regarded me as "one of the pillars of the temple of American liberty."

—At my first visit to Boston, I carried letters to Daniel Webster, and made his acquaintance; but of him I shall say more hereafter. I found George Ticknor in his Boston home. I well remember his massive, high forehead, and distinguished bearing. At a private ball at his house, I met again Daniel Webster. He had the largest private library I had seen—the whole walls of a large room being filled with books. Then and afterward I met and made the acquaintance of most of Boston's distinguished men and women: Whittier, the poet; the Quincys; the Otises; Dr.

Howe, and his famous wife, Julia Ward H., whom I visited at their country home; John J. Palfrey, John A. Andrew, and Edward Everett, with all three of whom I afterward had correspondence, as well as with the Quincys, Phillipses, etc.; Wm. Lloyd Garrison; Robert Winthrop; Judge Bigelow, and his accomplished lady, whose guests Mrs. Clay and myself were in 1844; and Charles Sumner, who afterward visited me in Kentucky. I saw Rufus Choate the lawyer, but was never presented to him. I well remember his large frame, and great thoughtful eyes; but never heard him speak. It was much later in life when I met my eccentric and distinguished friend, Benj. F. Butler, who, like the German carp, is likely to live a hundred years, and keep the waters muddy and turbulent all the time!

CHAPTER III.

YALE COLLEGE.—ITS PRESIDENT AND PROFESSORS.—WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.—
HIS LOGICAL DISCOURSE CONVERTS ME.—I DELIVER THE WASHINGTON CENTEN-
NIAL ORATION OF 1832.—AM BAPTIZED.—CHRISTIANITY, REFLECTIONS CON-
CERNING.—CLASS-MATES.—JOSEPH LONGWORTH.—HIS FATHER, NICHOLAS LONG-
WORTH.—AMERICAN GRAPES AND WINES.—ALLAN TAYLOR CAPERTON.—THE
LOST LOVE.—LINES POETIC.—“GIRLS AND BOYS GO A HICKORY-NUT-HUNTING.”
A PORTRAIT.—ENGAGED.

AS I was well up in my studies, being a good Latin scholar, and then well versed in the French (though this last was not in the regular course), I easily joined the Junior Class in their last session, toward commencement. Jeremiah Day was president, and well advanced in life; unprepossessing in features, yet with the impress of a high moral and benignant nature.

I had gone to Boston in part to determine whether I would enter Harvard or Yale, and decided to go to New Haven, on account of its reputed beauty of trees, as well as its reputation for thoroughness in education—a prime quality always with me. For when I studied Latin with Joshua Fry, Graves and Bates, boarding more than a mile from our school, often came to consult the old teacher about the translation of a single word when they differed. This was the way to make great scholars and great men. The vast field of the “curriculum” attempted in modern times is more destructive to the intellect than no education at all, in the great mass of students. The mind, enfeebled by frequent failure to grasp the subject at issue, becomes often despondent, and at last impotent!

There were quite a number of Southerners then in Yale; so I soon felt at home, and entered upon my studies with good heart. I joined one of the college societies, and took a leading part in the debates; but, as

I soon entered upon an exciting political career, I do not now remember to what society I did or do now belong. I believe it was the *Alpha Beta Phi*. President Day was silent, dignified, and amiable. He never said anything; but we all loved him. All the other professors had their admirers and their critics. Benjamin Silliman, the chief figure, was then in the height of his eminence as a chemist, and inventor, and experimenter, in all the civilized world; of large stature and of large brain, and "as happy as a big sunflower;" full of vanity, but of that pleasant sort which, running over, allows his friends to share the intoxicating fluid; and so he, too, had no enemies. Professor Goodrich was ambitious and great, I suppose, in Greek; but, as I went through four colleges, and don't know my Greek letters hardly, I pass on! Professor J. L. Kingsley was a man of fine common sense, and was highly respected. Professor Olmstead was silent, amiable, and liked by his scholars. The Rev. Leonard Bacon was then the leading preacher in the Independent Presbyterian Church at Yale; a cold, technical, dogmatical Puritan. He was always an uncompromising defender of slavery; bolstering it up, when it only could take a stand in the Jewish Scriptures, after it had been driven for centuries from the hearts of all true Christians. Perhaps he found it his interest to be on the winning side for the Union when he saw it was inevitable, and that slavery and all its defenders would go down! But I pass the learned doctor to consider a character worthy the admiration and gratitude of all mankind.

One of the peculiarities of the *anti-bellum* times was the isolation of thought between the Liberals of the South and the North. Such was the policy of the South. So, when I entered Yale, with my soul full of hatred to slavery, I had never known anything of Garrison or his history. Soon after I entered college, before I had noted the situation, it was announced that Garrison was going to speak in the South Church that night—the church, at least,

nearest the South of the city, and, I think, so called. "Who is Garrison?" I asked. "Why, Garrison is the Abolitionist. Don't you know?" So, as I had never heard an Abolitionist, nor the name hardly, I went to hear Garrison.

Every accessible place was crowded; but I pressed on determinedly to the front, so far as to see and hear him fully. In plain, logical, and sententious language he treated the "Divine Institution" so as to burn like a branding-iron into the most callous hide of the slaveholder and his defenders. This was a new revelation to me. I felt all the horrors of slavery; but my parents were slave-holders; all my known kindred in Kentucky were slave-holders; and I regarded it as I did other evils of humanity, as the fixed law of Nature or of God, and submitted as best I might. But Garrison dragged out the monster from all his citadels, and left him stabbed to the vitals, and dying at the feet of every logical and honest mind.

As water to a thirsty wayfarer, were to me Garrison's arguments and sentiments. He was often and boisterously hissed; but I stood silent and thoughtful in the depths of my new thought. Another meeting of the citizens was called for the next night, to answer Garrison. I do not now remember who were the orators; but the "Liberal" Dr. Bacon ought to have been, if he was not, the man to answer such broad logic of truth, and justice, and religion, and humanity; for he had that temperament and technical training which best fitted him to make the worse appear the better cause. I once more got a good place to hear; and, as sophism after sophism, and false conclusion from more false assumptions followed, in chain-like succession, they were greeted with thundering applause. This aroused me from my apathy. I felt the greatest indignation. I never, in all my life, was so agitated in a public assemblage. I first thought I would interrupt him, and deny his assumptions of fact; then I concluded to

answer him in order; and, was preparing to do so, when another sprang up, and gave me time to reflect, that I had come to Yale to learn, and not to teach. So I returned to my room as full of tumultuous emotions as on the night before. I then resolved, however, that, when I had the strength, if ever, I would give slavery a death struggle.

I pursued my studies with energy. On the 22d day of February, 1832, I was chosen to deliver the Centennial Oration on Washington's birth. This I spoke only on the part of the Senior Class. There was no other similar oration made in New Haven on that day. So I had the whole of the *élite*, social and literary, of the college and New Haven to hear me. And there I made my first anti-slavery speech. (See Greeley's *Life and Writings of C. M. Clay*, New York, 1848.) My mother, my elder brother, Sidney P. (a Presbyterian), and all my family (but Brutus and I), my sisters Eliza, Paulina, and Anne, belonged to some church. The moral sentiments move in concert, as the evil passions do. So the good seed which Garrison had watered, and which my own bitter experience had sown, aroused my whole soul.

There was a religious revival in our senior year. I, too, abandoned my old departures from the known paths of the eternal laws, and joined the revivalists; and was baptized by the Baptist minister in New Haven Sound. My mother was a Calvinist Baptist, and naturally I would fall into her church; but when I remembered the speakers in the Garrison foray, I could never feel brotherhood for such Christians. So I sought a common-place Baptist preacher, and was baptized in the sea, and received into his church. I received my religion as a matter of course, just as I did slavery on trust; but when I began to read the Scriptures, on my return home (like Paley's *Evidences of Christianity*), they rather upset than confirmed my faith; and I finally wrote to our New Haven minister to strike me from the roll of the church. Then I was reminded of Bacon's theology and its fruits, which

I had seen in the old South Church; for I saw all around me the whole clergy, with the exception of John G. Fee (now of Berea College, Madison County, Kentucky), standing for slavery as a "Divine Institution!" I had no fellowship with men with such a creed; and I preferred, if God was on that side, to stand with the Devil rather; for he was *silent*, at least. So, if I said and wrote hard things against the Scriptures, and especially the preachers, it was because they were the false prophets which it was necessary to destroy with slavery.

But larger experience in the world has taught me to look at Christianity (though the clergy have done more for infidelity than all the infidels,) in a broader appreciation, and with a more philosophical spirit. The true theory I have touched upon in the chapter where I speak of Ingersoll. And we must look upon the Christian system not as a matter of faith, nor as a religious code only, but as a great moral system of infinite worth to the human race; not at all to be questioned, far less rejected, because there may be in its professions or history some assumed facts irreconcilable with reason. We must stand with Franklin in his system of morality, as illustrated by his axe: He found it difficult to grind his axe altogether bright; but did not thereupon throw it away. It was a good and useful axe, even with a few insignificant spots left upon it. So I stand by Christianity, however represented, or however misrepresented—seeing a grand and ennobling and saving system left for the elevation and happiness of mankind. After you have washed away all the dirt and all the tattered rags, which enemies and false or deluded friends have thrown around it, there Christianity still stands in unrivalled perfection and beauty, worthy of our highest worship and devotion in the world; and our only hope of another and a better life in the infinite unknown.

The *Cosmos*, infinite in itself, can never be solved by man of finite faculties. This morning it was dark, and in

a few minutes the light of morn began to stream through the window-shutters—wonderful work of Nature or Divinity. These same wonders have been repeated all those years of a long and observant life. They have been subjected to all science, and all logic, and all speculation; and they are as far from being solved as in my infancy. It may be said that of the hereafter, and of the immortality of the soul, we know nothing. Granted. If a future life can not be proved, *it can not be disproved*. And when we have followed all the scientists to that unknown bourne, we are just as much in the dark as in the beginning of man's existence. So, when speculation and aspiration are all that is left us, it seems to me the safest and most logical course to hope for the happiest issues, and there rest.

Of my class-mates, Joseph Longworth was the most noted in after-life, for his munificent gift at Cincinnati to promote art. At college, as in after-life, he was unambitious. We were much together. Very amiable, and very full of humor and wit, he was the most pleasant of companions. His tastes were then decidedly literary; and he could aptly quote, and humorously or seriously declaim, choice fragments from all of the most popular authors. In Connecticut the white fish were seined and used to manure the fields. The odor was not agreeable. One morning, meeting me coolly taking my usual walk in the near grounds, with which New Haven was surrounded, by the Hillhouse estate and others, Longworth said: "Ah!" rubbing his hands, "Ever fond of nature; listening to the birds, and breathing the delightful atmosphere of the white fish!" When one of his collegiates, in after-life, wrote to him, as to others, for the data of a sketch of his life, he replied he had nothing to say, and "could hardly be expected to assist in taking his own life!" His father, Nicholas Longworth (whom I well knew, and with whose agreeable family I spent many pleasant days after my marriage—Mrs. L., Mrs. Eliza Flagg, and Miss Kate Longworth, who afterward married Larz Anderson, brother of the defender of

Fort Sumter), was a man of sterling qualities, to whom the enterprising city of Cincinnati owes much of her great prosperity. He was the first who, having tried all the leading foreign grapes, conceived the idea of cultivating native vines. He introduced the Catawba from North Carolina, the best wine and eating grape in this latitude, and other varieties; and set the public in the right direction. His hints have been well followed up; and we now rival Europe. This, it is true, at a distance; but finally we will excel her in both grapes and wine, Mr. Longworth, in both, having set the example.

Of all the snobs in the world, save me from the American snob! Mr. Longworth sent some boxes of Catawba champagne to the American Minister at London, to try and introduce it into Great Britain, and which was of course a great market for all foreign wines; but, instead of grasping the idea of Mr. Longworth, he wrote, and it reached the journals, that he was not engaged in commerce; and he indignantly refused the gift. When we remember that the Prince of Wales is now breeding South-Downs, contesting the prizes in the royal agricultural shows, and elsewhere, and sending his sheep to the United States, with his name marked upon the wool for sale, we can appreciate the difference between men of sense and gentlemen, like the Prince and Longworth, and the man raised by chance to distinguished position. His name is already forgotten; but Longworth will ever remain in the memory of Americans, as one of their greatest benefactors. For he was not confined in his efforts to grape-culture, but made advances in horticulture and the fine arts, and landscape-gardening.

As an instance of the absurdities of fashion and habit, it was objected to the American wines that they had too much bouquet, or grape-taste; and the "dry," "insipid," "doctored" wines of Europe were greatly preferred. I never gave way to such nonsense; for what flavor in all nature is more delicious than the taste of a fine ripe grape?

But now American wines are sought after, for the same reason that they were once rejected; and the time is near when we will supply, not only ourselves, but, in part, the world with wine. For our soil and climate are admirably adapted to the grape; and experience will, at last, teach us the best methods of turning the fruit into wines.

Professor Ed. E. Salisbury, my junior by a few years, was also my class-mate. He was wealthy, and married a woman of fortune; and spent much time in Europe and the East. He was a fine scholar, and studied the ancient and oriental languages in Paris; and, in 1841, was made honorary professor of Arabic and Sanscrit in Yale. He attained distinction as a scholar at home and abroad. But my purpose is simple mention; and I conclude by saying that he has added much to his own and the reputation of his country and Yale.

Well do I remember Allen Taylor Caperton, of Virginia, with his ever-beaming grey eyes and flexible features. He was much my friend, and I saw much of him. Full of wit and humor and "practical jokes," he won the hearts of all. The leader of all fun—changing the signs of business-houses, and making things very ridiculous; tossing bores, who could take no other hints to be off, in blankets; and treating the Northerners to their traditional pies *unbaked!* He led a slipshod life, and hardly passed graduation by the general favor which all entertained for him. So, we might say of him, as Prince Hal said of Falstaff: "Well could we have spared a better man." But, as history frequently has shown, like most men of exuberant spirits in college, when he entered real life he laid aside his frivolity, and addressed himself with ability and success to his life-work. He was a good lawyer, but shone most as a politician, entering the Confederate States' Senate; and, after the restoration of the Union, the Senate of the United States. I copy, from the obituary oration of Senator Tucker, of Virginia, 1877, a single extract:

“As a public man, he was animated by a high public spirit, lending his aid to all schemes which would benefit and advance the interests of his community. . . . He fell at the post of duty; and has left to his countrymen a name without a stain, a character for spotless and lofty integrity, and the perpetual memory of a noble and honorable life.”

Benjamin Hardin's son Rowan, and Howard Wickliffe, son of Robert Wickliffe, all Kentuckians, were in the lower classes with me at Yale, and associates. They were men of great natural powers and true worth, but died young. So the gods decreed. Thus others, whom I remember with the pleasures of friendship, fell by the way-side, in the hard ascent of—

“The steep where fame's proud temple shines afar.”

Between the time when I stood in the waters of Tates' creek, and nearly cut off the big toe of the girl who took part with the dominie with the long beech-rod, and the time when I committed the irrevocable and most important act of my life—marriage—there was in my own town a girl, E. R—, slightly my junior, and also a blonde. Too young to have suitors, like the native wild-flowers of our grand forests, she was budding unseen and unconscious of her charms, which were so attractive to those who were fortunate enough to have been by any chance thrown within her domestic circle. To see her was to love her. How far she reciprocated my half-avowed passion I can only conjecture; but that conjecture was to me full of hope, and set me seriously to consider the greatest problem of life.*

* About this time inspired, as most young men, I wrote the following lines, then published, and often complimented:

C. 1885.

LINES,

BY CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Dear to Chaldeans are the skies;
To Magi dear the morning sun;
But oh! give me a woman's eyes
To look upon.

Jealous eyes, however, as ever in such affairs are inevitable, had "ta'en a note;" and a proud family, impatient under vulgar espionage and offensive comment, gathered up their household gods, with the loved one included, and took refuge in the Far West. What was my surprise and despair when these facts were confirmed beyond question! My first thought, on my return home, was to follow, and avow my passion, and thus prove the sincerity of the tacit promise, which might fairly be inferred, though both of us were under the age for such serious venture. But on a second thought, as our families were of equal rank, might not my purpose have been anticipated, and the suit have been unacceptable? I, too, was proud-hearted; and never saw her more! Thus perished, as with one awaking, a beautiful dream; but its memory remains forever! Such first love has been felt by poet and sage, as the one undissoluble tie of kindred souls, which fill with sunshine or shade all after-life; and is the inexorable, called "fate!"

So at sea, I drifted to the scenes of later boyhood; and,

My spirit, as the Lybian wilds,
Which Niger's flood would quench in vain,
Though drinking in a thousand smiles,
Yet thirsts again.

My heart, just as the fabled one
Of him where vultures ever prey,
Though long by passion fed upon,
Wastes not away.

My love, is like the flaming beams
Of vestal fire in sacred urns;
By day and night, awake, in dreams,
It ever burns.

Chaldeans live in clouded skies,
And Magi breathe without the sun;
Shut out from me loved woman's eyes —

I am undone.

at Lexington, was united in marriage with her who held the book given during my course in Transylvania.

Mary Jane had not yet reached her eighteenth year, and was still going to school in Lexington. Her house was already open to her young friends. Her elder sister, Anne, about this time had returned from an Eastern school, and made her entrance into society. She imported all the follies and habitudes of such academies; and aspired to lead the elegant society for which Lexington has ever been noted. She was dark-skinned, slightly freckled, with thin hair and person, and "jimber-jawed." So that, in early life, "her nose and chin did threaten 'ither!" She had what was then, in cant phrase, called the "Grecian bend," an inclination of the body forward, after the manner of some of the classic Venuses. This indecent attitude of self-consciousness, well enough in the sensual pagan idea of womanhood, was avoided by my friend, Joel T. Hart, in his "Woman Triumphant." Whilst following nature in the course of time, he impersonates the modern woman of purity, and the flexibility of features which comes of mental and moral culture. Whilst some women are said to gush with sympathy or affection, Anne reversed that artistic operation. She gushed with an affectation of contempt or hatred. She would throw up both hands, roll her eyes as if all was over with her, and then, opening wide her mouth, she would break out in an indescribable guffaw. She seemed at daggers'-points with herself and all the world, which was ominous of all the ills of her future life! As a scandal-monger, she terrorized all Lexington. Never, therefore, had woman so magnificent a foil to set off her charms, as the younger sister had in the elder Warfield.

The guests would sit in some constraint, talking to each other, or the family, till Mary Jane returned from school. She would come at times bolting in, with hair uncombed, leaving her sun-bonnet and satchel of books in the ante-room; or, throwing them down in a chair,

dressed in plain but loose-cut school-girl's attire, and, entering at once into general conversation, she soon had the whole attention of the visitors. Was this simplicity or the highest art? The morning and the evening hours of reception were thus so occupied, that I had no opportunity of saying a word of love to her. I saw that she was as much attracted by me as I was by her. So she said quietly to me, that she was going on a certain day hickory-nut-hunting with a few girls, at the house of John Allen, Esq.—with his daughter—in Fayette County. She never asked me to go; yet I was there when the party arrived.

Now, in Kentucky, hickory-nut-hunting has been one of the diversions of the young folks, rich and poor, from the beginning; and continues so to this day, being one of the most agreeable of picnics.

John Allen was a typical Kentuckian of those days. He had married my blood-relative through the Paynes—the mother of Madison C. Johnson, (my brother-in-law, who had allied himself with my sister, Anne, after the tragic death of her first husband, Edmund Irvine, Esq., of Madison County,) and of George W. Johnson, who was made Confederate Governor of Kentucky, and was killed in battle during the Rebellion. Allen had, also, by his first wife, a fine looking and genial daughter, Eliza, and several handsome sons. So we “girls and boys” all went a hickory-nut-hunting.

There are no finer forests in the world than the natural parks of the “Blue-grass region” of Kentucky. The sugar-maple, tulip, coffee-bean, hickory-nut, and other trees, were just touched with an October frost, so as to cause the nuts to fall. The leaves wore that celebrated many-colored foliage which comes of the maturity of the sap, which is seen to such perfection in no other portion of the world. The long blue-grass, which turns the forests into parks, was yet green as in midsummer; the subdued rays of the October sun, falling with shimmering light through the half-nude boughs of the trees, warmed the genial air,

and dispelled the moisture from the soil. Some birds yet ventured into fragmentary songs, ere taking their flight of migration further South, to winter; whilst the grey squirrels, with their long bushy tails turned over their backs, like an ostrich-feather over a military hat, barked with vivacity at the intruders upon their quiet retreats.

Mary Jane, by all the standards of personal description, was of medium size. Her grandfather, Barr, was a native Irishman; and the Warfields were a Maryland family of fair standing. When I visited Baltimore, on my way to college, a Miss Warfield was a leading belle in polite society. The Barrs were fair, but the Warfields had dark skins and hair. She had the complexion of her Irish ancestors—a fair smooth skin, at times touched with rose-color; a face and head not classical, with rather broad jaws, large mouth, flexible lips, rather thin and determined, but with outline well cut, and an irregular nose. Her hair was of a light auburn or nut-color, long and luxuriant. Her eyes were a light greyish-blue, large and far apart, with that flexibility of the iris which gives always great variety and intensity of expression. She was the best amateur-singer I ever heard; and, as I have been familiar with the voices of Jenny Lind, Lucca, Patti, and all the most celebrated singers of my day, I venture to say that hers was, in compass and tone, unsurpassed. In disposition, she was *apparently* the most amiable of women; and basking, as the sex rarely does, in the light of universal admiration, she might be said to be the impersonation, like Calypso's isle, of "eternal springtime."

One of the calamities of civilization is the deterioration of the five senses—the sight, the touch, the smell, the hearing, and the taste. But, of all these, the faculty of distinguishing odors is thus the most impaired. Every one of the fauna and flora, and many of the mineral kingdom have a distinct smell. The odor of the horse is very disagreeable; but who has not read in poetry (if not familiar in fact,) of the sweet breath of the ruminating

kine? Who has failed to observe how the dog recognizes the master more by the smell than the sight? For by the sight is recognition, whilst the smell is that and more—a source of pleasure. So the well-cultivated dog hates the tramp, not for his rough dress, but for his offensive odor. How he pushes his nose, at every opportunity, upon the garments, face, and hands, of his beloved master, and touches him fondly with his tongue! So bees like one and hate another, no doubt for the same reason. Now, never having dulled my senses with tobacco, tea or coffee, whiskey or opium, and living much in the open air, they have ever remained acute. Of all odors, which city folks know so little, those of the wild grape-vine, crab-apple, and the fresh hickory-nuts are the most delicious.

I sat down under the trees on the long grass; and, with two small stones, easily picked up in this limestone region, I was hulling the nuts, whilst the others, with hands and handkerchiefs, were picking them up, and in groups also cracking them, carrying and emptying them into a pile near me. Mary Jane, usually so careless in her dress, I noticed now wore more costly material, prepared with more care, but all in admirable taste. Her hair, the bonnet off, with exercise having fallen down, she had hastily and loosely adjusted. She came to me when the others were farthest off, and busily engaged in talk, and, picking up the nuts, emptied her handkerchief on the pile. I said: "Come and help me." She replied, with some tremor in her voice: "I have no seat." Putting my feet closer together, as they were stretched out on the ground, I said: "You may sit down here, if you will be mine." She hesitated a moment (she was standing near me, with her face in the same direction), and then—down she came! brushing my cheek with her disordered hair, with the aroma, sweeter than orange-blossoms, of the hickory-nuts. She just touched me with the skirts of her dress, and said: "I am yours." Then she hurried off to mingle with her companions again. Thus she attacked nearly all my senses

at once! Was it simplicity, or the highest art? This, at all events, was a moment of supreme bliss, which comes but once in life, when the soul has not felt the degrading union of the earthy with the immortal, by which come sin and woe and death into the world!

* * * * *

Mrs Allen was a woman of superior intellect, very observant, and much my friend. When the city party had left, she called me aside, and said: "Cousin Cash, I see that you are much taken with Mary Jane. Don't you marry her; *do n't you marry a Warfield!* There are the Misses M. W—, E. B—, C. H—, and E. R—, fine and cultured women of large fortunes and good families, but in all these things you are at least their equal. I don't say you can marry any one of them, but I do say you can marry one of them, who will make you a good wife, and you will be happy."

CHAPTER IV.

WOMANS' RIGHTS.—DEATH OF DR. J. P. DECLAREY.—POLITICAL LIFE.—ELECTED TO THE KENTUCKY HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—ROBERT WICKLIFFE.—I SPEAK AT STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY.—FIGHT WITH JAMES C. SPRIGG.—THE CANVASS OF 1841.—DUEL WITH WICKLIFFE.—FIGHT WITH S. M. BROWN, AT RUSSELL'S CAVE.

MRS. Elisha (Maria B.) Warfield was a fine looking old lady, with handsome and gallant brothers. She assumed to be the head of the family, which her husband with good sense allowed generally; but I found that, in matters of moment, he came to the front, and the madam surrendered at discretion. I had been bred in a different school, where my father never appeared to show authority, because his supremacy was never questioned. So I looked with some discontent at this new state of things. There was no political aspirations at that time toward Womans' Rights, but in all these years I find no reason to change my views. It is not at all a false sentiment which places the male at the head of government, and the female dependent upon his superior intellect and physical strength. The red-birds which eat at my crumb-box are the most shy of all our songsters. The male enters the box very cautiously, takes a crumb, and feeds his timid mate, that sits on a near bough, as the mother would feed her young. The barn-yard cock leads the females to the feeding-grounds; finds and shares the food, and stands forever on the watch for the hawk. He is never off guard; but, when the enemy appears, he sounds the alarm, the hens take at once to the bushes, and he, standing alone, often defends himself against his powerful enemy, or, at least, sullenly takes cover when the last female is secure. So the wild

horses on the prairies, and the lions and elephants of the African and Asiatic jungles follow the same law, and which is the universal law of animal life. Even the bees are no exception; for the queen is certainly dependent upon the males and neuters, and they do not at all lean upon her. I believe that the so-called advance in civilization which secures separate property rights to women is a fatal mistake. It denies the unity of interests in families, breeds suspicion and war, and is the chief cause of divorce, which signalizes modern society—"the cause of all our woe." These evils would be intensely aggravated by equal suffrage, where politics often leads to bloodshed, by passions which would invade the peace of every household. Suffrage is already in the hands of the ignorant and the vicious—a dangerous experiment; and its extension to women would, in my judgment, but add fuel to the fire.

So I foolishly asked Dr. Warfield for Mary Jane's hand, saying nothing to her mother. After a long time waiting for a reply and receiving none, I began to stand upon my mettle. One day we had gone on horse-back from their country residence, the "Meadows," to Uncle Ben. Warfields', on an adjoining farm, who was a fine old gentleman, whom I always loved. Indeed, none of the Warfields of the old set were bad men; but rather men of character and good sense, but narrow-minded in political sentiment. When we returned, without explanation, I declined to go in, and said I would not come again; and then I went back to Lexington. That evening I was at a private party of the *élite* of the city, when a messenger from the "Meadows" handed me a letter. It was from the father only, in response to my former letter, giving me his daughter. The letter was a great relief to me; for it showed that I had rightly divined the cause of the delay, and had forced an assent that might justly be reluctant on the part of Mary Jane's mother. I was all the more rejoiced, because I felt that I had escaped, I knew not by what distance, from a pit-fall of my own digging.

A few days before my marriage, my mother-in-law, Mrs. Maria Barr Warfield, handed me an open letter addressed to her daughter, my *fiancée*, but placed in her own hands by General Leslie Combs, a friend of the family. Declarey was a very popular physician of Louisville, Kentucky, and was a suitor also of Mary Jane Warfield. The letter was depreciatory of my character, though containing nothing of serious allegation against me. It should have been thrown into the fire, and nothing shown to me. But, as the matter stood, I felt not only indignant at such secret and ungentlemanly conduct, but was compelled by a sense of honor to vindicate myself. So, taking my "best man," James S. Rollins, with me, I went to Louisville, procured a small black hickory stick, and, finding Declarey at the Louisville hotel steps, I invited him into the cross street; and showing him the letter, which he read, I asked him if he had any explanations or apology to make. He remained silent. So I caned him severely—Rollins keeping the crowd off till he was sufficiently punished. Then, telling him that I would be found at his hotel, where the event occurred, I retired with Rollins to my room. In a few hours I received a challenge from Declarey, which I promptly accepted. Declarey was about ten years older than myself, and of my own size in weight and stature, whilst his reputation for courage stood high. The terms were soon arranged. We were to meet next day in Indiana, near the Ohio River, at a named place and hour. Both parties were promptly on the ground. But the news had spread, and a large crowd was already there, and more persons continually coming; so that all parties agreed to defer the meeting to a more favorable time and place—first, on the same side of the river, and that failing also, we returned to Louisville, it being nearly dark on our arrival there. I was to be married the next evening; and Lexington, in those days, by stage, was a whole day's journey away. Declarey's friends proposed finally to set first the next day for a meeting, and then to fight in the city that night; all of which my

friend Rollins peremptorily refused. Declarey was in his own home; was then, I think, a member of the Kentucky Legislature, or, at least, had been. He had, as followers, a large number of roughs, as a matter of course; and if it was not fair to ask of me a fight in the day-time, it was more unfair to ask a fight in the city at night, when secrecy would be impossible. We had given them a fair chance for a fight; and if the crowd prevented it, it was Declarey's crowd. Rollins and myself had hardly an acquaintance in the city at that time. Louisville was provincial in comparison with Lexington, and Rollins and myself were strangers there. If the time and place of the fight were known, it could not have been the fault of our side. For a man to leave a newly-married wife to return to fight her rejected suitor was too absurd for even the fool-code. So Rollins gave notice that we would leave for Lexington by stage next morning; and, all negotiations being at an end, Declarey had his usual right of offensive attack in personal encounter. The next day Rollins and I, no attack being made, took the stage; and it was quite late in the night before we reached the "Meadows," where I was duly married. Declarey, my friends wrote me, denounced me as a coward, and said I was beneath his notice; that he would not pursue me to Lexington, but, if ever he met me in life, he would "cowhide me." Now, the cowhide was a whip made of twisted raw cowhide, and was used to punish slaves in all the South; and whilst the cane could be used without utter disgrace, to be "cowhided" was a doom of eternal infamy, which nothing but blood could wash away! So run the laws of the fool-code.

Mrs. Warfield, when the Declarey affair had concluded, did nothing to aggravate the situation; but, as time wore on, Mrs. Allen's warning words for the first time began to impress themselves upon my memory, and I had a suspicion that madam was thus willing to avenge her wounded pride. So the matter did not rest there; and I determined to give Declarey a full test of his manhood. So I set off,

ostensibly for Cincinnati and St. Louis; and, after spending a very agreeable time with my friends, the Longworths and others, at Cincinnati, and visiting my wife's connections, the Strothers, in St. Louis, I came to my point of issue, Louisville. Taking lodgings elsewhere, about dinner-time I sauntered down alone to Declarey's hotel. Not finding him at table, I asked the servants about his habits, and they told me that he was irregular in his hours; but that he would no doubt drop in very soon after dinner, as was his custom when he missed the regular hour. So, being well armed, I lounged about the hotel till I supposed he might have arrived. The dining-room had a large colonnade, as was then the custom in the building of large rooms. I was leaning alone against one of these, when Declarey, having entered and finished his meal, rose up, and for the first time saw me. I had my eyes fixed steadily upon him. He turned pale, and retreated without addressing me. I staid in Louisville for a day or more; and, Declarey making no demonstrations, I returned to Lexington. The next day in the evening, he committed suicide, by cutting his arteries. "Thus doth conscience make cowards of us all." Mrs. Warfield's imprudence—if nothing worse—caused the death of this man; and also sowed the seeds of alienation and distrust in her own household, which in time bore fruit.

4 To prepare myself for political life, which was congenial to my taste, I studied law in the Transylvania Law School, after my return from Yale, but never took out license to practice. As soon as I was eligible, in 1835, I was chosen a member of the Kentucky House of Representatives, from Madison County. I was beaten the next year, on account of my vote for internal improvements. But I was returned in 1837 with an increased vote. This was a tobacco-raising county at that time; and an old cynic, whom Bingham has made noted in the "County Election," as one of his group of characters, said they must "top me, and then let me spread." So they topped

me in 1836; but the same cultivators of the plant never liked me any the better after the topping than before. Such is poor human nature—to pull down all who aspire to ascend higher than themselves.

Having served two years in the Legislature, in which I began to develop my opposition to slavery, the slave-power, under the call of Robert Wickliffe, of Fayette County, and father of my school-mate, Howard Wickliffe, the then largest slave-holder in the State, commenced the agitation of slavery against the Liberals; first through the press, and then against myself and Robert J. Breckinridge upon the stump. These movements were, of course, against me, as Breckinridge had retired from the field of politics, and taken refuge in the Church. So, as my family disliked country life, I determined on Lexington as a residence—a more central place. I there moved my headquarters—retaining my house and lands in Madison County; and there made my home, by purchasing the Morton residence and grounds—the most elegant in the city.

I became once more a candidate, in 1840, for the Legislature. Fayette then returned three members—two of the candidates, Curd and Curl, were my friends; so the contest fell between me and Robert Wickliffe, jr., the son of Robert Wickliffe. Young Wickliffe was a man of fine stature and intellect, and well educated at the best schools of the nation. He was of equal fortune with myself, or, at least, his father could make him so; and he was then the only living son. Thus was made up one of the most exciting canvasses that Fayette had witnessed for many years. But I, a new comer, triumphed; my two friends, Messrs Clayton Curl and John Curd, being also elected with me.

So far I had made a good start in my chosen career; for, at the last session in which I served, my friends said that, if I would refuse to go into caucus, the Democrats, I being a Whig, would elect me Speaker of the House.

This was very flattering; but, after mature thought, I concluded it would be better in the long run to stand by the usages of the party, than to gratify the desire for a temporary honor. So, of course, my opponent, Charles Morehead, afterward Governor of the State, was chosen by the caucus, and elected speaker; he being an old politician, and a citizen of Frankfort—the seat of government.

I have never been an admirer of military generals. Those who have built up, not those who have destroyed the nations, have with me ever been the heroes. When generals have led the way to the liberty and development of the resources of a people, certainly the patriotic leader deserves the admiration and gratitude of mankind. My reputation as a “fighting man,” as the phrase goes, I have never gloried in. On the contrary, it has always been a source of annoyance to me; overshadowing that to which I most aspired—a high and self-sacrificing moral courage—where the mortal was to be sacrificed to the immortal. And, after a calm review of my whole life, I can truly say that I have never acted on the offensive; but have confined myself by will and act to the defensive. The case of T—, in St. Joseph’s College, was only an apparent exception; for there I was at my own risk defending the rights of others—the weak against the strong. Courage, by a wise law of nature, is of great worth, in the preservation of the State, the family, and the individual person; but it too often degenerates into offensive brutality, and then it is more a vice than a virtue. How often have I been mortified at the vulgar view taken of my moral action. When John G. Fee was maltreated and driven by violence from preaching near Crab Orchard, in Lincoln County, because he opposed slavery, I made an appointment to speak in the same place myself on the slavery issue. If we were not allowed to speak freely according to our constitutional rights, our whole scheme for emancipation failed. I therefore felt that it was necessary to set my life upon the cast of the die. And there,

surrounded by armed followers, I took the ground which was much commented upon, and noted in the nation. The legend goes, and was so illustrated by an engraving, that I placed a pistol on the book-board, and a Bible by its side, saying: "For those who obey the rules of right, and the sacred truths of the Christian religion, I appeal to this Book; and to those who only recognize the law of force, here is my defense," laying my hand upon my pistol. Thus related, it would seem that I had made a prepared and threatened exhibition of my courage and prowess, when, in fact, I was exerting all my powers of appeal and argument to avoid a conflict; for such avoidance was victory. Had I laid my pistol on the book-board, some enemy was most likely to seize it. I had my carpet-bag with my arms and notes, as usual, at my feet, unseen; and the Bible on the board was always left there in the country meeting-houses.

Again, as the slave-power of Lincoln, in meeting at the county capital, Stanford, had passed resolutions threatening with death the discussion of the slavery question—more in reference to myself than to Fee—I at once made an appointment to speak in Stanford. This, silly people thought, was useless bravado. But our strength was a moral strength, and must rest, like physical battles, upon successful defense. No body knew this better than the slave-holders. So, as they had made an issue with both Fee and myself, they saw that they had placed themselves in a fatal position; that if I spoke with safety, their policy of intimidation was broken forever; and the boldest of them feared the result, in a commonwealth where so small a portion of the voters were slave-holders, if I was put to death in the exercise of admitted constitutional rights. They, therefore, knowing that I would speak or die, sent a committee of their most prominent men from Lincoln to my house, thirty miles away, with instructions to approach me in a friendly spirit, and advise me of the dangers of my attempt. I received the committee with cordiality at

my own house, where I now write; and, after hearing them with respectful attention, I said: "Gentlemen, say to your friends, that I appreciate their kindness in sending you to advise with me; but, God willing, I shall speak in Stanford on the day named." So, as I foresaw, there was a square division of opinion on the part of my opponents; whilst my friends were solid. The upshot was that the court-house, being one of the largest in the State, was crowded to overflowing. The excitement was intense, but I was heard without a single interruption. This was a signal victory to me and my cause; for, if I was victorious in the blue-grass region, the very stronghold of slavery, I might claim an easy triumph elsewhere.

It was in the same court-house, in 1872, that I made my speech in favor of the autonomy of the States, by the invitation of the same men, where I was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The *Cincinnati Commercial*, and other leading journals of all parties, sent their reporters; and my speech, like most of my efforts in oratory, as reported and unrevised, will be published in my "Writings and Speeches."

So long as my noble friend, Fee, stood on constitutional ground with myself, he shared my security; but, when he followed the Abolition idea of ignoring the Constitution, and was reinforced by adventurers using force also, he and, I believe, forty persons were driven by violence from Berea. It was claimed by Fee's enemies at the time, that I approved, or, at least, assented to, this course; all of which was untrue. Fee voluntarily took his own ground, and I took mine. To have followed him would have been disastrous to my life, and those of my followers. He was at first a non-resistant; but, further along, allowed his friends to use force. I had determined to stand and defend my position to the death. Time proved that I was right.

So "*revenons à nos moutons*"—the fight with Sprigg. I give these accounts because all such have been misrep-

resented by friends and foes; and my object is to simply set forth the facts.

When I was in the Legislature of Kentucky, Sprigg was an old representative from Shelby County—"a good fellow," as the phrase goes, but quite quarrelsome, and the hero of many fights. He seemed to think himself called upon to have a "muss" with me especially. For, as my mother says in one of her letters to me, I was not always mild in my mode of statement. Some words passed in the House, and it was thought that Sprigg would challenge me. As other fights of mine were tragic, so this one was quite comic. Sprigg was a dear lover of the State beverage—"old Bourbon"—which, as elsewhere, here was apt to loosen the tongue. So, on one occasion, he revealed to me, confidentially, how he had always been triumphant in personal rencounters. He approached his antagonist, when a fight was inevitable, in a mild and conciliatory manner, dealt him a sharp blow, and followed that up with unrelenting severity till he was whipped. "Thus," said he, "size and strength amount to nothing against mind!" Sprigg had no doubt forgotten that he had ever revealed to me his system of tactics. So, when the House adjourned, as we both boarded at the same hotel, and the weather was cool, I found Sprigg sitting on the far side of the fire-grate, and several members of the Legislature present in the same room. As soon as Sprigg, who was evidently awaiting my arrival, saw me, he advanced past all these gentlemen toward me, with a pleasant look, without speaking. I remembered his methods; and, when he got within reach, without a word on either side, I gave him a severe blow in the face, and brought him staggering to the floor. As fast as he would rise—for I played with him as a cat with a mouse—I repeated my blows; allowing him always to rise, as I felt myself greatly an overmatch for him, and would not strike him when down. When the bystanders saw the unequal fight, and felt that Sprigg, who was a notorious bully, was

fully punished, one of them caught him by the coat-tail (fine delicate broad-cloth was then fashionable), and tearing his coat to the very collar, pulled him away; and thus ended the set-to. The upshot was that Sprigg, the aggressor, was severely punished—eyes blacked, nose bleeding, and coat torn; whilst I stood smiling, without a touch.

Sprigg laid by for several days; and all thought now, at least, a duel was inevitable. After a while he ventured out, with his eyes marked with wide black rings. Approaching me, smiling, with outstretched hand to show peace, he said: "Clay, old fellow, here's my hand. I taught you my tactics, and you have beaten your master at his own game." Of course, I accepted his hand, and we remained good friends. Poor Sprigg! he was elected to Congress—that school of demoralization—still patronized "old Bourbon;" and, in a fight with an Irishman, lost his eye, or his nose, I do not remember which, and that was the last I have ever heard of him.

In the meantime I was chosen delegate of my Congressional District, including Madison, my old county, to represent the Whigs in the National Convention, held at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1839-40. I was, of course, with all my State, in favor of my friend and kinsman, Henry Clay, for President. But Gen. Wm. H. Harrison was made the nominee, with John Tyler, of Virginia, as vice-presidential candidate; and the nomination was made unanimous. Here I first saw Horace Greeley, with whom, in after-life, I became so intimately associated. He had not then reached distinction; but I shall ever remember his large head, thinly covered with auburn hair, approaching white, and his boyish, innocent-looking, and amiable face, which indicated genius and great simplicity of character. Thaddeus Stevens was also a delegate from his district, in Pennsylvania, and made quite an impression upon the Convention with one of his characteristic, bold speeches, such as made him famous in the chaotic times

of the Civil War, and pushed him to the front as the leader of the war-party.

I did my part in the canvass for Harrison; and, in due time, began my home-fight with Wickliffe. By reference to my speeches in the pending session of the Kentucky Legislature, it will be seen that I was drawn into open war with the slave-power. They knew their strength, and wisely determined to crush all liberal thought in word, or progression in action, in the bud.

Robert J. Breckenridge, as I said, had already fallen in this cause, and been driven into the Church. J. G. Birney had been forced by violence from Danville into the free State of Ohio; and Dr. Lewis Marshall, the father of Thomas F. Marshall, and brother of Humphrey Marshall, who had the duel with Henry Clay, and others, had either died, been silenced, or exiled from the State. And they thought to make short work of me, also. But the sequel shows they were doomed themselves. So I entered the canvass with the Patrick Henry flag flying; and on every stump boldly denounced slavery to the death.

Mr. Clay had voted for me in the last election, and voted for me again; but, before I was again a candidate, he very frankly told me he thought it best to give way for the present, and await a more favorable time. This I respectfully considered; but I saw that the time for prudent attack would never come; and that with me, at least, in was now or never—now and forever! The habit was with “the boys,” with whom I was the favorite, to make torch-light processions, as a show of strength; and the slave-party imitated our example. The greatest slaveholders from town and country came to Lexington and joined the processions. Inflammatory speeches were made on their part, and met with equal force on ours. So that, at length, Wickliffe introduced my wife’s name in a speech, to which I took exception as inadmissible; and I challenged him. We met near Louisville. Col. Wm. R. McKee, who fell at Buena Vista, was my second; and

Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell at Shiloh, when Grant had retired for security under his gun-boats, and the Union cause was saved by Generals Buell and Nelson, was Wickliffe's. Dr. Alexander Marshall, brother of Thomas F., was my surgeon; and I do not remember, but I think, Dr. Caldwell was the surgeon of Wickliffe. We fired at ten paces, at the word; and both missed. Raising my pistol up perpendicularly, I stood still, and demanded a second fire. But the good sense of our seconds prevailed, and it was decreed that the matter should be dropped. No apology was made on either side, and no reconciliation was proposed; and we left the ground enemies, as we came.

At that time I was young, but I knew full well that the least show of the "white feather" was not only political but physical death. So it was with me here, rather policy than impulse. I wanted to show those who lived by force, that it would be met, at all times, and in all places, with force. But the occasion and its effects are numbered with the past. And I now do Wickliffe the justice to say that he was a gallant fellow; and I regret that I ever did so foolish a thing. And the not being satisfied with a shot which covered the point of honor would have brought upon me the ridicule of a fight upon such frivolous grounds, but for the one mistake.

We were all young together; but by his leaving the field, under a renewed call for a fire, I had Wickliffe in a bad position. Though I believe he would have stood again if so advised. I think McKee and Johnston saw the folly of further results—I being a married man, and Wickliffe being single—that their motives were right, but their course hasty, so far as Wickliffe was concerned. So, although I was in the wrong, and, had the duel resulted otherwise, would have been worsted by it, I was rather helped in the canvass, instead of losing ground. The upshot was, that I was victor in the legal votes, but beaten by unfair judges and corrupt methods; having all

the judges and all the officers of the election against me. Nothing daunted, I looked sternly ahead, kept my friends well together, and awaited events.

The result of the duel convinced me of the absurdity of the whole thing. Besides, my time was too important to lose it in such trifles; and, as I had reason to believe that many fools would be continually challenging me, I determined to have no more of them. I so gave out; but I resolved to defend myself if attacked, as I had occasion to do afterward—standing upon the great law of self-preservation and legal self-defense. A duel might result in but little or no bodily harm; but a rencounter with me meant death to one or the other party. And so no man has better illustrated Shakespeare's

"Thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just."

Robert Wickliffe, jr., having now an open field, became the candidate the next year for the National House of Representatives—Garrett Davis of Bourbon being the opposition candidate. Henry Clay having voted for me two successive times against Wickliffe (for Clay always voted), and his avowed sentiments on the slavery question, had alienated some of his old followers from his leadership. So R. Wickliffe, sr., and his son, now headed a new faction. Of course, what influence I had with my compact body of personal friends—among laboring men mostly—went with me for Davis. Wickliffe, in canvassing, was in the habit of reading a "hand-bill" in his own behalf, without naming another "hand-bill" which refuted his friend's statement. In Garrett Davis's absence, I took the liberty to interrupt him, and, by his permission, to say: "That hand-bill," which he had just read, "was proven untrue by another of good authority." He then would resume his remarks. After this had occurred several times, he sent for Samuel M. Brown, late of New Orleans, who was post-office traveling-agent under Charles A. Wickliffe, his relative, then Postmaster-General under John Tyler.

Brown was soon on the ground. He was an old Whig, of social character, strong physique, and, in a word, a political bully. He it was who had the fight with Thos. Moore, the Democratic Congressman at Harrodsburg; and of whom it was said that he had "forty fights, and never lost a battle." At Russell's Cave, in Fayette County, when Mr. Wickliffe repeated the usual *rôle*, I interrupted him again, as before, saying: "That hand-bill has been proven untrue." At the moment, Brown gave me the "damned lie," and struck me simultaneously with his umbrella. I knew the man, and that it meant a death-struggle. I at once drew my Bowie-knife; but, before I could strike, I was seized from behind, and borne by force about fifteen feet from Brown, who, being now armed with a Colt's revolver, cried: "Clear the way, and let me kill the damned rascal." The way was speedily cleared, and I stood isolated from the crowd. Now, as Brown had his pistol bearing upon me, I had either to run or advance. So, turning my left side toward him, with my left arm covering it, so as to protect it to that extent, I advanced rapidly on him, knife in hand. Seeing I was coming, he knew very well that nothing but a fatal and sudden shot could save him. So he held his fire; and, taking deliberate aim, just as I was in arm's reach, he fired at my heart. I came down upon his head with a tremendous blow, which would have split open an ordinary skull; but Brown's was as thick as that of an African. This blow laid his skull open about three inches to the brain, indenting it, but not breaking the textures; but it so stunned him that he was no more able to fire, but feebly attempted to seize me. The conspirators now seized me, and held both arms above my elbows, which only allowed me to strike with the fore-arm, as Brown advanced upon me. I was also struck with hickory sticks and chairs. But, finding I was likely to get loose, they threw Brown over the stone-fence. This fence, which inclosed the yard near the steep descent to the cave and

spring, was built of limestone, about two feet high on the upper side, but perhaps seven or eight on the lower side. So Brown had a terrible fall, which ended the contest.

Raising my bloody knife, I said: "I repeat that the hand-bill was proven a falsehood; and I stand ready to defend the truth." But, neither Mr. Wickliffe nor any of the conspirators taking up my challenge, some of my friends, recovering from their lethargy, took me by the arm (seeing where Brown's bullet had entered,) to the dwelling-house; and, on opening my vest and shirt-bosom, found only a red spot over my heart, but no wound. On examination it was found that the ball, as I pulled up the scabbard of my Bowie-knife, in drawing the blade, had entered the leather near the point, which was lined with silver, and was there lodged.

Thus Providence, or fate, reserved me for a better work. And when I look back to my many escapes from death, I am at times impressed with the idea of the special interference of God in the affairs of men; whilst my cooler reason places human events in that equally certain arrangement of the great moral and physical laws, by which Deity may be said to be ever directing the affairs of men. Certain it is that he who stands on the right may often hold his own against hosts in arms.

Afterward, I happened to be at the Bourbon Agricultural Fair, of which my brother, Brutus J., was president. Several hundred gamblers had gathered in mass in the immense amphitheater, and interrupted the show by calling to the judges. The directory ordered the ribbons to be omitted, so that no bets could be determined. Whereupon the roughs, headed by a noted bully, cried out: "Close the doors, and stop the fair;" and, at the same time, made a rush toward the entering doors. As the mob advanced, I said: "This ground belongs to the corporators. I stand in defense of their legal rights. I dare any man to touch the doors." They were not touched.

Brown had his skull cut to the brain in several places; one ear cut nearly off, his nose slit, and one eye cut out; and many other wounds. Had the rencounter taken place between two ordinary citizens, no notice whatever would have been taken of it by the grand jury; but, as I was odious to the slave-holders, they improved all the chances to weaken and ruin me. I was indicted for *mayhem*. Henry Clay and John Speed Smith were my counsel and defenders; both volunteering their services. Brown, outraged at his being thrown over the fence, and deserted, was my principal witness. He proved that there was a consultation at Ashton's (hotel-keeper,) between himself, Wickliffe, Prof. J. C. Cross of the Transylvania Medical School, Jacob Ashton, and Ben. Wood, a police bully; that the pistol with which I was shot was loaded in advance; that he was to bring on the affray, and they were to aid; that they four went in the same hack to Russell's Cave, and there all took part in the fight.

CHAPTER V.

TRIED FOR MAYHEM.—VOLUNTARILY DEFENDED BY HENRY CLAY AND JOHN SPEED SMITH.—BROWN'S EVIDENCE PROVES A CONSPIRACY TO KILL ME.—SKETCH OF HENRY CLAY.—A FEW SENTENCES FROM HIS ADDRESS TO THE JURY.—DECLARED NOT GUILTY.—DEATH OF BROWN.—THE STATE OF PARTIES.—HENRY CLAY AND THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST OF 1844.—DANIEL WEBSTER AND HENRY CLAY.—THE CANVASS IN BOSTON.—IN NEW YORK.—RESULT ADVERSE TO H. CLAY.—HE UNJUSTLY DENOUNCES THE ABOLITIONISTS.—MY REPLY.

HUMAN nature is much the same under all forms of government. Power is generally force; and there is but little sentimentalism in that, whether it be in an autocrat or a despotic majority in a republic; and which, in such cases, is, when uncovered from its mask, again an autocracy. So I, instead of Brown, was prosecuted.

By our laws, shooting with intent to kill is a criminal offense, punishable with confinement in the penitentiary. That offense, in this case, was aggravated by a *conspiracy* to kill me, which intensified the criminal intent, and made the facts incontrovertible; yet Brown was not prosecuted, but I, who had stood upon the eternal law of self-defense, was held to answer for *mayhem*, or maiming the person, by cutting Brown's ear, and destroying his eye.

Henry Clay and John Speed Smith, my brother-in-law, a great orator also, as said, volunteered to defend me. Smith's speech, as he was aroused by the comparison with so great a man as Clay, was a very able one—fully equal, if not superior, to Clay's. He was the uncle of James Speed, Lincoln's Attorney-General, and father of the Rev. General Green Clay Smith, better known, perhaps, than his father, but not his equal as an orator.

But the reader is interested more in Henry Clay, and I shall speak of him only. Generally, when a man is alive, and his person and character familiar to every one, but little is said of them. And, after his death, but few are left who, by personal contact, are able to sketch the lost portraiture. As Henry Clay is one of those men who "are not for a day, but for all time," I shall here, as elsewhere, speak of him from my own knowledge.

It is a remarkable fact, but well known, that Mr. Clay, as a criminal advocate, never lost a case. It is, therefore, a subject of interest to see what were the causes of this extraordinary success. In consequence of the existence of slavery, and the frontier-life of Kentuckians, the men of talent and character were the natural leaders; and the influence once gained was ever potent in all directions. Of all men whom I have known, Clay had more of what is called, in modern times, magnetism. He was, as is well known, quite tall, yet commanding and very graceful in manner and movement. He had the most wonderful voice in compass, purity, and sweetness; and which, with the whole science of gesticulation and manner, he sedulously cultivated. Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan, the celebrated scientist and philosopher, now of Boston, in his treatise on "Moral Education," throws new light upon the voice, and its influence on the passions of men. Without agreeing with him upon some of his religious, and even scientific views, I feel the force of his observations upon the influence of the human voice. In this Clay had a great source of power. There was also a natural common sense, which, in him and in Abraham Lincoln, outweighed all the culture in books of their great rivals. Now, without attempting a definition of "common sense," I regard it as a faculty of observing and standing close to the normal laws of mind and body; which laws operate with steady influence in all the mental and physical activities of the common or average man. Thus Mr. Clay, in the backwoods, where men are seen more in their real characters

than in older societies and cities, was better able to understand them, (and men are at bottom much the same every-where,) or any audience elsewhere. I but touch upon these things here, as I have spoken of them elsewhere; and conclude by the remark, that Mr. Clay had a very highly developed nervous structure and temperament, by which, as in war, all his forces could be at once rapidly concentrated on one point of attack.

After stating clearly the grounds of vindication, which was simply self-defense, and knowing that abstract justice on one side was not enough, Mr. Clay ventured to counteract the intense prejudice against me, by appealing to passions of like intensity in a community where sentiment is everything when once free to act. He generally stood near his audience as possible, especially when it was a jury. William T. Barry I have seen move eight or ten feet in speaking—rapidly advancing and then retreating—when the climax of his syllogistic argument was reached. I learn that Rufus Choate followed a like course, at least in intensity of physical motion. And I have seen poor imitators of such men use not only the forward advance, but a side vibration as well, like a chained coon or bear; and even come down from the platform, like a Methodist preacher at a camp-meeting revival, among the auditors.

But all this is nonsense, which may please the ignorant; yet, as Shakespeare has it, must “make the judicious grieve.” Clay was too good an artist for this. He generally stood still, gesticulating with graceful movement of one or both hands; and, when in the most intense force, advancing a few steps forward only. In my own speaking, I stand near my audience as possible—preferring to have the rostrum not higher than the heads of my auditors. I make few gestures; never change from my place, and use my voice only to intensify my highest thought.

At this distance of time, I can hardly venture to give more than a thought or two of a speech which was to

me, of all others, of most interest, and most likely to be remembered :

“The question which this jury of freemen is called upon their honor and conscience to decide, is not whether the political views and sentiments of the prisoner were just or not, nor whether they agreed or disagreed with yours; nor yet, if they were just, whether ill-timed or out of place. You are bound, on your oaths, to say, was Clay acting in his constitutional and legal right? Was he aggressive, or resting peaceably in the security of the laws which guard alike the safety of you, and me, and him? And yet more: Did he occupy even higher ground than all human enactments—the eternal laws of self-defense—which come only of God, and which none but He can annul, judge, or punish? Standing, as he did, without aiders or abettors, and without popular sympathy; with the fatal pistol of conspired murderers pointed at his heart, would you have had him meanly and cowardly fly? Or would you have had him to do just what he did do—there stand in defense, or there fall?”

And then turning partly toward me, with the most pathetic voice, broken but emphatic, and raising himself with the most imposing personality and dignity that ever an American has attained, he said: “And, if he had not, he would not have been *worthy of the name which he bears!*”

* * * * *

After Brown's evidence, and the very able speeches of Messrs. Clay and Smith in my defense, the jury had only to retire, write a verdict of not guilty, and return it to the court. Now, when Brown made his confession, I thought that I should be equally magnanimous; so I sent him word by a friend that I thanked him for the service he had rendered me, and was willing to drop the whole enmity, and be friends! This he silently declined. So, after he recovered from his wounds, terribly disfigured, I expected another deadly rencounter, and was ever prepared.

I met him twice afterward. I was sitting one day in D. C. Wickliffe's office—editor of the *Kentucky Reporter*—with some friends, when Brown came in. I rose

up, and stood ready for defense. But Brown, seeing me, and saying a few words, retired. In a few days I met him, passing on the foot-path across the street from one square to the other, about midway. We passed each other, both giving part of the road; and I never saw him again. Not long afterward, he was blown up in a steamboat near Louisville, and was lost. Of all the men I ever encountered in personal conflict Brown was the bravest. Nor must outsiders take too unfavorable a view of the fight; for at that time few men were my equal in such conflicts; and both Wickliffe and Brown had reason to believe that I would be backed by some of my friends, at least. I say this in justice to the dead; and men of one country can not always be judged by the moral standard of another. And Mr. Wickliffe might well be pardoned for leaving others to enter a congenial, personal conflict with one whom he had beaten before the people, when now he was entering a higher field of ambition. Davis was, however, elected; and Wickliffe was sent Minister Resident to some one of the Italian courts. He married abroad, and died early; and even I, who had once had strong friendship in the family, felt sympathy for his untimely end.

When I went afterward to the Mexican War, Mason Brown, Sam. Brown's son, was Second Lieutenant of the "Old Infantry," of 1812 memory; and as I had once an opportunity, at Saltillo, to do him a personal favor, he was ever afterward my friend. Some of my enemies, who feared me, tried to incite another son, then living in California, to a personal rencounter with me; but the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge and Mason Brown interfering, it came to nothing. I never saw him. It is rather curious; and among the letters hereafter to be published, is one from Mason Brown, at a later period in our lives. Such is the inconstancy of fortune.

Since the adoption of the Federal Constitution of 1789, there has, under varying names, been substantially but two

parties in the United States—the one in favor of a strong central government, and the other favoring the more popular rule of the States. The first embraced mostly the wealth and culture of the Republic; and the last the poorer and laboring classes, under cultivated leaders. At the time I entered political life, the central party was called WHIG, and the centrifugal DEMOCRATIC. Of the last, Andrew Jackson had become the leader; and of the first, Henry Clay. Mr. Clay was the great statesman of his times, developing the American system, which included a tariff for revenue and protection of home manufactures, a national currency, and internal improvements—embracing roads, canals, harbors, break-waters, and all that. The Democrats, of whom John C. Calhoun had more and more become thinker and leader, opposed these policies. But underlying and over-riding gradually all party policies was slavery.

This element of society, by which the master held absolute power over his slave, was alien to all the principles and policies of a Democratic Republic. Inheriting the institution from our British ancestors, our fathers felt the shame of such tyranny, whilst proclaiming the universal right of all men in a Declaration of Independence. Mostly in numbers and talent aspiring to its speedy extinction, they would not put the word in our Constitution, although it was indirectly recognized. After 1808, no slaves were to be imported into the United States; and, to discourage its existence, only three-fifths of the slaves were counted in the basis of representation. When made free, they would count man for man, as in general citizenship. Under these political discouragements, and the growing liberalism of the age, slavery was fast declining, and would no doubt have peaceably disappeared had not the cotton-plant, which our lands and climate so much favored, and the invention of the cotton-gin given new value to slave-labor, in a climate where the black man seemed to be the only possible cultivator.

This new interest consolidated was what was termed the Slave-Power, which united all elements—moral, religious, and political—into a compact and inexorable force, which so far forth absorbed or over-rode all party principles and policies. This produced an awakening of the consciences of men, and the Abolition Party, which, in turn, made all things secondary to liberation. They severed themselves from Church and State, and refused to recognize the Constitution—declaring it an “agreement with Hell, and a covenant with Death.” This nucleus of moral protest against slavery, however illogical in a political sense, aroused the better sentiments of the nation; for the slave-power was put upon its necessity of disproving that slavery was the “sum of all villainies.” These were the aggressive forces which ultimately drew all others into their train; till the Free-Soil Party, and next the Republican Party, stood on one side, and the Pro-Slavery Party on the other, under the banner of False Democracy. And thus was brought on the Civil War, and the overthrow of Slavery.

The sequel proved that in reality there was very little anti-slavery sentiment in the American people, either before or since the war. But the aggressions of the slave-power made it plain that the freedom of the white races, as well as that of the black, was involved in the contest; and that practically all the States must be free or slave.

In the meantime Great Britain, France, and the leading nations had abolished slavery, and the slave trade. Portugal, Spain, Brazil, and Russia, struggling in the same direction, it seemed that the United States, outside of the barbarian world, were the only defenders of slavery, *per se*, and its avowed propagandism. Thus it will be seen that civilization advances in the sum of public thought; whilst it only remains to the superior organizations of the heroic few to give utterance and fruitage to great principles underlying human happiness.

Henry Clay, having been beaten in the Whig Convention, at Harrisburg, in 1840, by Harrison, from the defec-

tion of John Tyler, who became President on Harrison's decease, was at once thrown to the head of his party again, in his old leadership. So he had no difficulty in getting the nomination at Baltimore, in 1844. By my defeat on the slavery issue, I was disarmed from giving any body help in the slave States; but it greatly increased my power in the free States. I at once received a vast number of letters from Whigs, and other admirers, to come North, and advocate Clay's and the Whig cause. I was also honored by a great number of literary and political societies, by being of them elected a member. But, Mr. Clay having advised me not to run against Wickliffe in 1841, I determined, before entering on the canvass, to consult him. I did so; and he told me to go. So I went.

As I propose to avoid, rather than connect, my "Memoirs" with the *general* political history of the times, which is already so full, and a "twice-told tale;" and as my political action will be best studied in the second volume of this work, in which will appear my "Speeches and Writings," I will only say a few words here upon the political situation in 1844.

The South, by a compact minority, ever vigilant and unrelenting, had assumed the ascendancy in a Union once founded upon free principles. They now reversed the policy of our fathers, North and South, and determined to maintain supreme control of the government, and extend slavery first into all the new territory; and finally give it sway, at least politically, in the free States themselves. So that the issue was inevitable, as I before said, for either all slave or all free States. This interest, for brevity, will be called the slave-power. Thus the moral element of the North was centered in the Garrisonian-Liberty or Abolition Party; whilst the far-seeing political minds contended for self-government, and republican supremacy. These were the dividing banners, with a large political force, as ever in all nations, of a neutral standing. Of the slave-power, John C. Calhoun was now the

leader; and of the other force was Henry Clay. The Abolitionists were Disunionists; the other two parties stood in a sliding movement. The Whigs for the Union, with or without slavery. The Calhoun Democrats for the Union, if possible, with slavery; but, Union or no Union, slavery forever. These were the trunks of the three growths, with the roots yet intermingling in apparent unity.

There were several causes, then, why I was received in the North with universal heartiness and enthusiasm, without claiming too much personal prowess. First, I was a Clay, and near in personal relations with Henry Clay; so that all office-seekers would naturally desire to be in close relations with me. Then, in opposing the admission of Texas, I set myself squarely with the political interests of the North. And last, but not least, I stood upon the eternal laws of right against wrong; whilst, unlike the Abolition school, I carried with me all the sacred memories of our fathers, and all the future and past glories of the union of these States.

Every-where I was received with the wildest enthusiasm—from Ohio to Boston. At Boston, I spoke with Webster, Berrien, and others, on the famous old Boston Common. It was a magnificent audience. Nowhere in the world, outside of New England, and outside of Boston even, at that day, could so many fine heads and cultured faces be seen. At St. Petersburg, where the whole aristocracy of a great empire is gathered at some of the court balls, a more agreeable assemblage may be looked upon; but hardly more brain development even there.

This was the second time I had seen Daniel Webster. With a massive head, "satanic" eyes, and medium but rugged, stalwart body, no such figure has before or since illustrated our history. I say "satanic" eyes, for so I have heard intelligent women describe them. Let any one see the portrait of Webster, as painted by Chester Harding, in the Boston Athenæum, and decide. No doubt

Henry Clay was a man of equal genius with Webster; and they two were the leading figures during all their lives. In whatever assemblage of men, at home or abroad, these two men entered, all eyes acknowledged their supremacy. Webster had all the early advantages of the highest intellectual culture, and continual association with thoughtful men. As a lawyer, where generalization is the first quality, he was Clay's superior. His brain was perhaps the largest of all his contemporaries; but it was broader, and ran fully into that posterior lobe which Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan has shown gives action to the sensual and the sensuous; whilst the intellectual and moral centers its force in the anterior and high structure of the brain, in which Clay excelled. The greatest single speech, I think, in our language, is Webster's defense of the Union in reply to Hayne. Webster was like a great wagon that took six horses or more to move it; or he might be compared to a huge locomotive, which required much steam to set it in motion. The occasion was the greatest—the North against the South; and, greater yet, the North and South against the world. No such occasion since the death of Demosthenes had occurred in history; and no such speech had been uttered since the times of that greatest of orators.

Henry Clay was educated more in contact with men than with books. He had less generalization, but higher instincts and keener sympathies. His brain, though not rectangular, was high in extent, and wide in the intellectual faculties. His sentiments were always fine; and his animal passions weak. In eating and drinking, and all the animal proclivities, Webster and Clay were wide apart. Webster was like a cat-fish—gross and omnivorous; Clay like the brook-trout—fastidious even in the taking of the gilded fly. So far as chastity is concerned, I think the obligations of religion and morality rest alike on both sexes; but practically, by the eternal laws, the consequences are more grievous when women fall. I trust I may always be found advocating the highest morality,

and the purest religion, however I may fall short of the lines laid down by myself. I, then, in plain speech, shall cater to no prurient taste; but the living and the dead shall be subject to just criticism. For false is the heathen maxim: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*;" and I prefer it as amended by my friend, Robert Richardson: "*Nil nisi veritatem*." For if the truth is suppressed, we lose that incentive to the loftiest action which rests upon posthumous glory, as foreseen by the living.

Of Webster's bearing among women, as I know nothing, I shall say nothing; leaving him as I found him, to common fame. But in defense of H. Clay, with whom I associated much, I shall repudiate the surmises of the frivolous, the envious, and the slanderers.* I was a long time in the same city with him; dined with him at his own house, and those of his associates, in Lexington; was with him in the great city of Baltimore; accompanied him in his noted tour through the North-west in 1842, where I was often alone with him, as well as in the crowd of his friends and intimates, and I never saw him perform a disrespectful action, or heard from his lips a sensual word in regard to women in my life; yet his sympathy with intellectual, virtuous women was intense, and his magnetism preëminent. With homely features, as all know, he had the plastic radiation of countenance which at times seemed like inspiration. Women were crazy in his presence; and grave men filled with unusual enthusiasm. As a popular leader, Henry Clay had no equal in his times; and of all our public men, he began life in the front, and there he stayed till death gathered him to his fathers.

I heard Webster at Boston, and again at Lexington, Kentucky. He always spoke sense, but never excited enthusiasm. His thoughts were ever upon great speeches;

*In my letter of 1848, I referred to the causes of his duel with John Randolph.—C. 1885.

Clay's upon great events. Webster used the money of his friends, and his friends themselves, as the priests of old. "The earth and the fullness thereof belonged to the saints; we are the saints, and therefore these are all ours." He reminded me of Homer's Cyclops, who made his sheep his companions by day, and supped upon one or more of them each night! He even drew upon them after death, and made his will full of bequests which were to be levied upon his friends.

Altogether different was Henry Clay; exact and punctilious in monied matters to a fault. When in generous hospitality he had expended his great earnings as a criminal advocate and judicious farmer, and went to the banks at Lexington to find out his debt, that he might sell Ashland and pay it off, he was told that he had none; his unknown friends had, without his knowledge, canceled all. His answer was—tears! It was not wonderful then, that, in 1844, Webster, who had stood in the hateful Tyler administration, however influenced by patriotism, was easily beaten by Clay. He was quite sullen then in his support of Clay.*

Before I spoke, Mr. R. C. Winthrop, member of Congress, and apparent master of ceremonies, advised me, as Mr. Berrien and other slave-owners were present, not to touch upon the slavery question. As I had just been defeated foully by that party, I treated his suggestions with contempt; but, as he soon fell under the blows of Sumner forever, I pass him by. I think it is not egotism when I say that none of the orators were heard with such interest as myself.

Some one has cut out my speech (from the preserved account) on Boston Common; but the one of the same night, in the Tremont Temple, is published. Webster

*See letter in Life of J. J. Crittenden, by his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Coleman.

was president of the vast audience, and as such made the leading speech. The order of the exercises was published in hand-bills. Mr. Berrien, Senator from Georgia, was the first in order; but, as Mr. Webster sat down, the cry for "Clay" was like the near ocean's roar. After several attempts, Mr. Webster said to the audience, that the list of speakers was made out by the committee; and, reading it aloud, said each would be presented in his order. John M. Berrien was then presented, and spoke. I was second in order; but my speech, as I said, is lost. I, however, spoke, as the others, briefly, as it had already been arranged that I should have Tremont Temple to myself that night; whilst the others, who were to speak also the same evening, were allotted to Boston Common again. When I had finished, I took my seat just behind Mr. Webster, on the same bench, or chairs, with other speakers; and Mr. Fowler, of New York, was after a while introduced. Fowler was of great size, and stentorian voice—a fair representative of the American bird—and a great admirer of Henry Clay.

Webster was quite restive under Fowler's eulogies of Clay; and when the orator elevated him to the first place of all Americans, as an orator and a statesman, he could be silent no longer; but, turning to the friends sitting near him, said: "Who put that fellow up here?"

Clay was more outspoken, when he said, in the Senate, in Webster's presence: "I feel no new-born zeal in behalf of this administration." So it must be conceded that the genius of Clay mastered the great but heavy talents of Webster, and made him the leader of all the men of his times.

Mr. Clay was so conscientious a man in all his public acts, that he thought a personal difference of opinion with himself was a want of patriotism; and he was too hasty in denouncing such action. This seems to have been the reason of his frequent defeats for the Presidency. When

his name was before the people for that high office, those who were in, and those who had passed out, of political life, rose up in impregnable array against him; for revenge is ever stronger than gratitude. So wrongs are forgiven more readily than insults—the last compelling revenge to restore self-respect.

This was the visit to Boston, I think, during which I saw John Quincy Adams at his residence, which I have already spoken of in detail. I here again met Chester Harding, now mature in fame, who had painted my father, and other members of my family, in early life. He stood deservedly at the head of his profession in America as a portrait-painter. I now made the acquaintance of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. I said to him: "Why, Garrison, I had expected to see a long-faced ascetic; but I see you patriots are jolly, sleek fellows—not at all debarred of the good things of life." He replied, in the same vein: "And therein, Clay, you are wrong, and somewhat confound things. The ascetics are the wrong-doers! Who should be happy, if not those who are always right?"

Garrison was a man of great common sense, and much wit; and so, when slavery fell, he voted to abolish the Abolition Society. The great error of the Abolition movement, however, was the narrow view of the duties of the citizens of a Republic, wherein the voice of the majority must rule, subject to constitutional change, and influenced by policy and morality. I think their denunciation of slavery and the constitution did much toward the overthrow of that ill-fated system. But their work would have been much more efficient, had they stood for the Union and the Constitution at the same time. And this they admitted by their action in the Civil War—abandoning the idea of disunion.

After spending a very agreeable time in the modern "Athens," I went to New York, where *the* battle of the

canvass was to be fought. This State was the arbiter of the fate of Clay; and here was a large mass of Abolitionists, whom I was desirous to secure upon the Texas issue, against which annexation Mr. Clay had declared. I fought against the annexation of Texas because it was a part of the slave-power's scheme to extend slavery; Mr. Clay because it involved us in a necessary war with Mexico, with whom we ought to remain on terms of amity. Whilst opposed, in judgment, to slavery, and in general aspiration for the liberty of all men, Mr. Clay did not avow nor conceive a war upon slavery; preferring, as most statesmen entrusted with the leadership in public affairs, to follow where he could not lead, and still maintain the leadership. But, for the time being, Mr. Clay and myself were acting in good faith, in unison. The celebrated Alabama letter, then, was consistent with all his avowals in the Raleigh letter and his former life, and the conduct of the canvass. His enemies used it, however, as a proof of his duplicity; when, in fact, it was but the result of his innate manliness and hatred of deception. But, as I had been pressing his election on the ground of his anti-slavery views so often expressed, and his opposition to Texas on the whole, whatever may have been their main reasons of objection, the enemies of Mr. Clay used some expressions in that letter, accompanied with his Raleigh letter, as proof of his giving way to the slave-power; when, in fact, no man in America was, upon high political principles, more at heart opposed to the annexation. But the clamor of an unthinking canvass placed me in a false position. So I wrote to Mr. Clay, saying that I based my arguments upon his oft-repeated ideas on the subject of slavery; but, if the interpretations put upon his views in the Raleigh and Alabama letters were the true ones, I should at once return to Kentucky, and be silent. Of course, as I have above explained Mr. Clay's sentiments as I understood them, he wrote me to go on with the canvass—maintaining my own sense of

action. This letter,* sent by the Hon. Willis Greene, to the care of Horace Greeley, as I was in the interior of the State, was intercepted on the way, and published; and, though in perfect harmony with the integrity of Mr. Clay's whole life, was claimed yet more as proof of his infidelity to principle.

The upshot was, that Mr. Clay lost New York. He was beaten by 5,106 votes, Jas. G. Birney getting 15,000. Thus the impracticable Abolitionists defeated Clay, the most honest man, next to Lincoln, that ever ran for President. Texas was annexed with slavery, and the foretold Mexican War ensued.

To return to Mr. Webster. The largest meeting I ever saw—except that when Capt. Fox was, with the officers of the American Navy, entertained by Prince Dolgorouki, Viceroy at Moscow—was at Rochester, New York. I met Mr. Webster at the Astor House, in New York, his usual quarters. He had been invited to speak there, and I had just come from the interior, to take passage to that great assemblage, where it had been announced that both of us would speak. I asked Mr. Webster if he was going? He said: "No, I see you are going; and they had rather hear you than me." I men-

* LETTER OF H. CLAY.

[CONFIDENTIAL.]

ASHLAND, *Sept* 18, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR:—I received your favor of the 10th instant, in which you state that you will be in Boston on the 19th, where it is impossible this letter can reach you; and I therefore send it to the Hon. Willis Greene, to be forwarded to you.

I am perfectly persuaded of your friendly intentions, and feel grateful for them. But you can have no conception, unless you had been here, of the injury which your letter to the *Tribune* was doing; and that was nothing in comparison to that which it was likely to inflict upon the Whig cause in the States of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Georgia. Our friend, John Speed Smith, as well as others, thought it even endangered the State of Kentucky. This effect resulted from your undertaking to speak of my private

tion this, as well as the kind expressions of J. Q. Adams, as honorable testimony to my fame; though no man living has ever deferred less to great men. This was the last I saw of Webster. I returned to Lexington with the speakers who had gone East and North to join in the canvass. The mode of travel then was from Baltimore, by stage over the mountains, to Wheeling, where a boat, at times, could be found; and, if not, following the stage-way through Ohio was the common route by Maysville to Lexington. We had not heard the final result, of the election of Polk; but we had gloomy presentiments. As

feelings and those of my near and particular friends, and your statement that you had been ten years operating in the Abolition cause.

Under these circumstances, there was an absolute necessity for the note which I published, although I regretted it extremely. I endeavored so to shape it as not to wound your feelings, and I hope I did not.

Had you been here, you would have concurred with myself and other friends in thinking it indispensable.

You must be well aware of the very great delicacy of my position.

At the North, I am represented as an ultra supporter of the institution of slavery, whilst at the South I am described as an Abolitionist; when I am neither the one nor the other. As we have the same surname, and are, moreover, related, great use is made at the South against me of whatever falls from you. There, you are even represented as being my son; hence the necessity of the greatest circumspection, and especially that you should avoid committing me.

You are watched wherever you go; and every word you publicly express will be tortured and perverted as my own are.

After all, I am afraid that you are too sanguine in supposing that any considerable number of the Liberty men can be induced to support me. How can that be expected after they have voted against Mr. Slade?

With assurances of my thankfulness for your friendly purposes, and with my best respects for Mrs. Clay,

I am truly and faithfully, your friend,

C. M. CLAY, ESQ.

H. CLAY.

we reached the foot of the mountain, there was a newly-erected hickory-pole, with leaves still green on the top. From a limb was suspended a skinned coon; and then we knew the Whigs, nicknamed "Coons," were lost!

Mr. Clay took his defeat with ill grace, and showed more than usual impatience. Naturally ambitious, he seemed to realize that destiny was against his elevation to the presidency, when so inferior a man as Jas. K. Polk was his opponent; and when the constitution, violated in the annexation of Texas, and the sure result a war, were on his side. But he had many life-followers, and naturally he was desirous of rewarding their long devotion. At a dinner, at Lexington, Ky., at Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley's, at which I and Ex-Governor James T. Morehead, then a Senator of the United States, and other noted men, were present, Mr. Clay showed that unhappy arrogance which was fatal to his political personal success. He first set upon poor Morehead, who had voted against Clay's view on some passing question, in the style of a superior lecturing a delinquent. Morehead apologized by saying, he but represented the people of his State, which he was bound to do; but that Mr. Clay, being a national man, was no doubt allowed a larger liberty. Of course, Mr. Clay could say no more; but his wrath was still unappeased. He turned upon the Abolitionists, and especially those of New York, and was very severe in his denunciation of them. I could but feel that part of his censure was against myself. I had already been badgered by the press, and denounced by my enemies at home; and, feeling indignant at his lecture of Morehead, was not in a humor to submit quietly even to the petulance of Henry Clay. So I said, very gravely: "Mr. Clay, whatever errors of judgment, or of patriotism, may justly be imputed to the Abolitionists, I think you are the last man who ought to complain; for, if I remember aright, you said that the Abolitionists should be set apart from, and denounced by all parties; so they but played the *rôle* you

marked out for them." Mr. Clay answered not a word; how could he? All the dinner-party, composed of followers and admirers, were surprised and shocked; for none of them, except Morehead, had any sympathy with my views; and Dudley was one of the Committee of Three who afterward received such bitter denunciation from me, when the *True American* was set upon. Here began the coolness between Mr. Clay and myself which resulted in alienation, for awhile, on my part. For, as I loved and admired Mr. Clay above all his contemporaries, so, when I felt that he treated me with a want of magnanimity—not to say injustice—I resisted him in all his aspirations with equal intensity. But, when I was victor, my earlier sentiments revived; and I could but feel some contrition that I had aided in the overthrow of so great a statesman and patriot. And I think my whole life shows that, whilst ever ready to resist wrong, I am equally willing to forgive a fallen foe; for I have ever held that the next great honor to never having committed a wrong, is to frankly acknowledge it without reserve.

CHAPTER VI.

"THE TRUE AMERICAN."—WHY IT WAS BEGUN.—EMPLOYMENT OF AN EDITOR.—HE IS FRIGHTENED INTO DESERTION.—THE OFFICE ARMED TO REPEL EXPECTED ASSAULT.—THE COMMITTEE OF SIXTY.—CO-LABORERS.—JAMES B. CLAY.—LETTER FROM MY MOTHER.—LETTER FROM COMMITTEE OF CINCINNATI CITIZENS, AND MY REPLY.—REMOVAL OF OFFICE OF "TRUE AMERICAN" TO CINCINNATI.—EPISODE FROM SECRET HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY—TIME, 1864.

THE defeat of Clay now for the third time—first in 1824, then in 1828, and now in 1844—seemed fatal to his future hopes of ever reaching the presidency. But his supporters, many of them, as ever has and ever will be, camp-followers for plunder, were more cast down than Clay himself.

The Whigs had stood by the North on the tariff and other issues, mostly losing the South in consequence. Now, the North deserted them on one of her own issues, by her divisions, letting Slave-Texas come in by a vote simply of Congress, without the constitutional treaty power acquiring new territory, and taking in even an organized State. So the Whigs were sore unto death, and somebody must be made a scape-goat.

I was the most agreeable sacrifice to them, for obvious reasons; and so they set upon me with renewed virulence. I was the cause of all the trouble; and, if it had not been for me, there would have been none of the slavery muddle, and they might have been eating treasury cheese, like other old rats, without hinderance. I needed no urging on; for I had seen a vitality in the popular heart in my Northern tour which foreshowed the downfall of the slave-power. It was only a question of time. After using the old political journals till their columns were closed

against me, I determined to start a press of my own in the cause of liberation.

My object was to use a State and National Constitutional right—the Freedom of the Press—to change our National and State laws, so as, by a legal majority, to abolish slavery. There was danger, of course, of mob-violence, as Birney and Greene and Marshall and others had been silenced; and I determined to defend my rights by force, if need be. My fortune, somewhat shattered by political life, was yet not greatly impaired. I knew very well that such a paper would be a losing business, but I was willing to make the sacrifice. I engaged T. B. Stevenson, editor of the Frankfort, Ky., *Commonwealth*, to edit the paper, which was called *The True American*, allowing him one thousand dollars a year. When he heard of my design, he volunteered to join me in the movement, saying he felt that God had intended him for the service. He was a Methodist, and the founder of that sect, John Wesley, had been very bitter in his denunciation of the “peculiar institution.” But, when mob-violence had threatened the lives of all engaged, Stevenson’s courage failed him; and he never appeared on the scene of action. Poor humanity! His cowardice was not all. Degraded in his own self-esteem, and lowered in my respect, of course, he turned out to be one of my bitterest enemies and denouncers. Other men, who afterward attained high rank in Kentucky, turned pale and deserted me, but said nothing against me.

The present generation can know nothing of the terror which the slave-power inspired; but it may be faintly conceived, when a professed minister of the Christian religion in South Carolina said that it were better for him, rather than denounce slavery, “to murder his own mother, and lose his soul in hell!”

My prospectus was moderate enough—proposing none but constitutional methods in the overthrow of slavery; but when the first number appeared, on the 3d day of

June, 1845, the war was raging apace along all the lines. I selected for my office a brick building, and lined the outside doors with sheet-iron, to prevent it being burned. I purchased two brass four-pounder cannon at Cincinnati, and placed them, loaded with shot and nails, on a table breast high; had folding doors secured with a chain, which could open upon the mob, and give play to my cannon. I furnished my office with Mexican lances, and a limited number of guns. There were six or eight persons who stood ready to defend me. If defeated, they were to escape by a trap-door in the roof; and I had placed a keg of powder, with a match, which I could set off, and blow up the office and all my invaders; and this I should most certainly have done, in case of the last extremity.

The names of my colleagues I have never given, as it would have subjected them to severe persecution; and I have left it to themselves to make, or not, the revelation. Wm. L. Neal now avows himself one. One, however, who is now dead, I may mention with honor: T. Lewinski. He was a Polish *émigré*, a man of general education, speaking French and English, and an engineer. When I was Colonel of the Fayette Uniformed Legion, he acted as my adjutant, and formed quite an attachment for me. He married a Kentucky woman; and was the faithful and efficient architect who built the addition to my residence, during my absence in Russia. William and Black Kincaid, prominent citizens, were also friends of the cause.

The truth is, the mob was worse scared than I. The Committee of Sixty, I afterward found out, was composed largely of my friends, who were willing to serve in order to control the more violent, whom T. F. Marshall had inflamed by his speeches and writings. There was but one piece of cannon in Lexington, a brass eight-pounder, which had been used by the artillery company in my "Fayette Legion." Though the Captain, W. R. Bradford, was not friendly to me, my friends believed that the company was;

and that, in case of conflict, Bradford would have been rejected, and the cannon used in my defense, instead of battering down the doors of the *True American* office. This I know, at least, that, on my return from Mexico, Bradford at first refused to fire the cannon in my honor, when the company was bent on doing so at all events, and he followed the public lead in my favor. James B. Clay, the son of Henry Clay, who acted as Secretary of the Committee of Sixty, and whom I sued in the courts on my return from Mexico, and against whom I got a verdict of damages for twenty-five hundred dollars, became ultimately my warm friend.* On his return from Portugal, he presented me with a pair of Spanish hogs, which he imported. Such are the changes in fortune and politics.

As the *True American* contest is fully set forth in my published "Life and Writings," and also in Henry Wil-

*The following letter was written in 1845. On my recovery from my illness, I sued the Revolutionary Committee; but the court declared the *True American* a nuisance, under the old English common law, which, if ever applicable to the Press, was expressly abrogated by all our constitutions sustaining the liberty of such utterances, being only liable to civil damages for the abuse, in legal process. This my mother, as well as myself, foresaw. I so far, however, took her advice, that I waited till my return from Mexico before I took more formal proceedings against the mob. Then I recovered \$2,500 damages. Of course, she could not take as broad a view of the situation as I. My prominent friends were *slave-holders*! Henry C. Payne, my blood relative and uncle by marriage, a cotton-planter, with his sons, were opposed to my views, but ready to fight in defense of my life. And so were many of those who were of the Committee of Sixty my friends. But when repeated messengers would come, stating the bloody purposes of the mob, he and others were anxious to have me give up the freedom of the press; but my mother, seeing the firmness of my purpose, and the critical state of my health, said: "Cassius, do n't give up any thing you think it your duty to defend." And this greatly strengthened and relieved me, in my extremity. And now, in this letter, she

son's "Slave-Power," I need only say here that the mob was utterly defeated in all their ends. I was not killed; and the *American*, published in Cincinnati, and edited by me at Lexington, increased in circulation in Kentucky and the Union generally, till I went to the Mexican War.

In the Slave-States the political forces are quite different from those of the Free-States. In the former, the great mass of the voters could not read; and they were led by political speakers on the stump, where the orators of both parties made their appeals. It was, therefore, all important to the successful progress of my cause, that I should add to the liberty of the press the liberty of public discussion. My experience at Russell's Cave warned me that I must have some more personal force in my behalf than the advocacy of the freedom of the slave, and against whom the non-slaveholders felt enmity rather than

shows eminent good sense, and sustains her first action: "If you prefer death to dishonor, so do I." The mother of the Gracchi, in her celebrated advice to her children, but repeated the common sentiment of the Roman people; but whoever before, in the world's history, stood so sublimely in defense of a moral principle?—C. 1885.

LETTER OF SALLY LEWIS DUDLEY.

CASSIUS, my son, once more I beg to impress on your mind your real situation. You have acted imprudently, and I can not deny my conviction of the truth, although my great and ardent affection for you would make me bury all your wrongs in everlasting forgetfulness. However pure your motives may have been, you have acted in a way to give your enemies plausible means to take advantage of you. My son, look back; you can not look into futurity. All your friends, or, at least, your best friends, were opposed to your printing that paper, because they knew your quick and hasty temper would bring you into difficulties. They knew you were opposed to being advised, and they went as far as they thought it was proper to go; and now you see you are overpowered. Your friends stood by and consented by silence to what was done. They believed you could never carry on that paper. I advised you to be mild in your course. Be still until you can see your way clear. If you act hastily, your life is lost. If you prefer death to dishonor, so do I. Where is your redress? Can you sue the very people, who have to try and give judgment in your case, and expect justice? No; give it up, at least for the present. I want you to see your brother (Brutus J. Clay), and talk freely with him. Never mind Mr. Smith's jokes (John Speed Smith). No person has advised me to write this letter; neither do any know I have done it. Your mother. That is enough. Farewell!

sympathy. For one of the methods of the slave-power was to encourage this enmity between parties who were really natural allies in a common progress.

Kentuckians being exceptionally, from their early history, fond of military glory, I hoped by the Mexican War to strengthen myself so that I could take the stump, where I would be an over-match for all my foes; when, if deemed necessary, the *True American* could be located at some point secure against mobs, and act as an ally of public discussion. The result proved that I was right. *

* *Correspondence between the Committee appointed by a meeting of the citizens of Cincinnati, held on the 25th of August, and Cassius M. Clay:*

LETTER OF COMMITTEE.

CINCINNATI, August 27, 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, ESQ., *Lexington, Ky.*

SIR:—We hand you inclosed a report of the proceedings of a large and respectable portion of the citizens of this city, in public meeting assembled, and a series of resolutions by them adopted, expressive of their views and feelings relative to the late violation of your rights, the illegal seizure of your printing press of the *True American*, and its deportation to this city.

You will observe that we are charged as a Committee “to correspond with you concerning the custody and disposition of the Press, and to take such measures in relation to it as with your concurrence may be deemed advisable.”

Understanding that the press duly arrived at this city, and is in charge of the respectable commission-house to which it was consigned, and that it has been insured against loss or damage by fire for a short time, we presume that at present you do not need any services from us concerning it. But when you shall have recovered your health and strength, and when you shall resume the noble work of aiding your fellow-citizens in their deliverance from an enormous social evil existing among them, by the adoption of measures and means to that end which are deemed safe, practical, peaceable, and salutary to all concerned; and when, in furtherance of that object, you may again wish to arm yourself with that great instrument of life and liberty—the Printing Press—we shall be happy to co-operate with you, and render any services in our power.

Your exasperated opponents, when the day of passion shall have passed, will doubtless discover that the war they have waged against the voice that uttered, and the instrument that conveyed abroad those unwelcome principles and truths, has neither destroyed nor in the least changed those principles and truths; and that the only mode by which they can render them harmless and beneficent to themselves is by bringing themselves and their civil and social institutions into harmony with them.

Permit us to remind you of the fact that the eyes of the advocates of freedom, the enlightenment and the elevation of all men throughout the world, are upon you; and that their sympathies are with you in the high and holy work in which you

The most interesting event of the Secret History of the Confederacy has just come to light. About January 2, 1864, General Joseph E. Johnston, then General-in-Chief

have so fearlessly engaged. May you be sustained in the conflict with error and evil by a light and power from on high, and may you ultimately reap that highest of all rewards, the approbation of God, of all good men, and of your own conscience.

Such is the earnest wish and hope of your fellow-citizens,

Signed: BENJ. URNER, GEO. W. PHILLIPS,
JAS. S. GLASCOE, R. G. MITCHELL,
JACOB ERNST, JAS. CALHOUN,
OLIVER LOVELL, Committee.

ANSWER OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

LEXINGTON, KY., September 4, 1845.

Benj. Urner, James S. Glascoe, Jacob Ernst, Oliver Lovell, Geo. W. Phillips, R. G. Mitchell, James Calhoun.

GENTLEMEN:—I have just received your letter of the 27th ult., inclosing the proceedings of the citizens of Cincinnati, and their resolutions in public meeting.

Their words of kindness and generous appreciation, and noble and dignified avowal, have moved me more than all the studied cruelties and wrongs of my enemies; though I was unnerved by disease, and threatened, for long days and nights, with a horrible death.

I thank you, that you have not allowed the calumnious manifesto of the revolutionists of the 18th of August to weaken your confidence in my loyalty to the constitution and laws. I thank you, that you have seen nothing in the past to cause you to lose confidence in the future, that my "measures and means" will be "safe, practical, and peaceable." I thank you, that you deem my "work high and holy," and for the reverent and soul-sustaining invocation of Divine protection on me and on it.

You, gentlemen, have taken me upon trust; the time for my defense will come with my re-established health, when, I venture to say, your sentence will not be revoked by "Kentucky and the world."

I shall allude now to only one charge going the rounds of the papers—that there was a compromise between me and the rebels of the 18th; and that I agreed to discontinue the publication of the *True American* provided they would spare the press. It is not necessary for me to say to you, who have seen my letter addressed to the meeting, as well as my previous handbills addressed to the people, that this story is calumnious and morally impossible. It is enough that the Committee of Sixty have authorized the *Lexington Observer and Reporter* to state that no such proposition came from me or any of my friends. This attempt, therefore, to degrade me, on the part of those who failed to destroy me, is of a piece with this whole outrage of cruelty and wrong, as I shall be able to show as soon as my health will allow.

I hope I shall also be able to show, that I am neither a "madman" nor a "fanatic."

They who sent back from Thermopylæ the sublime message, "Go tell it at Lacedæmon that we died here in obedience to her laws;" the Roman who returned to captivity and to death that his country might be saved; Sydney, Hampden, and Russell; Emmet, who uttered the mighty instincts of a great soul, "The man dies, but his memory lives;" Adams, who exclaimed, "Survive or perish, I am for the decla

of the Confederate army at Dalton, called a council of his corps and division commanders, to consider the memorial of Major-General Cleburne, which was first approved

ration;" Henry, who cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death,"—were all, in the eyes of these men, "madmen" and "fanatics."

It was necessary that some one should bear the standard of Liberty into the enemy's camp; and by so doing, whether he stood or fell, arouse this great nation from the lethargy and death which have come over the spirit of a once free people. It has been the policy of wise statesmen in all ages, to clothe the humblest citizen with the concentrated power and inviolability of the whole empire. It was enough for one amidst the wildest barbarians to say, "I am a Roman citizen," and he was safe. No country in Europe is so careful of *individual* and *national* glory as France, the first nation of Europe; and England, but a few years ago, was ready to peril her thirty millions of lives on the rescue of a single subject. It can not, therefore, be less than madness in the American people, if they expect long to live as a nation, and not to fall an easy sacrifice to foreign aggression or internal anarchy and despotism, to look coldly on, whenever the humblest of those contending for constitutional liberty and national honor are overborne and trampled down in the battle. Surely that nation can not long live, far less be free, that sees, time after time, whatever of spirit and manly independence may any where exhibit itself, crushed and utterly extinguished.

I thank you, then, and the people of Cincinnati, my fellow-citizens—men gathered under the same national Constitution, to which I owe allegiance, and which owes me protection; brothers of the same blood, inheriting the same proud recollections of the past, and looking in the future to the same inseparable destiny—that you have not covered before the slave-power; but that you have stood by the friendless, the powerless, the fallen, and dared to speak out for constitutional republicanism and eternal justice, which have been violated in my person. Above all, am I deeply affected by the fact, that you assembled in "mass meeting" without distinction of party; and, as both parties here were lost in overwhelming subservience to slavery, so you of the Free States begin to unite in the defense of your own rights, and in the cause of national liberty.

If the Whigs and Democrats and Liberty Men shall become really what they assume, then is half my "work" accomplished, and the Republic safe; for, though my State should sink into irrevocable despotism, there will still be left somewhere on this wide continent a home for the exile and the oppressed.

With regard to the Press, I would briefly remark, that my banner, "God and Liberty," will never be struck.

Though overpowered by numbers, I have the same unconquerable will and defiant spirit, as though the day had not gone against me. It is for those who fight for the wrong, to despair in defeat.

I shall not "die through mortification," as my enemies would have it. I trust that I shall yet live to see those who, on the 18th of August, 1845, rose in arms, overpowered the civil authorities, and overthrew the constitutional liberties of the State, and established on its ruins an irresponsible despotism, hurled from their usurped places of fancied security, and *Kentucky yet made free*.

If, however, this be a vain hope, still I will not repine; for I should feel prouder to have fallen with her honor, than to have ingloriously triumphed with my enemies over the grave of the liberties of my country. With gratitude and admiration, I am your friend and obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

by the brigadier commanders of his division. I quote from the *Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette* of March, 1885:

"The points of it [the memorial] have been preserved, as explained below:

"SYNOPSIS OF CLEBURNE'S MEMORIAL.

"It urged on the Confederate Congress 'the emancipation of all slaves, and their conscription into the army.' He claimed:

"1. Such a course would relieve the Southern people of a yearly tax, an unproductive consumption, because the slave consumed more than his profits; thus distinguishing the profit of the negro from the profit of cotton.

"2. It would animate the undying gratitude of that race.

"3. It would create in the negro a greater self-respect and ambition.

"4. With gratitude and ambition, the service of the soldier would be both reliable and valuable.

"5. That the moral effect throughout the world, but especially in Europe, would be generally strengthening and beneficial to the South.

"6. That the result would be the signal for immediate European recognition, and, indeed, action. Germany and Italy would have been disarmed of their prejudice, Napoleon would immediately have been encouraged to become a Lafayette, and Great Britain would not have been afraid to back him in Parliamentary declaration, no matter how the working classes would have felt.

"7. That it would raise the blockade, and give us provisions and clothing."

"The memorial was a lengthy one, each point being amplified and argued. The paper itself can not be found. General Cleburne destroyed his own copy, and a copy sent to Richmond at the time is not to be found in the captured archives. The above points were preserved by Major Charles S. Hill, the accomplished statistician of the State Department, who was Cleburne's Chief of Artillery at the time the memorial was prepared.

"The papers following present the story of this plan of Cleburne's, and the action taken upon it, so far as it is preserved in that portion of the Confederate archives now in possession of the Government."

The council refused unanimously to adopt the memorial, except General Cleburne's division officers; and General Johnston refused to forward it to the Confederate Government, and burned it. It, however, reached President Davis, who declared, through the Secretary of War, that —

. . . . "The motives of zeal and patriotism which have prompted General Walker's action are, however, fully appreciated; and that action is probably fortunate, as it affords an appropriate occasion to express the earnest conviction of the President that the dissemination or even promulgation of such opinions under the present circumstances of the Confederacy, whether in the army or among the people, can be productive only of discouragement, distraction, and dissension. The agitation and controversy which must spring from the presentation of such views by officers high in public confidence are to be deeply deprecated; and, while no doubt or mistrust is for a moment entertained of the patriotic intents of the gallant author of the memorial, and such of his brother officers as may have favored his opinion, it is requested that you will communicate to them, as well as all others present on the occasion, the opinions as herein expressed of the President, and urge on them the suppression, not only of the memorial itself, but likewise of all discussion and controversy respecting or growing out of it. I would add that the measures advocated in the memorial are considered little appropriate for consideration in military circles, and indeed in their scope pass beyond the bounds of Confederate action, and could under our constitutional system neither be commended by the Executive to Congress, nor be entertained by that body.

"Such views can only jeopard among the States and people unity and harmony, when, for successful co-operation and the achievement of independence, both are essential.

"With much respect, very truly yours,

"JAMES A. SEDDON,

"*Secretary of War.*"

* * * * *

On the 6th of October, 1864, the *Richmond Enquirer* began a vigorous support of the proposition. The next session of the Confederate Congress authorized the arming of the negroes; and, just before the surrender, their enlistment began about Richmond.

It was too late. General Hood, in his recent work, "Advance and Retreat," in mentioning the death of Cleburne at the battle of Franklin, thus records his mature judgment on the proposition which he failed to defend before the Council of War at Dalton:

"He (Cleburne) possessed the boldness and the wisdom to earnestly advocate, at an early period of the war, the freedom of the negro, and the enrollment of the young and able-bodied of the race. This stroke of policy and additional source of strength to our armies would, in my opinion, have given us our independence."

There is no more interesting chapter than this among the unpublished portions of the Confederate records. — H. V. B.

Such are briefly the principal points of the movement, as given by the *Commercial-Gazette's* correspondent, H. V. B., which I propose to consider now. The proposition made by Cleburne was substantially the one made by me to Lincoln in 1862; and which, as will be seen hereafter, was adopted by him and the Republican Party, with what result the world knows. But, whilst it was wise in us to liberate and use the slaves as soldiers, Davis was wise in the refusal to do so, because none knew better than he that the non-slaveholders, composing the great element of voters and soldiers, had no interest whatever in the continued existence of slavery; and that they were driven into the Rebel armies by their insane hatred of the blacks, who were their rivals in work and social position, with the additional differences of color and race. Why does the Irish *emigré*, and the American as well, hate the Chinese and blacks? For similar reasons. The unintelligent Southern white laborers there desired the continuance of slavery, and fought for it. Now, had Davis liberated them, and put them in the army, the great mass of his white soldiers would have deserted!

Again, the object of the great mass of Southerners, with a few ambitious Rebels, who fought for power, was to conserve slavery; and, that gone, the old Union was

theirs without a fight! When, therefore, this scheme was adopted in the last extremity, I imagine it but hastened the end. It was this knowledge which drove me into the Democratic ranks in the restoration of State autonomy, and which caused me to take ground against our friends, Sherman and Hoar, who favored armed interference in the South, in the late canvass of 1884.

The moment you introduce National bayonets into the South to suppress even the despotic action of the Democratic Party, in the overthrow of the right of the colored citizens of the Republic to vote, you threaten a war of races; and in such contest the whites will stand almost as a unit. The true remedy of the colored man's wrong must be the division of the blacks of the South themselves into Republicans and Democrats. In my opinion, however long deferred, this is the only remedy. It may come out of a National Democratic rule; but I think a *Solid North* is the best way to break up a *Solid South*, and restore self-government to the AMERICAN people.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MEXICAN WAR.—JAMES S. JACKSON.—COL. H. MARSHALL.—BUFFALO HUNTING.—COMANCHE HUNTING CAMPS.—TIGERS.—ROUGH SURGERY.—MORNING LIGHT.—A SNAKE STORY.—THE FIRST SHOT.—A MULE'S SAGACITY.—LOST FOR DAYS ON OUR RETURN TRIP.—K'S DESPONDENCY.—A NIGHT WITH ROBBERS.—MY SCHOOL-MATE DESPERADO.—AFTER TRAGEDY A COMEDY.—ARRIVAL AT LAST AT LAVACA.

AS I had, in several speeches against the annexation of Texas, predicted that such would bring on war, the South was not surprised at my course; whilst the North, not having noted my promises, and not understanding my motives, were for the time alienated from me. On volunteering, I took my position in the ranks; but I had the promise of Governor Wm. Owsley, through his son-in-law, Judge Wm. C. Goodloe, that I should be made Colonel of a regiment, as I had thrown the delegation from Fayette in his favor for nominee for the executive office by the Whig Party. But, when the slave-power heard of this scheme; as I was told, the Governor received a "barrel of letters," protesting against my appointment. Thus I found myself in the ranks of the "Old Infantry," instead of being Colonel. This company was, in the War of 1812, under the command of my father, General Green Clay; and it had continued organized till the Mexican War, when it was received by the Government as part of Colonel Humphrey Marshall's regiment of mounted men. I had been its Captain; and it composed, also, one of the companies of the Fayette Legion, of which I had also been Colonel.

In the meantime, Wm. R. McKee, my old school-mate, having been educated at West Point, also volunteered in the army of invasion. Hearing that Governor

Owsley would surely make me Colonel of the new regiment, he came to Lexington, and asked me to decline in his favor, as he believed the companies would recommend him, and the Governor would appoint him. I liked McKee. He had been my second in the fight with Wickliffe, and was a gallant fellow. So I said to him: "The Old Infantry are now in their quarters for night-drill; go down and see them, and let them decide between us." So, going down, he returned, and said, that they were for me, and he gave it up; and, turning his attention to the infantry in other parts of the State, was made Colonel of Infantry, and fell gallantly fighting at the head of his command at Buena Vista.

Humphrey Marshall, another graduate of West Point, was made Colonel, and his cousin, Thomas F. Marshall, of Woodford, was one of the Captains of the regiment. We were mustered into service at Louisville; carried to Memphis, Tennessee, by water, and went mounted by land to Mexico.

In the meantime, James S. Jackson, my friend, was chosen Captain of the "Old Infantry," and I was mustering along the streets of Lexington, with my musket on shoulder. Now the slave-power was exultant, and said: "We have him now; he will never return alive, and we will be shut of the damned agitator." But I here received the greatest honor ever given an American citizen. The gallant Jackson, when he saw that Governor Owsley had betrayed me, and that the aristocracy were triumphant over my supposed disgrace, called the company together in the court-house yard; and, without giving me the least hint in advance, addressed the soldiers, and, resigning, nominated me as Captain. I was unanimously elected; Mason Brown, the son of Samuel Brown, voting for me, being the Second Lieutenant of the company. Jackson then took my place in the ranks, and messed with me till I was made prisoner at Encarnación. More of him hereafter.

At Louisville, on the night before we set out for Memphis, some of our soldiers, having deserted, took refuge in a house of ill-fame. Colonel Marshall ordered me to surround the house, and bring them into camp. I did so. A shot was fired from the house; and the men, exasperated, broke up some of the furniture. On my return home, my enemies, to annoy me, had me sued for damages, and the jury brought in a verdict against me. It was held that I had violated the civil rights of citizens illegally; but, as I acted under orders which I dared not disobey, the National Government, as in the case of General Andrew Jackson, under like circumstances at New Orleans, promptly refunded me the money.

From Memphis, we went over swamps, lagoons, and rivers to Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas. There we were well received and feasted; and one of the loveliest of the Arkansas girls gave me a beautiful red ostrich feather for my cap, which I wore off on the march in triumph over all the young fellows of the regiment.

As commissary stores, etc., had to be gathered at Lavaca, in Texas, on the Gulf, believing that some delay and leisure would ensue, I got leave of absence for some days from our commander to hunt buffalo, then said to be on the north-western line of the settlements. So, taking J. K., a courageous soldier from Captain Milam's company, and an extra pack-mule, with fly-tent and provisions, we went by the way of the Hot Springs, then having but a few rude cabins, where now a great city begins to rise. In a few days, having crossed the Red River at Shreveport, and taking by a pocket-compass a north-westerly course, we were soon beyond the settlements, and in the wild prairies of the Comanches and the buffaloes.

These prairies were gently undulating, so that the rivulets seemed, by an optical illusion, to run uphill. They were devoid of trees, but full of tall grass and wild flowers of infinite color, grace, and beauty. There was

no animal life; but the flowers seemed to give the pleasure of association, and filled the eye with their novel loveliness; and their odor, of the most profuse and delicate flavors, intoxicated the senses. Occasionally a thread of trees and wild rye marked some distant rivulet, where the early rains had developed unusual vegetation.

It was now October, but the air was as balmy as in June; and the blood flowed merrily through our veins, making existence itself a pleasure. The great rivers of Texas flow approximately north and south, spreading out into fan-shaped upper waters, rivers, creeks, and rivulets. During the winter rains they are flush, and wash deep holes in their beds; in the summer and fall few streams flow, but "water-holes" are the places where the Indians and wild animals are supplied, till the rains are renewed.

After a long day's travel, toward eve one day we saw a pencil-mark line on the distant horizon, which we knew at once to be water, or at least a water-path. These water-courses are invariably covered with shrubs, trees, and vines, thickly set, which may best be termed "jungles;" and near these, for shade and water, all animal life gathers. Near dark we reached the jungle, and crossed the bed of the rivulet to the west side, where we found a newly-deserted Indian camp, and knew that water could be most surely found near by. I pitched our tent, tethered our two horses and the gray mule "Billy," and made a fire to boil our coffee, whilst K. went in search of water. He was not long gone before he found a fine "water-hole" or pool, at which we watered our horses and filled our canteens.

In this camp there was nothing but structures for drying buffalo-meat. These are made by setting four forks of wood, cut with their hatchets, reaching about six or seven feet above the ground. Upon these are laid cross sticks, and again upon these other cross sticks are set, upon which the buffalo or other meat, cut in long strips,

is wound around, as pumpkin is cured in the mountain portions of Kentucky by the poorer families. As the meat is set, a fire is kindled under it, which smokes away the flies, and, with the aid of the sun, so dries it that it is ready to pack and keep without salt in the hottest weather. In other camps I found the temporary bedsteads of the savages, made of two short pieces, say six inches in diameter, then two poles seven feet long laid upon these, and again smaller cross pieces, upon which I suppose the buffalo skins were laid. Over one of these bedsteads small boughs were bent, like the willows of a child's wagon-body, over which no doubt hides were spread to keep off dew and rain. So even the hardy Indians take care to avoid the damp, which, in sleep especially, is so fatal to animal life. This bedstead was, no doubt, for the chief of the gang.

In the Indian towns, of course, huts of high poles and skins are made; but, in their rapid movements, the Comanches lie on the ground upon their skins, or on these temporary bedsteads, which are made only, I suppose, when they have found plenty of game for some time's use. All these days we had not seen a living thing, neither bird nor animal, and the reason was plain—all these take up their quarters near the water and shade, where food is also plenty.

Having adjusted things for the night, we laid down in our fly-tent to sleep. Here we were, for the first time in our lives, several day's travel from the extreme borders of civilization, in a recent Indian camp of the treacherous Comanches, who acknowledged no law but force, surrounded by we knew not what ferocious animals. So "kind nature's sweet restorer" was slow to close our eyelids. Far down the ravine we heard, as we thought, the low growl of the tiger; one, two, three, and then more and more, as if they had caught the scent of meat, or our horses, and were evidently coming nearer and nearer, and increasing in numbers as they approached us.

K. had hardly ever been out of cities, and I, though familiar with our Kentucky game, deers, bears, etc., had no idea what these voices were. He sprang to his feet, rekindled the fire, and seized his rifle. I followed suit; and, being prepared, we stood to our arms, as we speculated about whence came these unheard-of sounds. At length we concluded that it was the Mexican tiger, or leopard, which had made its way to these unfrequented woods. If they should attack us, or our horses, we seemed unequal to the fight; for now they appeared to increase, and were formidable in number, as well as louder, on nearer approach. Having heard that wild beasts were intimidated by fire, we piled on more wood, and stood cautiously to our arms—guns and pistols.

After a long time these guttural sounds began to decrease, and gradually ceased. We again laid down upon our blankets, and began to enter the land of dreams, when a loud cry from K. brought me to my feet. In this dry clime of vermin, a bug had entered his ear, and was testing the practicability of passing its sensitive drum, when the excruciating pain caused my brave-hearted companion to cry out like a woman. What was to be done? I had heard that oil poured into the ear would drive out a bug, but we had no oil. I bethought me of the coffee-pot, which stood still simmering on the dying embers; and, knowing salt to be very offensive to insects, I placed K. on his side, still bellowing like a "bull calf!" I put the nozzle to his ear, and deluged it and his face and eyes with the hot salt-water. The bug came running out; and K., spurring the liquid from his mouth and wiping his closed eyes, and seeing my suppressed laughter, covered me with alternate curses and compliments. He was relieved; and ever after he told the story with comic expressions of gratitude and humor.

Without further incident, we rose with the "mighty king of day;" and, packing our mule, after a hasty breakfast, we entered the prairie once more, turning from our

course a little to examine our field of tiger sounds. We had not gone far before we saw an immense herd of buffaloes grazing on the distant prairie, renewing the sounds of the night before. The buffalo, like the hog, being gregarious, gives a similar grunt when feeding, with his head sunk into the tall grass, by which the herd is directed and kept together. But they soon saw us, long before within gunshot, and put off with their awkward regular gallop, and were soon lost in the distance. Turning again northwest, we met with no incident of note till the afternoon; the buffalo, no doubt, having come a long way to drink at the water-hole.

"Billy," the mule, was never satisfied with eating, and had to be driven often into the line of march. So K., cutting a long whip-staff, and slinging to it an extra bridle rein, kept him between us; I going before, the mule next, and K. bringing up the rear. Ascending a slight acclivity, where there was more sand than grass, and that little very sparse in small patches, Billy came to a sudden halt, with ears cast forward, fore feet set apart, and gave a loud snort. K. cried out: "Indians, Billy; Indians!" But Billy stood fixed to the spot, with his eyes staring, and inclined toward the near ground. Looking down, I saw a very novel snake, about four or five feet in length, of rare and brilliant colors, and shaped like a whip-thong. It lay at full length, at near right angles to our line of march. K. soon dismounted; and, clubbing his long whip-staff, prepared to strike. The snake made not the least motion at his approach, not even opening its mouth, or thrusting out its tongue, as is usual with snakes. K. came down with his blow; my eyes were never taken off the snake. But the snake was not killed, but gone! Neither of us saw him move, and we never saw him more! We examined for rods all around, the surface being nearly all pure sand, but found no hole, and saw no signs of the snake. K. was more surprised than myself; and, mounting his horse, with im-

agination stored by last night's adventure, swore it was the devil! At certain speeds, objects make no impression on the retina, as the swiftly-turned spokes of a spinning-wheel. The snake was no doubt of the constrictor class, and of great speed, and exerting his powers escaped our sight. But K. would never admit the reasoning; and, for long years afterward, when the snake story was named, would look serious, shake his head, and say nothing.

Coming at length to a ravine, where there was much sign of buffalo, we pitched tent, tethered Billy, and decided after midday to take a hunt. Passing over a slight rise of the prairie, I saw a huge buffalo bull grazing alone near a jungle; and, passing below till I reached the trees, I advanced cautiously till I got near him, and then tied my horse and approached on foot. The rifle I carried, borrowed in the regiment, the largest bore I could get, save the carbines, carried about thirty-two balls to the pound, when an ounce ball very judiciously used was needed to kill these immense animals. But I had a brace of first-class dueling-pistols in my belt, so I concluded to use them. Having heard that the buffalo, when wounded, would turn upon his enemy, I took all precautions for safety. I set my rifle by a tree, and observed one with suitable limbs for ascent; and then, taking my pistol in hand, I sought the bull, which was behind a small patch of sumac bushes, and I could plainly hear him stripping the tender grass in grazing. Creeping through the bushes, within ten feet of him, I fired at him behind the shoulder; and running at once to my tree, about twenty paces off, climbed it.

He had evidently been hit severely, but I saw him galloping off over the prairie. I went to the bushes, and saw where he had plunged into the smoke of my pistol, tearing up the ground for many yards with his sliding hoofs. So, if I did not escape being laughed at, I avoided being killed! Mounting my horse, I at once went in pursuit, but saw him no more. I had not gone far, however, before

I saw a fine buffalo calf, strayed off from the herd, and soon put a ball through him, behind the shoulder, with my rifle. I then struck for camp, where K. had already returned with a larger calf than my own, in the killing and capturing of which he had a wonderful tale to tell. As we had now meat enough, I did not return to my calf, having brought in the tuft of his tail in proof of my prowess.

We now set about butchering, cutting up the better pieces of the calf, and roasting them on spits set in the ground. I much enjoyed our fare, the while drawing out K. about his fight with the calf—how he shot him and caught him, and how the calf rose and horned him, and all that; until, seeing I was using mock wonder, he dropped the story.

Having no time to cure the buffalo-meat in the regular way, we roasted the best parts on spits, and packed them in our stores. Along the ravine we saw plenty of wild turkeys (but no smaller game), feeding upon the wild grasses, which are quite eatable; and we occasionally killed one, and, putting strips of salt pork, pinned on with splinters, and turning him on a spit with one end stuck in the ground, we had a delicious roast—never so good elsewhere, because this is the best method of cooking it, and the appetite is the best sauce.

Continuing our hunt successfully, we still bore north by west, the timbered ravines increasing, so that we knew we were passing one of the great rivers of Texas—a State larger than France. Indian signs increased, and the camps were fresher. One day we passed an Indian in the open prairie, on horseback, coming exactly toward us. As we knew the Comanches were ever hostile, and never to be trusted, we took rifles in hand, and watchfully passed him; he, also, with rifle in hand, passed us, and neither spoke. Of course, a single hunter would rarely be found, and we regarded him as a spy. We, therefore, pushed on that day; and, having watered our horses on the way,

traveled till near dark, when we lay down upon the dry prairie without tent, eating our dried cooked meat only.

Now, ever since Billy had been frightened with the snake — when K. cried out lustily, "Indians, Billy!" — he had used that word to bring the mule from his grazing diversions into line. For, as soon as he would cry out "Indians," and affect to run and be scared, Billy would take up a trot, and come into line behind me. We had scarcely adjusted ourselves to sleep, when the mule brought us up with tremendous snorts, kept up without ceasing. So we concluded that the Indians had been watching us during the day, and were now trailing us through the tall grass by starlight, to steal our horses, take our guns, and perhaps kill us. We at once packed up, changed somewhat our course; and, after a few miles, slept upon the prairie. Now, whether it was Indians, or bears, or wolves, the horses took no notice of them, but the mule sounded the alarm.

Our provisions being now nearly expended, except the buffalo-meat, and the savages being near us, we resolved to set out for Lavaca, on the Gulf. I set my face by compass, and kept a right line as well as I could. The farther west we went, the more the timber and jungle increased. The cactus began to appear in places, mingled with thorns, brush-wood, and grapevines; and, what was worse, quicksands began to obstruct the crossings of the rivulets, or rather the beds of the same, which were now nearly all dry. The buffaloes cross these streams and pick the secure places, and make very marked paths. We had to follow those paths for long distances, without regard to course, winding about over small prairies, between the rivulets and creeks, which more and more presented obstructions. For days and nights we worried through these wastes, without seeing a living thing but slimy snakes sliding through the jungles. We camped wherever we happened to find water; and ate about the last of our stores, except the buffalo-meat, being without salt

or bread. In the meantime, K. had become demoralized and despondent, saying we might as well give up, and lie down on the grass and die! We here have a sample of fortitude as distinct from courage. K. would have met a host of men in arms, but yielded to unforeseen disaster as a child.

I had now been using the tomahawk and Bowie-knife in clearing away the jungle, in all of which K. was unable or unwilling to assist. In the meantime, the difference in the instincts or intelligence of the horse and mule was apparent. The horses were comparatively indifferent to the snakes and the quicksands, while Billy was ever watchful and cautious of both.

On the third day, about two o'clock, we came upon a waste of jungle as far as the eye could reach; and, as K. refused to go farther, and insisted on returning on our tracks, I set my compass south by east, and attempted to return. In the meantime, the buffalo traces had been lost, and I ran by the compass, laboring hard with the axe and knife. Fortunately, we met no quicksands; and, about sunset, having traveled many hours and many miles in a straight line, amidst ever-recurring patches of prairie and jungle, we debouched into a wider and higher prairie, with a new woods about a mile off, to which I directed myself, to camp on the streamlet's banks.

I now saw a black bear about one hundred yards off. He stood with his side toward me, gently turning his head toward me. I shot, and he scampered off into the jungle we had just left. The wolves now set up their infernal howl, which seemed to be a few hundred yards from us, in a small jungle on our left. K. mistook them for a settler's dogs, and insisted upon turning to the left. I knew very well that they were only wolves; and, to humor my companion, we rode up to where the notes were heard, when they grew fainter in the distance, whereupon K. relapsed into his usual despondency. I had not gone far, when a reddish-gray fox stood near me on the prairie,

looking, no doubt, for the first time upon man. I shot him for variety of fare, and took him to the jungle, where we pitched our camp.

Gathering our animals, I left K. to pitch our tent and make a fire, and skin the fox, whilst I hunted for water. I was not gone long before I found water; and, returning, found K. with the tent up, but lying down, with no fire, and the fox untouched. Getting our canteens full of water, and warming up the buffalo-meat, I invited K. to supper; but he declined to eat, not having tasted anything but dry meat early that morning. Whilst I was nibbling the last of the meat, and attempting to show K. that there was no danger of starvation, as we had plenty of ammunition, and the game began now to be more plentiful, I heard a sound which first revealed to me how much my own spirits had been depressed—for I did not know what jungles, quicksands, and other difficulties were before—I heard the bark of a real dog. I was sitting by the fire, at the mouth of the tent, eating and reflecting upon the dangers of the situation. The moon shone brightly, and but a breath of wind blew steadily from the south-east. On water and the prairies sounds are wafted incredible distances with the wind. In certain stages of the atmosphere, I often hear the cars passing from Lexington to Winchester, more than twenty miles away; and now I heard the bay of the dog in the far distance, but I heard it unmistakably. I called to K., who was lying down:

“I hear a dog.”

“No,” said he, “it is the wolves again.”

“K., you are a fool,” said I; “don’t I know a dog from a wolf? Come,” said I, “come and listen for yourself.”

At length he was persuaded to move; and, crawling upon his hands and knees, he dragged himself to the tent’s mouth. The moon shone brightly upon his careworn and relaxed features. A month’s sickness could not have done the work of a few days of lost hope! He

heard the far-distant, faint notes of the baying dog. Hope returned like a flash of lightning to his features. He sprang up like a tiger; and, throwing his arms around my neck, cried:

"Aren't those the sweetest sounds that ever fell upon mortal ears?"

His appetite returned, and he helped me to finish our last piece of food. We slept well, and by light were off once more. Luckily, we came upon solid ground, the jungles grew less and far between; and, toward midday, we debouched into a high rolling prairie, where some herds-men had burned the early grass, and where we first saw the mesquite trees and grass of the same name. The looks of these patches of growth are so like an old peach-orchard in shape and interval, that for more than once we were sure we had entered the "settlements," and were near some farm-house. We had again almost doubted the veritable dog, when, mounting the top of a rolling prairie, we saw afar off horses, under a few shade-trees, switching away the flies. By four o'clock in the afternoon we came to a newly-made log cottage and farm-yard, where we were hospitably entertained, getting plenty of well-cooked game, eggs, and milk from a cool spring. Never did weary travelers more enjoy a meal and a bed.

We must have traveled thirty or forty miles that day; and the dog we heard was that of some herdsman or hunter nearer our late camp. The man was illiterate, and knew no more where he was in Texas than we did, save that he was on the very verge of civilization. So, renewing our stores, and cordially thanking and taking leave of our host and his family, our horses having had a good feed of Indian-corn and oats, we set out once more, going rather west than south-west, to cross all intervening streams at nearer right angles; when, striking the Ozark Mountains, we would go directly south on higher ground.

We met no very great obstacles in our route, not caring to shoot any game; and, the streams becoming less frequent, we began to set our course almost due south. At length, one evening, while the sun was yet above the horizon, we saw the indications of a stream flowing from west to east, and at right angles to our course; and still nearer we found a ranch, with houses and yards and stables well fenced in. Rejoicing once more to enter civilized lands, we came up to the fence; and, throwing our reins over the fence-posts, for there was a post-and-railing fence around the buildings, we got down without ceremony, when, entering a small gate, a man quickly advanced from his companions, about a half dozen men lying listlessly on the grass, and met me half way, having on a belt in which two pistols were stuck.

But here I must go back nearly a quarter of a century in time, long before Texas was independent, and while New Mexico was a Spanish possession, under the king of Spain and his viceroys. At that time, there was a considerable trade carried on between New Mexico and the city of St. Louis and Missouri. The merchants were all Spaniards; and, bringing gold and silver, and some few other articles, carried back hats, cloths, etc., to sell at home. As there were no means of exchange then but metals, these were brought under guard the whole route.

As now, the most desperate and daring of our people being driven to the frontier, a project was conceived of murdering these carriers, and appropriating the gold. Among these were persons from Kentucky and other States; and the most daring spirit among them was said to be a man whom I knew well, as I had known him at school, and until we were both men.

Mr. — left Kentucky early in life, but not before his daring spirit was well known by his associates. He was under six feet, rather spare, but wiry and muscular. Few could beat him in the school-boy plays, in jumping and wrestling, and all that. He was of rather swarthy com-

plexion, dark and flowing hair, large and flashing black eyes, and a highly nervous temperament, with a glance quick and penetrating as a hawk's. A merchant by the name of Travis, with his followers, were the first victims; they waylaid him on the confines of Missouri, then unsettled, and killing him and some of his employés, and putting all to flight, they took and divided his gold. Some of them were at last taken and hanged, but the most escaped; and the leader, as rumor goes, my old school-mate, was one of them. I had not seen him for nearly twenty years; and now he stood before me in this far-distant wild, with features as familiar as if we had never parted.

I recognized him at once, as he did me; and, calling each other by name, we shook hands most cordially. Passing by his comrades on the grass, who never spoke or moved, he took me and K. into the house, and made rapid inquiry about our destination. I told him we were on our way to Mexico, and had been diverted from our regiment to indulge in a buffalo hunt, and were then headed for Lavaca, where we would join the regiment. He showed K. the crib, well filled with corn, and the stable, and told him to put our horses and mule up and feed them, bringing first our luggage into the two-roomed cabin, which was flanked by a small kitchen of hewn logs, of which the dwelling-house was also made. One or two more small but tidy buildings, which might have been a smoke-house or store-rooms, were all the houses in view. He never left me a moment, but to return at once after giving orders to his comrades and the old negro woman, who was cook, and the only other member of the family. He seemed to know nothing or care nothing about the Mexican War, and never mentioned it. Neither I nor he made much allusion to our early life; and no questions were asked by either party. His companions never moved or spoke, whilst we had yet time to see them before dusk set in. The horses were fed, our supper ordered and

eaten by us three only, and after dark I saw them no more. Whilst I saw them, however, I closely scrutinized their features; they seemed generally to be other than Americans, stout, beastly-looking men as ever "scuttled ship, or cut a throat." And, above all, I could see that they did not at all relish our arrival or company. And, whilst their Captain had, no doubt, in a word or two, posted them as to who we were, and what our mission was, they seemed to have only a sullen scowl for us. I saw no domestic stock, nor wagons; the corn, if raised by the banditti, being brought on horseback, no doubt, or taken from the far settlements.

As I said, the buildings and one post-and-rail fence, nearly square, rested upon the jungle, and the jungle was water and quicksand; from the south to the very north there were none but Indians; west was the interminable waste to the Rocky Mountains; east hundreds of miles must be passed before reaching civilization; and south an impenetrable jungle, a mile wide, full of quicksands, cut them off from the nearer settlements on that side. Against Indians and police attacks they seemed secure. It could not be supposed that these rough men, steeped in habitual crime, could appreciate the sentimental reasons which secured me in the good offices of their leader. Supper over, we saw no more of the other men. There were no beds; and, K. being put upon a blanket in one room, the Captain and I lay down together, in the other, on the same buffalo skin. I observed that he barred the doors, and laid his pistols within reach! Nothing was said, but I saw at a glance the situation—he was standing in my defense against his band! There was not a man in his following who was not his superior in strength, but not one seemed his rival in quickness of movement and intellect. They may have had equal courage, but quickness—other things being equal—is the superior force always, when arms are used. So I rested well that night. The next morning early, having fed our

horses and breakfasted, by the assistance of our host we saddled up and started south.

The creek and wide jungle ran due east, and we were instructed to follow the banks nearly a mile, when a dim path would show us the crossing, which, following a slightly blazed trace on the trees, led us in a very tortuous way across the wide flat of trees, quicksands, and jungle. Not trusting to K's discretion, I had not told him of the history nor the name of our host, and he was much surprised at the narration. The men had left the ranch, and now the pathway led far up toward the starting point. Might not these outlaws conclude to kill us at last, with or without the consent of their leader? And where and to what ambuscades did our way lead us? Perhaps where we might be picked off without the dangers of a death-struggle. I told him to have his arms and eyes in readiness; I being before, Billy in the middle, and K. following up in the rear. If I saw danger, I was to jump off and he was to follow, and each to make a determined defense. K., who had shown so little fortitude under unusual surroundings, was perfectly cool and courageous where men were to be met. So he readily accepted the situation. We had more than half passed the jungle, and turned our faces more directly toward the south, when, being relieved of the little apprehension of danger which I had felt, I thought of going into the other extreme—from tragedy to comedy. Such is human nature. Looking back, and seeing K. with compressed lips and quick eye scanning every bush, and passing near a tree of some size, I jumped off, and stood with rifle in hand. He, as by agreement, also jumped off, and brought his rifle in position. I squatted down so that I could see him under Billy's belly; and, watching his intent expression, could not refrain from hardly suppressed laughter. K., not seeing anything, after some delay, turned toward me, saw my face, and comprehended at once the situation. He was very angry; and, moving up to me very rapidly, threatened to use extreme violence.

I said: "K., you are a fool! Remember the lost days; if you were to kill me, you would never find the way out of the jungle!"

Seeing that I was calm, but in good humor, he broke into a laugh, and admitted that I was right. After a long travel, we reached the settlements, and at length arrived at Lavaca, where the regiment had not yet got ready to move west, after less than a month's absence, fully satisfied with buffalo-hunting.

In every man there remains something of the Divine nature, however fallen; and the secret of my late defender's banishment remained with me. Long since, no doubt, the parties, as well as K., are dead; and the name shall die with them.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL WOOL INVITES ME TO JOIN HIS COMMAND.—WILD HORSE AND TURKEY-HUNTING.—JOHN U. WARING.—THOMAS F. MARSHALL.—JAMES S. JACKSON.—THE MARCH TO MONTEREY, 1845.—GEN. Z. TAYLOR.—GEN. W. O. BUTLER.—GALLAGHER'S EXPERIENCE.—THE MEXICAN HACIENDA.—DR. SOLON BORLAND.—SURROUNDED BY 3,000 MEXICAN CAVALRY, OUR FORCE OF 75 SURRENDERS.—MIER.—SALAO.—ESCAPE OF HENRY.—THREATENED WITH MURDER.—I PROTEST, AND THE MEXICAN COMMANDER RELENTS.—RECOGNIZED BY AN ENGLISHMAN, WHEN NEARLY STARVED, AND WE ARE FED.—MOBBED AT QUERATERO, WE ESCAPE INTO A CHURCH.

I WAS invited by General. Wool to join his *corps d'armée*, going north of General Taylor to Chihuahua, but which the sickness of some of my men prevented. At Camargo, General Patterson offered to take my company to Tampico, which I declined. At length, ordered by the War Department, we threw away most of our camp-equipage, to make room for water-barrels, which were to carry us over the desert, from the Nueces to the Rio Grande.

In crossing the Nueces River, a narrow, deep, swift stream, we had but a shaky flat-boat. I was officer of the day, and directing the march. The wagons were put in without the horses; and pushed up the opposite steep bank by the men. As many of the rank and file were educated men, used to slaves and unused to labor, we ever had much trouble to get them to perform the duties of cleaning the camp, and like seemingly menial duties. The wheels stuck in the mud, and the captains were unable to get the men to push the wheels. So I went over; and, pulling off my boots, and rolling up my pantaloons, went to the water's edge, and, putting my shoulder to the wheel, I said: "Soldiers, I command you to move up this wagon." All laughed, and the wagon

went up like a top. I never afterward had any trouble about the work.

Once, when I was officer of the day, a soldier fired off his gun in camp, contrary to orders. I rode up to the company, and inquired for the delinquent. The smoke was still rolling up in a small cloud in the midst of the company, so every one knew who had fired the gun, but all professed ignorance. So I called the officer of the guard, and ordered the whole command to be put in the guard-tent for the night. They at once gave up the offender.

In the government of children, soldiers, and other subordinates, many small offences must be allowed to pass unnoticed; but, when there is a conflict of authority, the supremacy must be maintained at all hazards. One of the colored servants, having several carbines slung on his shoulder, was, by the dipping of the boat, thrown overboard. The guns sent him to the bottom. I saw at once that, unless he was aided, he would be lost; so I threw off my clothes, being already half undressed, and plunged in and dived, and tried to find the poor fellow. Not a man moved to assist me. He never was seen again.

Between the Nueces and the Rio Grande there were great droves of wild horses. The numbers would be considered incredible; but those who have seen the migrations of wild pigeons, reaching from one extreme of the horizon to the other, and darkening the very heavens, can form some idea of their numbers. I amused myself by pursuing them, screaming at the top of my voice, and enjoying the common excitement. They would run over bushes and the nopal (Indian fig,) which here began to appear; and the noise was like the roar of a tornado. As a strange object appears, the leading males advance to the front, and the wings of the line, inclined backwards, includes the females and the younger horses. When the leaders give the sign of retreat by loud snorts, they all

take to their heels. Here, as in all animal nature, the leadership is on the part of the males. Let the Women's Rights people take note. These horses are generally bays, but some are blacks and grays. With their long and flowing mains and tails, they form a picturesque and grand appearance. The Comanches use them for saddle and draught of their tents; and are very fond of them for food.

Knowing that wild turkeys frequented all the water courses, one afternoon, taking my rifle, I diverged from the march of the regiment along a jungle, and soon found a flock. I tied my horse to the shrubbery; and, entering the dry channel of the ravine, whose abrupt banks came to my shoulders, I adjusted my gun, and began, with my wing-bone of the turkey before killed on my buffalo-hunt, to call. Soon I was responded to from several directions; but one turkey especially seemed to answer my call, and approach me steadily. When it seemed sufficiently near for a shot, I heard the click of a trigger. There is no other possible sound like it in the forest; so I at once lowered my head below the banks, and ran for my horse. On mounting, I saw coming out of the jungle, about three hundred yards below, a number of savages on horseback in Indian file. The regiment had crossed above, and were now west of the jungle; and these Indians were, no doubt, moving further east, to make more distance between the forces. They had observed the approach of the regiment, of course, and seen me also; and, when I began to call, they returned the well-imitated cheeps of the turkey, and I was in the very nick of being shot. When I was seated, I gave a defiant yell to my savage foes, and rode off at full gallop to follow the regiment, having some fear that I might be headed off; but I escaped.

After the mob of the 18th of August, 1845, and whilst I was still editing the *True American*, then printed at Cincinnati, one day, sitting in the office of my brother-in-law, Madison C. Johnson, John U. Waring entered. This

man, a lawyer of Versailles, Woodford County, Kentucky, was one of the greatest desperadoes in the State. He had killed several men; and was the terror of every one. I had often heard of him, but had never seen him before. When he was introduced to me, he said: "This is Cash Clay, I suppose?" I said: "Yes." "Years ago," said he, "Dr. L. Marshall, Thomas F. Marshall's father, began playing the same *rôle* on the slavery question as you are now doing. I took a halter and showed him a limb of a tree; and told him, if he did not give it up, we would hang him to it, and he gave it up. Now you will meet with the same fate."

This man, who went always armed, with pistols and knives in boots, pockets, and elsewhere, was of a small but wiry frame, with dark hair and skin, and eyes also black, fiery, and furtive. I, too, was well armed, and greatly his superior in personal strength. So, though I felt very much excited, I kept a cool nerve, and, advancing on him till I could reach him with my knife, if need be, I said: "Mr. Waring, I exercise a constitutional right. I shall not follow Marshall's example; and, whenever you, or your friends, attempt to use force, you will find me ready to defend myself."

Finding that I was not to be intimidated, he asked some questions of Johnson, and left the office. I never saw him again.

Soon after, at Versailles, as he approached the hotel, some unknown person—the son, it is said, of the keeper—from the upper story, shot him with a heavy rifle-ball; which, striking him in the mouth, and ranging downward, produced a fatal wound. Seeing it was all over with him, he called for pen, ink, and paper; and, sitting up on the pavement, half strangled with the blood which surged from his wounded lungs, he made his will and died.

When it was proposed to repeal the law of 1833, prohibiting the home slave trade, Thomas F. Marshall wrote

some of the ablest papers of his life against slavery, which were published in pamphlet form, and widely circulated; but, when the question grew serious, he proved a renegade, and turned, with the usual violence of such persons, upon his former allies. When a member of Congress from the Louisville district, about 1842, he led the assault upon John Quincy Adams, the champion of the Right of Petition. The gallant old Puritan defeated the conspirators against American liberty, and signally chastised Marshall. Whilst the resolution for Adams's expulsion was pending, he was furnished with Marshall's pamphlet, and read extracts from it without giving the name; and, when he quoted the famous conclusion of Marshall's parallel between free Ohio and slave Virginia — "Curse on the tyrant hand which planted this dark plague-spot upon her virgin bosom!" — Marshall's name, to the host of Southerners demanding the author, was given. That was the last of Marshall in the impeachment case!

In the meantime, having returned to his native county, Woodford, in the Fayette or Clay district, he led the mob forces against me, was equally violent, untruthful, and unscrupulous, and ultimately met the same fate as he did in Congress.

T. F. Marshall's hereditary hatred of the Clays, and the terror of John U. Waring's halter, were some excuse for his assaults upon me. But his cowardice, and selfish purposes of riding upon the storm which he created, took away my usual magnanimity toward my political enemies, and filled me with sentiments of implacable resentment. So, when I found myself a Captain of a company in the same regiment with him, I knew that his insolent bearing would soon give me an opportunity for vengeance. Col. Humphrey Marshall was an amiable gentleman, and allowed the soldiers to change their captains. Under this arrangement, several of T. F. Marshall's men joined my company; and the permission was withdrawn, as it was likely to deplete the ranks of his cousin. This occur-

rence but aggravated the feud between us. One evening, when I was officer of the day, and the guard-tent was full of soldiers for several offenses, especially drunkenness, Tom came in also drunk. I immediately reported him to the Colonel, who took no notice of it. So, returning to the guard on horseback, I said, in a loud tone, so that all the regiment could hear it: "Officer of the guard, Captain Marshall has entered the camp drunk, contrary to orders. As he is allowed to go unpunished to his tent, I order you to discharge all the prisoners; as I intend to enforce, so far as I have the power, equal justice in this camp." So the prisoners were released. Col. Marshall took no notice of it; and there was not force enough in his power to have punished me. I thus became more than ever popular with the regiment.

When we reached the west bank of the Rio Grande, I had already pitched my tent, and was aiding my men to set up theirs, when Marshall rode down toward me. I suppose he had mistaken mine for his company, as he was somewhat behind. I said to him: "This is my camp-ground, Captain Marshall." Whereupon, making some insulting remark, he turned upon his horse. I felt now that my opportunity had at last come. So, rapidly advancing, I said to him: "Marshall, get down; we will settle our old feud now." He attempted to evade the issue, by saying: "Well; at another time." "The time," said I, "for men who wear swords, is now." "It would embroil the regiment," he replied. "That is a coward's plea. At Lexington, when men, women, and children were to be 'embroiled' and murdered, you had no scruples in calling for blood." By this time the whole regiment were lookers on. So, drawing my sword, which flashed as a sunbeam, I advanced upon him. He turned his horse, and retreated in the direction of his company; where, getting his pistols in his holsters, he returned on his horse. When I saw his ruse, I entered my tent, where I kept always loaded a splendid pair of duelling

pistols; and, with one in each hand, already cocked, I advanced once more, saying: "I am ready for you." Marshall turned again, and retreated to his tent. The same evening he threw himself into the Rio Grande, and tried to drown himself. But, when the men fished him out half drowned, with grim humor he exclaimed: "I did not say, 'help me Cassius, or I sink'—did I, boys?"

Thus fell Thomas F. Marshall. Before I was taken prisoner, James S. Jackson, in a duel, shot and wounded him. They were antipodes in character; and, Jackson being my friend, made Marshall his enemy. Thus was eternal justice vindicated. I scarred his soul, and Jackson his body. He sleeps in a drunkard's grave, in his native State, which no stone marks. Spring and summer come and go. No flowers shall ever bloom, or tears fall, upon his neglected ashes; for, to his selfish ambition, he betrayed the liberties of the human race, and his memory shall rest in darkness forever!

My noble and gallant friend, James S. Jackson, was a native of Kentucky, of honorable ancestors. Of a handsome physique, with a frank, flexible, and winning face, he was a man for men to admire, and women to adore. Returning from Mexico, where he did good service, he was several times elected to the Congress of the United States. When the Civil War broke out, he took his right place in the Union army; and, as General, at the head of his brigade, in the battle near Lebanon, Ky., gallantly fell in defense of his country.

Kentucky has already raised monuments in memory of some of her illustrious dead. They who struck to destroy the Union of these States are now the favored ones; but time will come when her true heroes shall be recognized, and their deeds of patriotism inscribed on marble and brass, and then the name of James S. Jackson will not be forgotten.

General Taylor, having fought and gained his great battles east of the Rio Grande, and captured Monterey,

was left inactive. Whilst the Democratic Administration was maneuvering to check his popularity and fame, which grew dangerous to party-hacks, by making the diversion and withdrawal of his troops to General Winfield Scott, who was advancing with the main army by way of Vera Cruz upon the capital of Mexico, Taylor received me with great kindness, as all the other generals had done; and invited me to dine with him. At the hour named, I entered his tent, expecting to find, at least, plenty of good things, if no great ceremony, as the country was a fruitful one. But I sat down with the plainly-dressed hero before his camp-chest, and partook of salt-pork, "hard-tack," and camp coffee, with the General and his staff, among whom was Colonel Bliss, his aid and son-in-law. The General was no politician, but my history was not unknown to him, and especially to Colonel Bliss.*

I was detached from the regiment; and, with Major Gaines, and two companions, was sent at once to the head of the column, at Saltillo, where General Wm. O. Butler was in command. Here, also, I was well received, and put in the advanced outposts, whilst the rumored approach of Santa Anna's army was awaited. Whilst here, General John S. Williams, then Captain of Infantry Volunteers, came to me, told me his company was in revolt, and asked my good offices. I saw the company, told them of the danger of disobedience of orders, and persuaded them to return to duty, which they did. Whilst at the advanced outpost, a small village, I was, of course, forced to be very strict in enforcing orders. One of my

* Here, for the first and only time, I saw Jefferson Davis, who had also married General Taylor's daughter. For, though a native of Kentucky, he had early in life migrated to Mississippi. Davis was no better and no worse than the other rebels; and, since Thomas A. Hendricks is elected to a post of honor, Davis deserves a like recognition, if the Confederates are to remain permanently in power. For, of all men in America, Hendricks least deserves honor from the Nation. —C. 1885.

company, James Gallagher, a very large Irishman, disobeying orders, and using insulting language, I gave him at once a severe saber-blow and wound in the face, which brought him to order. The army regulation saber was rather a poor weapon for a cut, though it might well answer for a thrust. My sword happened to be of fine metal and temper; and as, at the Hot Springs, in Arkansas, I had procured one of their noted whetstones, or hones, at leisure hours I sharpened my sword till it bore a razor's edge. I always hated shams of all sorts, and wanted a sword for possible use, and not merely for ornament. This fact had come to T. F. Marshall's ears; for, in excuse for his cowardice, he said I bore the sharpened sword of an assassin. At all events, poor Gallagher tested its metal; but, to my surprise, on his return home, after I was taken prisoner, he stood as my friend against my envious calumniators, and political and personal enemies.

Maj. J. P. Gaines being ordered by Gen. Wm. O. Butler to take a small force and scout in the direction of the noted hacienda of Encarnación, selected me as his Captain, and allowed me to choose the men. I took about thirty of the best men from my own and other companies; and, with a few days' rations, set out with my command—Major Gaines assuming no authority, but going along with us. There were many villages in the route of about one hundred miles, but I always camped in the open plains, where our horses could get grass; and each man was ordered to sleep near his tethered horse, so as to mount at once, and be ready for fight or flight, as we were on the best horses, and could outrun any Mexican cavalry.

Without adventure, we entered on the third day, in the late afternoon, the hacienda (country-house) of Encarnación. This hacienda, the property of a landed proprietor, was a large brick building with stuccoed walls, and a flat roof, similarly plastered. In extension of the walls was a quadrangular court-yard, in which our horses

were corralled for the night. Around the flat roof was a wall about four feet high, with port-holes for musketry. The heavy doors, also, had salient angles in the walls, with similar perforations for defense—all intended as a fortification against robbers, who infest all Mexico. The owner had hurriedly deserted the premises, leaving some household stores; and Dr. Solon Borland, a Major from General Wool's command, who had sent him also on a scouting party, was already in possession, having but lately arrived. As Borland ranked Gaines, he assumed legally the command. I protested earnestly against camping in the hacienda. They said there was not a Mexican soldier in five hundred miles of us; and determined to eat, drink, and be merry. This course was against all military rule and common sense. For a man who has the lives of others under his will and action, is bound to take all precautions for their safety, and leave nothing to chance. Besides this, in an enemy's country, they neglected to place a picket-guard in the leading roads to the hacienda; and, instead, placed the night-guards on the roof of the house. At day-break, the alarm was given of the enemy's approach, and all called to arms, where we stood till the sun lifted the fog from the plains, and we found ourselves surrounded by three thousand of Gen. Miñon's regular Mexican Cavalry. Gaines and Borland, who had treated my protest with contempt, were now as ready to come to me for help; and, surrendering the command to me, took places in the ranks. We were seventy-two, men and officers, all told, with very limited ammunition, without water or forage for our horses. A surrender, then, was only a question of time. I at once ordered the doors barricaded, the men upon the roof, secure behind the parapet walls, and had the interior pavements torn up and carried above to assist as missiles; as our ammunition was very limited, and we had no cannon.

As soon as it was light, Miñon ordered his troops to dismount, and on foot advance to the storming of the

quasi fort. Long beams, cut from trees in the neighborhood, were carried by the soldiers as battering-rams for the doors; and the troops on foot, with carbines in hand, under the command of Colonel Mendoza, were advanced to the attack. I gave orders for the men to reserve their fire, till I fired the first shot. I, then, alone, of all our force, stood pistol in hand, with my shoulders and head exposed. No other persons had been seen; nor could they know, except from their scouts, our true numbers.

The battle-cry of the Mexicans that day was "Arista," to which I responded "Alamo." At Alamo, in Texas, under Santa Anna, where David Crocket died, every man was killed but one, who escaped by some means to tell of the terrible massacre. The Mexicans very well knew that Alamo meant no surrender, but war to the death. The enemy had already advanced within pistol-shot, I had determined to fire upon the Colonel (I was sure of killing him), who had advanced close up to his men, and seemed to be urging them to the assault. They hesitated. At once a white flag was raised, and the forward movement stopped.

There was in Borland's command a man named Henry, who had been made a prisoner at Mier, on the Rio Grande, before the war, and was now used as an interpreter, acquainted with the country, and speaking the Spanish language. The officer bearing the white flag, on approaching, demanded the surrender. We said: "Send us a Major, the rank of our commander, and we will hear you." Soon the Major came forward, was admitted into the enclosure and detained, and Major Gaines sent to negotiate terms. When Gaines returned, we had a council of war; and, a surrender being deemed a necessity, Gaines was sent to conclude terms with General Miñon. The treaty was thus concluded:

1st. The most honorable treatment as prisoners of war, known to nations.

2d. Private property to be strictly respected.

3d. The Mexican guide to receive a fair trial in the civil courts.

Under this treaty, which was verbal, in the presence of witnesses, we surrendered about twelve o'clock on the 23d day of January, 1846, about a month before the battle of Buena Vista, which was about one hundred miles in our rear. Majors Gaines and Borland were allowed their side-arms, horses, and equipage; but no others were allowed their horses or arms. Colonel Mendoza, with true old-time Spanish magnanimity, seeing me left afoot, gave me a very good Mexican horse, among the best, as he said, in honor of my gallant conduct in the defense. My pistols were delivered up; but my watch, and some other articles of value, left with me.

Thus perished all my hopes of fame during the war. Nothing was left me but the ever faithful discharge of duty. And so, in the course of Fate, my life was spared; and I came out of my apparent disgrace with more honor and popularity than any one of our regiment.

Before the war, the restless, lawless frontiers-men of Texas made a foray upon the Mexican town, Mier, on the Rio Grande. The Texans were defeated, and made prisoners, among whom was Captain Henry, and also a countryman of mine named Oldham. He spoke Spanish tolerably well. The prisoners were decimated, every man drawing the tenth black bean being shot. Henry and my countryman escaped death, but were taken on toward Mexico, to Salao, where they rose upon the guard, killed some, and escaped—some of them, through incredible hardships, to the United States; but the most of them were recaptured, and confined in the prison of Perote.

This strong fortress was built of stone and *adobe*, with a wide ditch and outer wall, and well guarded, day and night, by soldiers. These men, seeing death threatening them for their second offense, some of them made a successful escape. They first took up the pave-

ment of the prison floor, and dug a hole under it to the wall, which they nearly opened, leaving only an outer barrier, which could at once be removed. They slept upon blankets and skins upon the floor; and, spreading the debris under them, concealed them until the final night of escape. Of the blankets and spare clothing they made a rope long enough to reach over the outer wall. In the meantime, those of the least daring, declining the difficulties and dangers of escape, were in the habit of playing noisy games, and singing songs, to attract the sentinels, who were ready enough to amuse themselves by looking through the prison windows. Upon a dark, stormy night they ventured out, whilst the men inside were unusually diverting, and, tying a stone to the rope, threw it over the wall; then, lifting themselves up, sailor-like, escaped. Henry was among them. My countyman was nearly starved, and suffered greatly for water. One day, when near perishing, and lying in a cave, he placed some pebbles in his mouth to cool his tongue, when, to his great joy, he found a small spring seeping through the sand and gravel. Thus refreshed, he made new efforts, and reached Texas. Now, when we surrendered, Henry was recognized, and severely questioned, so that he was sorely troubled, fearing that he would be shot. As he was the only man of our force who could speak Spanish (I knew a little, mostly from books), he was spared as an interpreter.

Setting out, the day of our capture, for the city of Mexico, under a strong guard, commanded by Col. Zambonino and Lieutenant Cruset, Gaines and Borland were riding fine horses. Henry was on a pony, and I mounted upon the good animal which Col. Mendoza had given me; while the other men and officers were in column of twos on foot.

Lieutenant Cruset, a Spanish Catholic, had been taught English at my old college of St. Joseph in Kentucky, and was no doubt selected for that reason to go on the guard.

As the men approached the old field of Salao, they naturally thought of the old affray, and began cursing the "Greasers," and boasting how they could destroy them. Cruset hearing these threats, told Zambonino, who at once ordered Gaines and Borland at a distance to the front, leaving me in command. In the meantime, Gaines and Henry had exchanged horses, Gaines having selected the best racer in the regiment, instead of his own inferior horse; and Henry consulting me, I agreed that, as the Mier Expedition was against the laws of Nations, no war having been declared, the United States could not interpose in his behalf. So he determined to run for it; and, going down the ranks under the pretense of closing them up, he put spurs to his horse, and, leaning forward, as a racer, to diminish the surface of his exposed body, he got a fair start before the guard could draw their carbines and fire. They pursued him at once, lances in hand. But the American horse was too fast for the Mexican cavalry, so Henry soon distanced them; but, imprudently, he rode his horse to death, and was found by some scouts from Butler's command, lying half dead and groaning by the wayside, and taken to camp.

The information he brought, however, proved of great service to our cause; enabled Taylor to advance to Saltillo to take command, and gain the great victory of the 22d of February, 1846, at Buena Vista. In the meantime, Col. Zambonino, who was in advance with Gaines and Borland, returned to the prisoners, and ordered them to be lanced—"marteos los." But I, seeing if a struggle once began, we would be all massacred, ordered the prisoners to lie down, to show no resistance would be made, which they promptly did; when, taking the lassos from their horses, the Mexicans tied their hands. I was accused of all the trouble, and ordered by the two sergeants in advance to be lanced; whilst the Colonel held an immense horse-pistol to my breast, and Cruset threatened me with his sword. In as good Spanish as I could

muster, mixed with English, which Cruset understood, I protested that the men were innocent, and knew nothing of Henry's movements; that, although Henry had advised with me, I took no part in his escape, as it was to save himself, as he had been a captive of Mier and a prisoner at Perote, and feared death at all events. Hesitating, they then ordered my hands to be tied. I then said, that I had received honorable terms of capture, and the attempt to tie my hands was a breach of the terms of surrender, against which I again protested. The Colonel, seeing all safe from danger, ordered me at once to be released, and we all proceeded on the march.

For a few days the men and officers on foot remained tied on the move and at night, but were soon released from this precaution. Before many days we met Santa Anna's army on the plains. They showed great bitterness toward us, and made signs of stabbing us; and some, speaking English, declared they would not leave an American on that side of the Rio Grande. But, when we came to Santa Anna, who was riding with his suite in a carriage drawn by six horses, with postillions and outriders, in great style, I could but think of Taylor and his tin-cups. Calling for the chief of our force, he made many inquiries; but our officers gave him very little real information.

The march from San Louis Potosi was over a narrow, sterile plain, with a few poor peasantry thinly scattered along the foot-hills; and, of course, every available species of live stock had been seized and used—the poor owners having nothing but what they could conceal in time in the soil, or drive into the dreary wastes and hills. I saw no evidences of a commissary department, but with the General-in-Chief. He was very fond of cock-fighting, like most Spaniards and Mexicans; and he had coops made of diminishing bottoms, or stories, and suspended on donkies and mules by a strap on both sides of the pack-saddles. These were full of cocks, herded and driven by a muleteer,

and which he fought and ate when wanted. So passed on the General to his defeat at Buena Vista.

We observed that these troops were armed with new British muskets, no doubt a gratuity from "Perfidious Albion." And so we worried onward to the celebrated mines in Potosi, half starved for water and food—at times, no doubt, eating mule meat.

Whilst we were lying in our guarded quarters, with no sign of coming rations, an Englishman came in and asked if Mr. Clay was among the prisoners. I said: "That is my name." "Cassius M. Clay?" "Yes." "Did I not hear you speak in the Tabernacle, in New York City, in the year 1844?" "I spoke there," said I, in not a very pleasant humor. He thereupon retired; and soon sent us a cold ham of mutton, well stuffed, after the French style, with garlic, and other accompaniments, upon which all the officers feasted with great avidity; and I suppose the soldiers had like fare. So I felt quite grateful to John Bull, who, I must say, at many times in my life I have found the truest of men. For, as Emerson says: "Of all men, the English stand squarest in their shoes." The Texan officers were in fine humor, and paid me the characteristic compliment of saying: "Clay, you ought never to commit a crime; for, no matter to what part of the world you should attempt to fly, your face would expose and condemn you!" Borland and Danley were low-bred fellows, but full of wit.

So we passed on to Mexico; the animosity of the populace increasing as we approached the city. We had a hard time of it, often wanting food, and were then supplied, as we thought, with dog or mule-meat, which last, grazing on the desert plains, was the substratum of our commissary stores, being about the only available food. The women, however, in all countries the most charitable, would run out with eggs and the staple beans and tortillas, and relieve our hunger, as we passed ranches and small villas. At Queratero the mob rose against

us, and stoned us. We ran into a church, horses and all, by order of the officers, when the doors were closed, and thus saved ourselves, as the Mexican superstition makes the churches secure places of refuge.

In all countries, and in all religions, the most ignorant are the most superstitious and intolerant. When the "Host" is borne in procession from one church to another in the streets, all persons are expected to prostrate themselves; and, failing to do so, are knocked down, and sometimes murdered. So once, whilst at St. Petersburg, on a State occasion, entering the vestibule of the church of Alexander Nevski, with my military chapeau on, I was quickly advised to take it off; as the custom requires even monarchs to take off their hats in the churches. And at the Kremlin gate, where a saintly image is painted, all persons, on entering, take off their hats.

Unhappily for priest and peasant, religion and morality are often far apart; and the greatest sinner is often the most devout. In "the good time coming," more and more may we hope to see these two systems "one and indivisible!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY OF MEXICO.—A FRIEND IN NEED.—DR. SOLON BORLAND'S ENMITY.—THE WATER-CURE CURES ME.—APPROACH OF GENERAL SCOTT.—REMOVED TO TOLUCA, CAPITAL OF THE STATE OF MEXICO.—JOURNEY THITHER.—CHARACTERISTICS OF ITS PEOPLE NOTICED BY HUMBOLDT AND PRITCHARD.—LOLU.—INDIAN GRAVITY OVER-RATED.—LIBERATION AND RETURN TO CITY OF MEXICO.—EXCHANGED, AND LEAVE FOR HOME.—RECEPTION IN LEXINGTON.—EARTHQUAKE.

OUR entry into the City of the Montezumas was as romantic as the earlier adventures of the Spaniards. We were, as the soldiers got foot-sore, mostly upon donkeys and mules; and were halted near the city walls till the failing moon should throw a shadow upon the streets of the famed city, and thus save us from the vengeance of the populace.

About midnight the moon sunk into the west, and darkness began to shadow the doomed city. Santa Anna had confiscated the church property, and the Catholic clergy had raised a revolt, and actual war was now going on. The eternal snows of the distant mountain of Popocatepetl was yet brightly tipped with the moon's rays, which, by an optical illusion, seemed to be in the very skirts of the city's walls. Thus, in 1870, whilst I was in Colorado, an Englishman undertook a morning walk to the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, which were, in fact, fifty miles or more away. All the city were in arms; and, with the roar of the cannon in the streets, was the accompaniment of the musketry from the flat housetops, with their continuous rattle and flashing lights. We were quietly marched to a monastery, which was now used as a State prison, and there quartered. The officers were separated from the rank and file; and soon we heard a

rush—the rattling of chains, and a volley of musketry. I supposed they were shooting our prisoners; but it turned out that the convicts, having dug a hole under the walls, were shot as they emerged into the open space.

I here passed one of the most memorable nights of my life. So our entry into the halls of the Montezumas was not one of triumph; but it was, at least, one of discipline. It showed the vanity of human aspirations; and how “Man proposes and God disposes.” To me it was a school of value, which taught me also the vanity of self-elation, and the necessity of some great principle of human happiness as only worthy of our love. And thus, perhaps, I was better fitted for carrying on that great conflict which Providence rested upon individual action; and which resulted at last in triumph.

Mexico, the capital of the Republic, is too well known now to require description. It is about 20° north latitude, upon table-land, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, with mountains of eternal snow looming up in the distance. The modern city, of about 250,000 inhabitants, is regularly built of stone and brick stuccoed. The houses are Spanish in style, the best, three or four stories high, running down to one in the poorer parts. The streets are regular; and with the churches and parks and public buildings, the city, with its surroundings, is one of the finest in the world; and Baron Humboldt so expressed himself—he who had seen all the leading capitals of the nations.

There is no winter, really; the winter being simply the rainy season, when rain falls regularly about half the day, and then the sun comes out as in a May day. Hence, there are no fires in the Mexican houses, except the furnaces of charcoal from the mountains, with which the most delicious cooking is done. Nowhere else does man so enjoy existence of itself. Even the most energetic can sit for hours in the shade; and the pulsation of the blood, passing through the arteries and veins, is a positive pleas-

ure. And well may it be said of this country, as it was related of Calypso's isle, that the clime is eternal spring, and the lands bordered with perpetual flowers. I shall say more on the causes of this lovely clime hereafter.

We remained prisoners in the monastery of St. Jago, and in the city on parole, till Scott began, after many victories, to threaten the city. We had proposals from the Mexicans to join them, as they had a high appreciation of our prowess in arms; but this we positively declined. We had poor fare in prison, and slept on our horse-blankets on the floors, being allowed a few hours each day for exercise in the prison-yard. But an American citizen, a long time in Mexico as a stage-driver, and other employments, and married there to a Mexican woman, was very kind to us, loaning us small sums of money. His name was Noah Smith, and I believe he is yet alive near Boston, Massachusetts, and should have a pension. We had a hard time of it, however, in prison, being infested with vermin; and, scarce of shirts, we had to pull off the one we wore, and, in the sunlight from the window, kill these annoying pests.

I was poisoned by the lead pipes which bore the water from the main aqueduct, coming from the mountains, into the prison. I had made an enemy of Dr. Solon Borland by saying he ought to have been shot for trapping us in Encarnación; so, though I never was in more pain in my life, when he prepared a dose of medicine for me, I refused to take it, preferring the chances of nature's forces to the treacherous doctor. This but increased the offense; for which he avenged himself by setting Captain Danley, himself, and others, to slandering me, whilst I was yet in prison at Toluca. I had a bowl of water and a towel; so I tried the water-cure. I wet the towel, and laid it on my abdomen, leaving the evaporation to relieve me of the great heat there. This gave me relief somewhat; and I would fall asleep. But, when the pain returned, with the drying of the towel, I wet it, and fell asleep again.

So, having a powerful physique, I recovered — much, I thought, to the mortification of the Arkansas doctor.

When General Winfield Scott approached the city, the military commander sent for us, to order us to the city of Toluca, beyond the mountains, telling us to be ready for to-morrow. We had all been on parole for a short time, but which we hardly dared take any advantage of, on account of the enmity of the populace. The interview was conducted by an interpreter; and Majors John P. Gaines, Solon Borland, Captain Danley, and Lieutenant George Davidson, as they claimed, surrendered their parole. I was present, and did not so understand it. It certainly was not so understood by the commander; and he was the one deceived, at all events. For no sensible man will allow that the Mexican general intended to let the officers go free. These men, however, escaped by the means of Mr. Smith and others, and reached Scott's lines. I had also offered me the opportunity of escape by Smith, and some British denizens, but I refused; being bound by my *parole d'honneur* to stand. Captains Heady and Smith, of Kentucky, and other officers, also refused to violate their parole. Besides, our escape would aggravate the condition of the men of our commands; and I felt that it was my duty to stand by them, and for which these poor fellows showed much gratitude. For, when the dishonored officers slandered me, on their return home, these soldiers, from every-where in Kentucky and other States, most ably, through the press, vindicated me from all calumny.

The capital of the Mexican Republic is the City of Mexico, and so the capital of the State of Mexico is the City of Toluca, or, as it was called in the time of the Spanish conquest, Tolocan. This city, or village rather, in appearance, at least, is but a long day's journey by horseback from the City of Mexico; but it seems, in fact, as far away as if it were a thousand miles. The capital of the nation lies, as is well known, upon an elevated plateau, between two mountain ranges, opening toward the

north, which sinks in level as it widens northward; thus throwing the drainage, which flows from the mountains, into the city, and adjoining lakes, in that direction. This plateau is about seven thousand feet above the sea-level. At the conquest, over three hundred years ago, the greater portion of the valley was covered with forests; but the destruction of these conservative forces of nature, and the burning of the wood on the mountains for coal and its other uses, has filled the once fertile valleys with arid sands and crusted nitre; and the debris from both culture and forests have greatly filled up the lakes of ancient times. We entered the city from the north-west side; and I do not remember any lake at all on that side. So, in time, the whole of these lakes will be filled up, and the climate made less agreeable, and the soil less productive.

So, going to Toluca, the most of the route lies through wooded mountain passes, and is cut by deep and dark ravines. On the west side of the mountain range, apparently on the same level of seven thousand feet, you descend into the plain on which Toluca is built, with the mountain peak of the same name, fifteen thousand feet above the sea; and other mountains adding great sublimity and picturesqueness to the scene. As this city lies in the latitude of 20° north, there is here perpetual spring; the winter being only a succession of rains for about half of the day, when the sun comes out, and all is fair again. Thus, from the altitude of the sun, tropical plants flourish, and their fruits mature; whilst, in the shade, the general temperature is about 65° Farenheit—the May-day of temperate climes. Hence, we have here all the fruits and cereals of all climes, and nature aggregates her favors as nowhere else on earth; for the site, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the high table-lands, are nowhere else duplicated.

On these Arcadian lands, the lemon, the orange, the fig, the banana, and other tropical fruits, are mingled with

many products of temperate zones. And all that can be desired for use or luxury is profusely grown. The effect of tropical vegetation upon one born and grown to manhood in forest surroundings was intense in all its sensuous influence. The impenetrable jungles, thickly set with immense feather-shaped foliage and palms; the hundred species of cactus, with their grotesque shapes of trunk and leaf, flower and fruit; the *Agave Mexicana* (century plant), here planted in fields as Indian corn, and in a few nights sending their enormous stems, with myriad flowers, into the air, twenty and more feet in height; the many-colored parrots and parroquettes, and other tropical birds of rare plumage; and the many cultivated and wild flowers and vines, all filled me with intense enjoyment. Then the snow-clad mountains, rising abruptly from the plains, with ever-flowing rivulets, toward which countless herds of sheep and goats, with herders of a novel race and dress, were moving, amid the songs of the birds and the rippling of the waters, made this the Arcadia of the ancient's imagination. To me, at least, it was an elysium. The eye, the ear, the flow of the blood through the veins and arteries—existence itself—was a positive pleasure; so that I felt as an Æolian harp, which was played upon by the breeze; and my every sense was responsive to all-lovely Nature.

An American race, long anterior to the Mexicans and Aztecs, who understood astronomy and worked in the metals and built great cities, once occupied these lovely lands. Lakes and seas, encouraging commerce, have ever been the seats of civilization. And these, with the everlasting spring, developed the highest American progress—mental and physical development; and this higher race was the result. They were called Toltecs; and Toluca, or Toloacan, as it was called at the conquest, was, no doubt, the seat of their ancient kingdom.

At all events, I found here a new race of natives, unlike any others in America. They were tall, and fuller in

person, with light complexion, some having blue and others grey eyes, and dark auburn hair. Used all my life to the breeding of pure races of live stock of the finest forms, besides my love of art in painting and statuary, and having studied, during my anti-slavery career, all the best authors, French and English, on the unity and diversity of the Human Race, I was not only greatly interested in these people, but, I think, brought a discriminating judgment to my aid, unusual in travelers. I am sure their characteristics were not the result of Spanish crosses; for such are common in the Mexican capital, and are not at all like the Tolucans. The women, especially, would interest me; and I found them beautiful, with large brains, more thoughtful minds, and more taste in all ways than other Indians with whom I had mixed freely, from the Rio Grande to Toluca. The hair is worn in two plaits, tied with yarn or colored ribbons, hanging down the back. The chemise is cut low, and the arms well exposed. To the waist is bound several tiers of petticoats, made of fine native cotton-cloth, with very highly-colored and well-contrasted borders. The legs are generally bare; and the feet (like the hands), well turned, were covered with Indian sandals, at times highly ornamented with beads and needle work. No bonnets or head-dress is worn; but the elegant native rebosa, or shawl, covers the head and part of the face, which at will reveals at times the full anterior busts and rounded arms.

Spanish is spoken more or less in all Mexico; and the better class of Indians always speak it. So, when I got to Toluca, as usual, I made haste to enter society as far as I was able. In this provincial town, having no commerce, except the Federal Governor and a small suite of dark Spaniards and Indians, there are rarely seen any of the white race. So I was as much a curiosity to them as they were to me; and I had no great difficulty in making acquaintances among the Tolucans. Thus I was spending my time very agreeably.

In all countries the features of nature have been the great substratum of poetry and heroism. In cities, nature, too, is appreciated, but it is human nature; and, as rural scenes are comparatively unknown, women and men and domestic animals are all that remain. Consequently, around these center the highest interest—the female singers, dancers, and actors, to most persons being the highest ideals of earth. But here were all the great elements of nature—lakes and lands, the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque; and, added thereto, the loveliest of women.

I had spent the last years of my life in the most exhausting use of the nervous powers; and, repose was not only a needed rest, but the greatest luxury. Among these primitive people there was one who especially interested me. She was one of two daughters of a widowed mother; her brother being engaged as a merchant of fruits, carried on burros and mules to the capital-market. She bore the name of Lolu—the Indians having no surname. As we Americans were the enemies of her people, being called "*Los Barbaros del Norte*," we had but small claims upon their friendship; but what has woman to do with these affairs of State? She saw in man a universe of her own; and, like most women, that she found sufficient for all her being. But, as Scott won battle after battle, and the routed stragglers came home in defeat with wounds, the rage of the rabble increased, till the officers in charge had to place us in the monastery for security; and, yet more, so intense was the excitement, that they dared not trust our safety even to the sanctity of that place, but deemed it prudent to place a guard of regulars to save us from the vengeance of their countrymen.

We were still nominally on parole; but, in fact, close prisoners. The entrance to the prison was through an open court, or rather alameda, or park, which was used as a fruit-market, and always full of people. So, to pass

out, it was necessary to go through the guard and all these people, when recognition would be immediate death.

I tried to get the officers to join me in a sortie; but they all declined, and protested against such folly. But all things are possible when a woman is in the case. So, procuring a sombrero and serapé—a Mexican hat, and blanket or shawl—I was ready for action, having no weapon but a pocket-knife; but any one the most efficient would have been useless against such odds. So, putting on my hat, and drawing my serapé close about my face, I set out. The guard, of course, as we were on parole, had orders to pass us; so on I went, and was unnoticed by any one. Lolu's cottage was surrounded by tropical plants; the fences were a species of cactus, so closely planted that a cat could not pass. These were full of flowers and fruit, and filled with the perfume of the orange and the lemon. So the whole grounds, and the white walls of the dwelling, were literally shadowed in shrubbery and vines and perennial flowers. I entered without warning. She was sitting alone in her usual latticed porch, and sadly caressing her pet paroquette. This small pet was as full of brilliant colors as a humming-bird, and spoke many words in Spanish and Indian. This girl was about eighteen years old, of a stature above the medium Indian type, and more full in person. Her eyes and hair (which were the fullest and longest I ever saw,) were, the eyes grey, and the hair an auburn, but both apparently black. Her teeth were as fine and even as ever graced an Indian woman's mouth. Her dress has been already described. As I came in, she arose in astonishment, and turned pale with affright; but, when I threw off my hat and shawl, and she recognized me, the color came as the winter fire through a heated stove, and, dropping her rebosa, she rushed, with open arms, and kissed—me? Not at all. The parrot, which bore the euphonious name of Leta, was unused to strangers; and, when she saw I was not a Mexican, or, rather, a Tolucan,

she dashed at my face; and Lolu ran and caught her in her arms, and, kissing her, said: "Oh, Leta! Nuestro amigo, Señor Clayo." * . . . It was Leta she kissed.

Of all the races, the Indians are the most modest, rarely looking at you; but they are not as grave as is supposed. A young man, not sixteen years' old, went with my father, in the British War of 1812, and was taken prisoner, being wounded in the hand. The Indians took him into Canada, and imposed on him hard work with the squaws. He was frequently joked by the older men; and the boys continually annoyed him, much to their amusement. They would say to him: "Little boy, did you come here to fight Indians? Don't you wish you were at home under mamma's bed, wringing the cat's tail?" And then they would laugh as loud as a country tavern-keeper. One day, as usual, Jack Wood was sent to the spring to bring water; the chiefs were sunning themselves on the grass, and looking on. As often as Jack would get nearly up the bank, an Indian boy would trip his feet, and down would go boy and crock and water; and this was several times repeated, much to the amusement of the chiefs. At last, Wood said he was so angry that he determined to revenge himself or die. So, as the boy approached him, he set down his water-crock, and, throwing him down, poured the water over him, and rolled him down the hill—crock, water, and all going to-

* Humboldt and Pritchard both speak of the Mexicans, of course including the Tolucans, as distinguished from other Indians by the greater quantity of their beard and mustaches. Prescott says, upon their authority: "Thus we find amongst the generally prevalent copper or cinnamon tint, nearly all gradations of color, from the European white to a black almost African; while the complexion conspicuously varies among different tribes, in the neighborhood of each other." (See, also, Humboldt's *Cosmos*, 2 vols.; and Pritchard's *Physical History of Man*, in 4 vols.) About the color there is no doubt; the only question is, were these Toltecs?—C. 1885.

gether. He then seated himself also on the bank, determined to stir no more. Upon this, they laughed louder, and more than ever; and, coming up to him, lifted him up, and said: "Much brave; big warrior." And thereupon they gave him a gun, and set him to hunting. So, laying in provisions, he made a pretended hunt, and escaped.

In all the villages in Mexico I saw something of Indian life. They had every-where adopted the Spanish dances, using the guitar, or, rather, a smaller instrument, which they called the "guitarrilla." With this music they dance, in their houses, but mostly on the grass in the open air, cotillions, waltzes, and fandangos. The fandango is danced by the lady and caballero facing each other. They dance forward and back, cross over, turn, etc.—like Burn's scene in *Tam O'Shanter*—getting all the time more active, and the music becoming more furious. The man holds his hat in his hand; and the woman, as the dance warms up, at times drops her rebosa on her arm, or into her hand.

I find the common people of all nations very similar in their dances; the difference being rather in form than intensity. But I wander. The "girls and boys" at times came in and danced at Lolu's house, mostly waltzes; but, as I did not waltz, she paid me the compliment to prefer my conversation, such as I could make it in poor Spanish, to the dance. As I said, these people are not always grave. I was, by my mother's side, dark-haired, with dark grey eyes; but my skin was very fair, after my father's family. One day the girls, thinking it could hardly be possible that I was so white without paint, got into a concerted romp with me, and, dipping their handkerchiefs in an earthen bowl of water, which they had prepared, all came down upon me at once, and tested my color; but I stood the test better than would many modern fair ones.

One day I found Lolu alone, and, as usual with women, ancient and modern, when in grief, with hair di-

shevelled; tears were streaming down her cheeks, and she, holding out a handful of bright feathers, told me the cat got through the open lattice at night, and killed and ate up poor Leta! I never saw her look so interesting before; but so it is that, with or without art, they ever hold us the more firmly, the more they seem to be least thoughtful of our capture. Was this emblematic of our ever-drifting life; our sunshine and shade? when the most real joys fading into the dead past, leave us but rose-tinted memories of the days which are gone,—of the scenes which come no more, and whose only traces are—tears! Poor Leta! Poor Lolu!

Scott had now been sometime in possession of the capital, awaiting the terms of peace, as they were being negotiated by our government through N. Trist. We, like Mrs. Heman's captive knight, were forgotten. Our officers began to complain; and I summoned up energy enough to go to the governor, Oliguibel, and protest against further detention. The generous commander, propitiated by our honorable conduct of parole, said to me: "Well, be ready at once; and I will give you and your men an escort, and send you to General Scott." So, the next day, we were on the march to Mexico, on parole; and soon exchanged for the many officers and men whom Scott was too happy to turn loose. Never shall I forget how the stars and stripes, mounted upon the gate, and the public buildings of the romantic city, filled me with pride and joy, as the emblem of our triumphant arms, and home once more.

General Scott, whom I now saw for the first time, invited me to dinner; and, saying many pleasant things, sent words of *souvenir* to my brother-in-law, John Speed Smith, who was quite an admirer of the gallant general; and who now looked upon the second Cortes as a prominent candidate for the Presidency. So we were soon on our way home, with the first returning column, under

General Harney, by way of Vera Cruz and New Orleans. The sea was very boisterous; but we reached New Orleans safely, and in good health and spirits. We were there mustered out of service; and took different routes to our several homes.

Some of the captives of Encarnación had gone with me to Toluca; others were sent in the direction of Tampico, and many others had gone home from other parts of the army, who, somehow or other, had proven to be my devoted friends. The officers who had violated their parole, and whom I said ought to have been shot for their folly in being trapped in the hacienda, and who were envious of seeing an enemy like Colonel Mendoza paying tribute to my gallantry, had spread all kinds of calumnies against me. These, the soldiers, now in several States, had warmly refuted, by voluntary proofs in many journals; so that, when I arrived at Lexington, no man in the army, not even General Taylor himself, would have been received with so great an ovation. The gallant "boys" who had shared my defeat by the slave-holders, and who had before no means of showing their devotion, now rushed out with wives and children to meet me. Robert S. Todd, my old and faithful friend, the father of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, was the one selected to give the address of welcome; and so Lexington was never before, or since, even, in such a state of enthusiasm. I was escorted by all to my home, where a collation had been prepared; and where all, without distinction, gave and received welcome.*

*CAPT. C. M. CLAY.—This gentleman arrived at New Orleans on the 24th ult., in the steamship Alabama, from Vera Cruz, and is daily looked for at home. It will be seen, by the proceedings of a public meeting held at the Court-house on Monday evening, in our columns to-day, that the compliment of a public reception on his return to his home in this city from his long captivity in the gloomy prison-walls of the city of Mexico—a captivity incurred while in the discharge of his duty in the volunteer service of the country—is to be extended to him. The military companies composing the "Legion" of this city have also determined to extend to him the same compliment; and, in a notice to that effect, it is announced that thirteen guns will be fired at 6 o'clock on the morning of the day of his arrival.

Whilst in Mexico I felt two very marked "tremblors," or earthquakes. In the Santa Anna theatre, a part of which was a hotel, I was rooming in the third story, and while fully awake, but yet lying in bed one morning, the doors of the clothes-press moved visibly on their hinges, making a slight noise. I at once knew it was an earth-

His reception by his numerous personal friends in this city will be most enthusiastic.—*Lexington Observer and Reporter*.

For the Observer and Reporter.

RECEPTION OF CAPT. C. M. CLAY.

A public meeting, convened in pursuance to previous notice, was held at the Court-house, on Monday evening last, to take into consideration the propriety of making some suitable demonstration of respect for Capt. Cassius M. Clay, on his arrival at his home in this city, now daily looked for. The meeting was organized by the appointment of Robert S. Todd, Esq., as Chairman; and John F. Leavy, Secretary.

The following resolutions were submitted, which, after able and eloquent addresses from the Hon. George Robertson, James McMurtry, and Henry C. Davis, Esqrs., were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That as a demonstration of our esteem and confidence, we cordially welcome Capt. Cassius M. Clay to his home, and tender him a public reception.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting, he possesses all the highest and noblest qualities of the soldier; and that, in the voluntary proffer of his life to save the lives of his men, we have an evidence of that heroic and self-sacrificing spirit which would have won renown on any field, and is the brightest ornament of the true soldier.

Resolved, That he was impelled to go forth to fight the battles of his country, from the loftiest considerations of patriotism and duty.

Resolved, That in his tender care for the sick and suffering of his men; his sympathy for them in the perils and hardships and privations of a painful and harsh imprisonment; his provision for their wants, in expending the last dollar of his money, and selling his coat, we see the generous warm heart alive to the afflictions and distresses of the honest and humblest.

Resolved, That the citizens of Lexington, irrespective of party, tender to C. M. Clay a cordial reception, and join in the reception.

On motion of Col. Lewinski, Col. D. S. Goodloe, Col. Jesse Bayles, and Edward Oldham, Esq., were requested to act as Marshals on the occasion.

The meeting then adjourned.

J. F. LEAVY, *Secretary*.

R. S. TODD, *Chairman*.

CAPT. CASSIUS M. CLAY.—This gallant Kentuckian reached this city on Saturday last, and was welcomed by his fellow-citizens by a display of enthusiasm never before witnessed in this country. At an early hour, men, women, and children, from all sections of the country, might be seen wending their way to the city and at different points forming themselves into groups, when the valorous deeds of *our Cassius* were recounted to them by our *modern Tribunes*—not by public functionaries, but by those who were eye-witnesses to his martial deeds, and who were conversant with the country in which he was detained a prisoner. About 1 o'clock,

quake. My first idea was to run down, and into the street; but, on reflection, I concluded that, in so doing, I would be in equal, or greater, danger than in remaining. So, with a Turk's sense of fatality, I remained in bed.

Again, when at Toluca, sitting in a portico with some companions, a more sensible shock was felt. The Mexi-

P. M., the omnibus, which conveyed him from Frankfort, reached the suburbs of the city, when the assembled multitude were made acquainted with the fact by the booming of cannon, the echo of which died away amid the shouts of Kentucky's noble yeomanry. Thither they sped their way, when he was greeted with cheers—loud and long—which made the welkin ring. He was then welcomed home by Captain Jouett, chairman of the committee appointed for that purpose, in an appropriate speech. Having undergone great fatigue in traveling, Captain Clay was unable to speak at any great length; but invited *everybody* (about 500 people,) to take supper with him in the evening. He was then escorted to his residence by three military companies and an assembled multitude. During their march through the city, the merry peals of all the church bells in the city filled the air with music, and lent a charm to the spell which bound the hearts of all. The windows of every house on the route were filled with Kentucky's fair daughters, who waved their handkerchiefs in token of their welcome, as the procession moved on.

At an early hour in the evening, the house of Captain Clay was filled to overflowing by his friends, who were anxious to exchange with him salutations of friendship, and bid him, in *propria persona*, "welcome home."—*Lexington Intelligencer*.

CAPTAIN C. M. CLAY'S ARRIVAL AND RECEPTION.—The firing of cannon at early dawn on Saturday morning last, in conjunction with printed advertisements freely circulated among our citizens, made known to them that this gentleman would certainly arrive at 2 o'clock, P. M. Long preceding that time, a large concourse of people, male and female, in carriages, on horses, and on foot, had assembled at the outskirts of the city to greet his coming. Hundreds, if not thousands, anxiously awaited his approach. His long and arduous captivity in a hostile country, and, during that captivity, the magnanimity he exhibited toward his fellow-sufferers, who had less advantages, and the fact that he was debarred, by unavoidable misfortune, from participating in any of the glorious victories which have crowned our arms in Mexico, altogether had awakened and enlisted the warmest sympathies of his fellow-citizens.

Minute guns were fired as he entered the city. After reaching the principal street, Captain Jouett, in behalf of the military, welcomed him home in a brief, eloquent, and tasteful address, to which Captain Clay, in appropriate and feeling terms, responded.

Robert S. Todd, Esq., who presided at the meeting of the citizens, which resolved to give to Captain Clay the compliment of a public reception, then took the stand; and, in a most beautiful and cordial manner, welcomed the gallant Captain home, which met a warm response from the multitude which surrounded him.

After Mr. Todd concluded, the procession moved on to the residence of Captain Clay, and there took leave of him.

The reception, however, ended not here. The friends of Captain Clay had prepared for illuminating the large lawn which fronts his residence; and, upon his invi-

cans cried out "*Tremblor!*" But, as we were near the ground, and a slight roof over our heads, no one moved.

In no event, in human experience, does one feel more utterly helpless than during an earthquake, unless it be in the midst of a mob, such as that I went through in 1845; and when all that seemed possible was stoically to submit to fate.

tation, our citizens thronged his house and premises after night, where an elegant supper was prepared for them, and, after a friendly and cordial interchange of feeling and sentiment, the great mass of people quietly dispersed. — *Observer and Reporter*.

CAPTAIN C. M. CLAY. — A. C. Bryan, W. D. Ratcliff, Charles E. Mooney, John J. Finch, and Alfred Argabright, who were among the Encarnación prisoners, have published a card in the *Lexington Observer* speaking in the highest terms of the treatment they received from Captain Clay during their captivity. They say:

"When Captain Henry made his escape, and the Mexican commander, excited by that event, gave orders for the massacre of the Americans, Captain Clay exclaimed: 'Kill the officers; spare the soldiers!' A Mexican Major ran to him, presenting a cocked pistol to his breast. He still exclaimed: 'Kill me—kill the officers; but spare the men—they are innocent!' Who but C. M. Clay, with a loaded pistol to his heart, and in the hands of an enraged enemy, would have shown such magnanimous self-devotion? If any man ever was entitled to be called 'the soldier's friend,' he is. He was ever watchful and kind toward us, allowing every privilege that would be granted by our enemies; turned all orders and commands into advice and consolation; and, upon our march to the city, would take turn by turn, allowing us to ride his mule, that we might stand the march of forty miles a day; divided the last cent of money he had with us, and resorted to every sacrifice to make us happy and comfortable. He disposed of his mule, when he found it necessary—the only animal he had—his buffalo rug, his watch, and all his clothes but one suit, and supplied our wants. He not only acted in this manner toward those who were under his immediate command, but to all; and expressed his regret that he was unable to do more." — *Lexington Observer and Reporter*, October 20, 1847.

CHAPTER X.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.—NOMINATION AND ELECTION OF GENERAL Z. TAYLOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—DEFENSE OF HENRY CLAY.—RESULTS OF HIS DEFEAT.—THE DISSOLUTION OF PARTIES IN 1848.—“THE TRUE AMERICAN” BECOMES “THE EXAMINER.”—EMANCIPATION CONVENTION IN FRANKFORT.—FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—A MEMORABLE DAY.—MY CONDUCT IN MEXICO INDORSED BY “THE SALT RIVER TIGERS.”—THE NEW CONSTITUTION.—DEATH OF CYRUS TURNER.—KENTUCKY CONSTITUTION PASSED IN 1850.—FIVE LETTERS TO HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

TOWARD the close of the year 1847, parties began, as usual, to prepare for the next Presidential election. I said, in reply to Robert S. Todd's speech, that I returned with my views on the slavery issue unchanged. The gallantry of General Z. Taylor in the war had made him many friends; and the effort of the Democratic Administration to weaken his success, by the diversion of General Winfield Scott's march upon Mexico, added to Taylor's supporters, who felt that injustice was intended toward a gallant soldier. Taylor was a man of moderate capacity, but a fine character; and had been successful as a soldier. Like most of the regular army, he cared but little for politics; had rarely voted, but was regarded as a Whig. The mere politicians in the Whig ranks, long followers of Henry Clay, began to weary of continued defeat, and saw in Taylor the way to power. Mr. Clay, in the last canvass, made no new friends; and lost many old ones. Taylor had no enemies; and, his being a slave-owner, which would lose him some Whigs, would be compensated by the many Southern Democrats, and others, who would fill their places on account of his military glory. My personal quarrel with the Whig Party, who struck hands with the Democrats in the overthrow of the

True American; my alienation from Mr. Clay, and my gratitude to General Taylor, for his friendly reception of me in the army, threw me at once into the ranks of Taylor's friends. Besides, it was a part of my policy to destroy the old parties, to build up the new one of universal liberty. General Taylor's friends, seeing that Clay had the old party machinery, advised Taylor to take an independent position; and he was regarded as an independent candidate when he was nominated at Baltimore by the nominal Whig Convention. I entered at once into the canvass, joined by the secret friends of Taylor. With my own followers, we carried the Fayette delegation to the State Whig Convention in favor of Taylor, I being one of them. At Frankfort I assumed the leadership, being untrammelled by party ties, and lacking that timidity which partizans always show in new movements.

All the factions of the Whig Party acted with me. I dwelt upon Taylor's glorious victories, his noble character, and the injustice done him. Our policy was to appoint delegates favorable to Taylor in a quiet way; and this we accomplished, so as to have a majority. The Clayites, seeing that a defeat here would be ruin in the National Convention, were afraid to take a vote in his favor. Garrett Davis, who was the friend of my brother, Brutus J. Clay, of the same county of Bourbon, and who had gone to Lexington during the mob of 1845 in my defense, was true to Clay, and was put forward as their leader. He made a violent and untrue assault upon me personally; but I had higher game in hand, and did not intend to be diverted from my purpose. So I paid no attention whatever to the little man.

As soon as the Convention was over, I went immediately to New York City, and, in the *Courier and Enquirer* (the newspaper of James Watson Webb, who favored Taylor), published an open letter, in which I stated that Mr. Clay's own State delegation was in favor of General Taylor; and deprecated any further waste of

Whig strength in attempting to nominate Clay. He, however, came out in an open letter, advocating his own nomination. This was contrary to the pledge of his friends at Frankfort. So I wrote a second letter, in which I arraigned Mr. Clay for undue ambition; and reviewed his claims to continued support in the bitterest letter of my life. The Clay-Whig press roared as a herd of wild beasts. Their last chance of promotion, ambition, or triumph was gone forever. Clay was badly beaten in the Convention; and Taylor was nominated and elected—Millard Fillmore, of New York, being the Vice-President.

Among others, the New York *Express*, edited by the Brookses, published a violent and untrue attack upon me, and refused to publish my reply. Thereupon, I wrote, from the Astor House, to them, demanding, in a determined way, justice; for I was ready, in some form, to defend myself—with pen or sword. So they, next day, published my response. As soon as Clay was beaten, I was filled with regret.

This letter of mine to Henry Clay was written before the publication of my "Writings and Speeches," in 1848; but I did not insert it, because there was no time for cool consideration. Nor will I produce it now, but do justice to Henry Clay. The letters were written under circumstances which excited in me the greatest indignation, in view of all the facts known to me, and aggravated by a misapprehension of other alleged facts.

The mob-movement, begun before the 15th, was called several days beforehand, and was to assemble on the 18th of August, 1845. In the interval, Henry Clay and Robert P. Letcher left Lexington in a private conveyance, and went to the Virginia White Sulphur Springs, unexpectedly to everybody. James B. Clay, a son of Henry Clay, was Secretary of the Revolutionary Committee of Sixty that sent my press to Cincinnati. As the handbills generally circulated in the interior of Kentucky called for my death, it will be seen that I stood here upon impregnable

grounds in my letter. The friends of Clay in the Frankfort Convention had pledged themselves that, if we took no vote in favor of General Taylor, Mr. Clay would not be a candidate; and we took none. When, therefore, I read Mr. Clay's letter, consenting to run for the Presidential nomination, I felt that a new wrong was added to the old. And yet more, Samuel Shy had just written to me, then in New York, that the "Old Chief," and other counsel for James B. Clay, had driven them into trial, with my counsel absent, etc. "Old Chief," as Clay was generally called, turned out to be Chief-Justice Robertson. So all these accumulated wrongs, as I saw them, drove me to turn on my enemies with all the power I could wield.

Such is the history of this noted letter. When I found I was wrong in the assertion of Mr. Clay's presence at the trial, I wrote a letter correcting my statement; and, when I was cool, I felt sincerely sorry for the angry method of my warfare. So much for my defense.

After I compared Mr. Clay with others of modern times, I saw how infinitely more honorable he was than they, and how much he deserved to be President; and, above all, I saw how so many of his pretended friends stabbed him in the dark, till my anger against him turned into pity, for his undeserved fate. Candor now compels me to reverse my opinions of his conduct; and I give the reasons.

When Wickliffe was beaten by me, in 1840, Mr. Clay voted for me. Then arose the slavery issue. I was again a candidate in 1841; and Mr. Clay advised me not to run again, but to await a more favorable time. This I saw was said in good faith. We stood on different ground. Such time for me would never come. I therefore ran again in 1841. Now, as Mr. Clay advised me not to run, and I did not follow his advice, I do not think that I had any right to denounce him in a political sense for leaving me to my fate in 1845. I judged his duty to me by my own heart, not by the logic of events.

With regard to the Texas issue, Mr. Clay never contradicted his "Raleigh letter" by his "Alabama letter." The Abolitionists put a wrong construction upon his letter, which my grievances against him caused me to follow, without sufficient study of his real opinions expressed in those two letters. So that the term "Janus-faced," though apparently applicable, on mature reflection was only so in appearance.

Long years ago his sons and I have been on friendly terms, both of us understanding the truth about these letters; and, had I space, I would publish them now, with the view of giving a true historical account of a personal and political affair in which I claim that the "gallant Harry" was right, and I was wrong. *

* HENRY CLAY. — This gentleman might, had he seen fit, have prevented the mob at Lexington. At any rate, he could have *tried* to stop it. But what did he? According to the papers, he left Lexington on *the day before the mob*, well knowing what was in progress, and abandoned the friend who had been so faithful, and who had done so much for him, to the tender mercies of an infuriated mob! Is this the *chivalrous*, the *generous* "Harry of the West?" Even so. And Henry Clay's son, James B. Clay, *acted as Secretary of the Mob Committee that broke up the printing office!* What think you of this, Whigs of the North?—*Chicago News*, 1848.

For the Louisville Courier.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The extraordinary war which has been made upon me by the press since my publication of the Clay letter, though unparalleled for vindictiveness in the history of this country, strikes no terror into my spirit. I have lived through more concentrated and bitter, if not more wide-spread calumny, than this—biding my time, reposing upon the integrity of my purposes, and the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, till, in the place of my degradation, those same men, in public assembly, and by solemn vote, magnanimously bore testimony to my *honor, integrity, and patriotism*.

Henry Clay's statesmanship is eminently proved by events. The ultra Abolitionists elected Polk, like the Prohibitionists did Cleveland—their antipodes. As Clay predicted, then came war; and the constitution was violated in the annexation of Texas.

The slave-power, encouraged by success, made Texas a slave State, capable of division into many States, and thus brought on the Civil War.

As Clay foretold, Texas, after all, is a free State. But the end is not yet. The Bourbon Democrats are in power. Will they save themselves by making Democratic States out of Texas, and thus change the Senate?

If Clay had been elected by the insane ultraists, in 1844, might not slavery have been abolished peaceably,

In that letter, upon the coolest examination, I find *nothing* to retract. I challenge the friends of H. Clay to its refutation. The *spirit* of the letter I am not by any means prepared to defend. No man feels more truly than I, that it is better to forgive than to avenge! I feel no triumph over H. Clay's defeat. The faults which I attribute to him are such as flow from too great ambition. If ambition be the vice of noble minds, I am more ready to lament than to denounce. I regret that I have, in the discharge of my duty to the Whig Party, and the country, injured the feelings of H. Clay. I forbear to urge the *misapprehension* of facts which influenced me. A man who undertakes to instruct the public can not be allowed to plead ignorance, or mix personal feeling with the sacredness of country. For this, I am ready to suffer the penalty. — C. M. C., 1848.

CORRECTION.

WHITE HALL P. O., MADISON CO., KY., May 19, 1848.

Editor of the Lexington Observer and Reporter:

SIR:—Upon my arrival at Lexington, on my return from Mexico, I learned that Hon. H. Clay was one of the counsel against me in the mob case. Leaving home with that impression, when Mr. Shy wrote to me that he had been forced into trial without my principal witness, without my other two counsel, and in my absence, saying that he had succeeded against the "OLD CHIEF," I concluded that Mr. Clay was, of course, alluded

and the conservative elements of the Nation now be in power in the Union? Ultra factions in all ages have been the ruin of States.

Thus, whilst the Whig Party was divided into personal and political factions, and was hastening to dissolution, the Democrats were in no better condition. John Quincy Adams having attacked, or rather defended, the people against the attack of the slave-power on the Right of Petition, had begun the political war which the Abolition Party had morally organized. He was sustained by Joshua R. Giddings, a Whig, and Salmon P. Chase and John P. Hale, Democrats, as the leading forces. Both parties began rapidly to disintegrate upon this one issue; for Mr. Adams had summed it up long before Seward's "Irrepressible Conflict," by saying: "Slavery will fall before the Union, or the Union will fall before Slavery."

The Democratic Party, which illegally annexed Texas, and had carried on a successful war, seemed to be in the course of a sure victory; but a split occurred, which was fatal to its success. Martin Van Buren, who headed the Hunker, or Pro-slavery, Party in the great State of New York, opposed the annexation of Texas; and, instead of being reëlected by the accustomed courtesy, was superseded by James K. Polk. So, when the election of 1848

to; as this was a designation familiarly used by his acquaintances. I have just learned, however, from a friend, that Mr. Clay was not present at the trial; and, as I have given currency to the report, both by conversation and letter, on my first impressions, it is due to myself and Mr. Clay, that I should now make the only reparation in my power, by asking the publication of this card. I exceedingly regret this error of mine, as it is the cause of some injustice to Mr. Clay at a critical period; and the public press, unfortunately, is not always as ready to repair an injury as to do one.

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

P. S. — I presume Ex-Chief-Justice Robertson was alluded to by the designation of "Old Chief." — C.

came on, and Lewis Cass was made the nominee of the slave-power, Van Buren joined the Barnburners or Liberals. Nominated at Buffalo by all the elements of slave-opposition, including Chase, Giddings, Hale, etc., he carried New York, and thus beat Cass and elected Taylor. Whilst my sympathies were with the Liberal movement and all its elements, I canvassed for Taylor and voted for him. But, though I could well have held office under him, I declined being a candidate for any favor; and pursued my one great aim—the overthrow of slavery by home-action.

The *True American* was, during my absence, edited by my friend, John C. Vaughan, of South Carolina birth, but then an emigré and citizen of Ohio. My brother, Brutus J. Clay, my financial agent, thought it best, during my long absence and uncertain return, to discontinue the paper. As soon as I joined the invading army, my principal supporters, the Abolitionists and some of the political foes of slavery, lost confidence in my purposes, denounced me, and ceased to take my paper. So, whilst it had steadily increased till the Mexican War, it now fell off in circulation. Thereupon Vaughan, taking my material and subscribers' list, located in Louisville, and started the *Examiner*; for now there was no difficulty in carrying on an anti-slavery paper in Kentucky. So, on my return, I paid Vaughan for filling my unexpired list, and adopted his journal for all party purposes.

In 1849 we held an Emancipation Convention in Frankfort, at my instance, and put the State Liberal Party in an advanced position. *

* *Speech of C. M. Clay at the Emancipation Convention, Frankfort, Kentucky, May 4, 1849.*

C. M. Clay, of Madison, remarked that he had not trespassed on the time of the Convention. I know, said he, that I am characterized as impulsive, hot-headed, reckless, and passionate. I knew and felt that there was, even here, a soreness, an unwillingness to hear me, though I had made so many sacrifices for the cause, and had fought for it, in my own humble way, so many

The Convention was gotten up by me. It was my policy to commit as many men as possible to our cause, whatever the degree of their convictions; so I kept in the background. But the resolutions of Judge Samuel Nicholas, as a substitute for the original ones, (weak enough, surely!) would not allow me further silence. Others fell by the wayside; I went on to the end.

I had exposed, in the *True American*, a vulnerable part in the State Constitution, by showing that the prohibition of the emancipation of slaves, without compensation, admitted the power to liberate with compensation; and the right to act, therefore, implied the right to discuss. So the slave-power, defeated at Lexington, intended in time to change the Constitution and make slavery perpetual, so far as a Constitution could effect that object. The last

battles. I was conscious of that feeling here, and therefore felt disinclined to say anything at all. I differed from the majority of the Committee on the resolutions reported; but, in deference to the judgment of the Committee, I forebore to say anything against the report, but openly, here in my place, gave in my adhesion. It was a very large Committee—one from each county represented. They sat in council four or five hours. There was, in committee, a full, frank, and candid interchange of opinion. The report of the committee is the result of that free consultation. It has been reported and is now in the hands of the Convention. We *fanatics* are willing to take your compromise. We think it too moderate; and I have been reproached by some because I yielded. But I have satisfied myself that I did right in yielding.

But is it not astonishing, when we are thrown into confusion because of the moderation of our councils, that we are, at this late hour, presented with another proposition, *cutting very far under the report of the Committee*? And we who have, it is feared, compromised too much already, are asked to come yet lower down! Really, Mr. President, if I did not know my friend, Judge Nicholas, to be at heart a true friend of this cause—if I were left to judge him by his proposition only—I fear I should be constrained to set him down as an emissary from Robert Wickliffe, sr., or John C. Calhoun. I am the more surprised at the proposition, because of the knowledge I have of his intelligence and his devo-

Legislature had called a Convention for such change, and the members were to be elected this year (1849). Feeling now strong enough, by my war record and the current of events, to take the stump and enter upon a full discussion of the subject, an event came to my aid. Two gentlemen, school-teachers, I believe, invited me to speak on slavery at Lawrenceburg, Anderson County, Kentucky. I accepted the invitation, and named the day.

This was an untried field, where the appeal was to be made to the people, with all the excitement and dangers of a face to face debate. Lawrenceburg, the county seat of Anderson County, on the south-west side of the Kentucky River, was then the poor, cross-roads town of a broken, hilly county. It is now quite a flourishing place, made rich by the celebrated Anderson County "Bourbon,"

tion to this cause. I can not, however, sit down without offering a very few remarks, giving reasons why we should not entirely postpone the fight. The report of the Committee leaves us at liberty to go to work now; to-day we may begin the fight, and not cease to battle until the field is ours. What if it be true that politicians and the money-power are against us? Will our silence bring them to us? No sir. They were against us in '78. They have been against us for fifty years; they have grown strong from our supineness, and powerful because of our inaction. The last Legislature put its leaden heel upon us while we slept. Thank God! the touch of that heel has broken our slumber. I have looked to the coming of this day with the deepest, the profoundest solicitude. It is but yesterday that I was denounced as a disturber of the peace — yesterday we were threatened with the halter — to-day we speak in the capital of the State, and we may speak and be heard in every part of the State. The tongue is again free to speak the language of the heart. This is a mighty progress in the cause. It is but the feeble foreshadowing of the great results in store for us. Talk to me about party alliances! Have not the parties forgotten their allegiance to the right in all things, to fasten upon the country this curse of Slavery? 'Tis but the other day that the bans were celebrated in Fayette, between Whigs and Democrats, that slavery might be perpetuated! Shall we be bound down by old party ties while our adversaries are

which its pure and plentiful water and fine grain allow. There were few slave-holders; and the people, far removed by lack of rail and McAdam road from commerce, were rude but independent. Such I deemed a favorable place for testing the possibility of free discussion; for the rencounter at Russell's Cave had taught me that debate was more dangerous on the stump than discussion in the press. Seated in my buggy, behind a fine trotter, on a pleasant spring day in April, and passing over much good road, and twice over the broken, picturesque cliffs of the Kentucky River—at other times the travel would have been delightful.

forgetting or forsaking everything for Slavery? The party in favor of freedom is growing every-where. It has broken through party restraints at the North. It will do so here.

Some say: "It is imprudent to agitate." Shall we vote ourselves agitators? Others may so call us, but are we prepared to say that we are agitators? For myself, I am for agitating this question. If we are to rid ourselves, we must agitate it. When a convention of crowned heads assemble in the old world to establish for their people pure republican governments, then may we expect slave-holders to meet to emancipate their slaves, and not before. As republics are only established by agitating the question of freedom, so is emancipation to be accomplished only through the agitation of the subject. We must convince the people—the real people—of its importance, before it can be done. How are we to get at the non-slaveholders but by agitation? The newspapers, as a general thing, do not reach the non-slaveholders. We must seek them out—at the cross-roads and places of public resort in their neighborhoods. The newspapers are already open. Even that old Hunker press, the (Louisville) *Journal*, has been compelled to open its columns to the friends of emancipation. But we want something more than the press. We want men on the stump. We want to get at the ear of the people. The resolutions of the Committee display a magnanimous moderation. Let us pass them, and then do battle for them. Let every good friend of the cause buckle on his armor and "never say die!"*

*The resolutions were passed, as reported by the Committee.—C. 1885.

In Mexico I had felt two earthquakes—one in the Santa Anna hotel and theatre, at the City of Mexico; and the other at Toluca. The idea is known to all to be that there is no escape by any human effort; and running from the houses into the street is about as dangerous as staying within. So, in the great struggle which I was now entering anew, there was no outside support; and I had to depend upon myself and fate for the solution.

Self-defense is the first law of nature; and, standing upon my rights of State and National Constitutions, I was allowed full discussion of all subjects—even slavery; being responsible by legal process for punishment in its abuse. At Lexington, on the 18th of August, 1845, the combined physical power of the community was too strong for me, and my press was removed to Ohio; but I stood impregnable in my moral strength of self-sacrifice and fortitude, which proved at last triumphant. So, now, I had all the moral and legal forces on my side; and so much physical power as good arms and a brave heart could give me.

If there was such a thing as evil in the world, slavery was an evil. If there was such a thing as justice among men, then justice required the liberation of the slave; and, as to rights: "The greatest of all rights, was the right of a man to himself." If God governed the world by general laws for the greatest happiness of all his creatures, I was in the right direction of the Divine will. If there ever was a Special Providence inspiring the human soul, now it should be felt. Every human thought and act tells in the great destiny of the race, as molecules of water make up the ocean; so each individual is an essential part of that force which directs all to the great ends of our earthly existence. The inspired Scriptures and natural law leading in the same direction, it only remained for me to go in the path of duty, to sow the seed of good fruit. The results were in the regions of the unknown, but the end was with God.

These were the thoughts which were ever present with me in so many trying scenes; and, as Cyrus, before the great battle which decided the fate of Babylon and the Persian Empire, drew up his army and sacrificed to the gods, and thus filled his men with faith and moral power, so I went to my solitary struggles leaning confidently upon the arm of the Omnipotent One.

Never shall I forget the emotions of that day. Before the destruction of the forests, the spring was earlier than now. But it was now about the middle of April. The buds were more than half swollen into leaf; the blue-grass was so rich in green as to assume that peculiar color which in Kentucky only seen gives it that famous name. The plowmen were whistling in the fields; and the girls and boys, white and black, in the gardens, were sending out peals of laughter and merry voices in their pleasant work. In crossing the Kentucky River I was brought face to face with its bold cliffs of limestone and its banks covered with wild-flowers and wild grape-vines, and the dog-wood and red-bud in bloom. The fish were playing in the clear waters; and the redbirds and orioles and thrushes, and other songsters, were building their nests, and pouring forth their mingled voices in one universal jubilation! I could but exclaim, with Byron: "Beautiful! how beautiful is all this visible world!" It reminded me of my earlier days—so many spent in these same ever lovely "hills and dales." Now they were more beautiful than ever. It might be "the last" to me "of earth!" "Our life is a false nature. It is not in the harmony of things—this hard decree—this uneradicable taint of sin!"

How strangely is the mortal and the immortal blended! How these earthly ties held me from my noble aspirations! Why should I give up all self-enjoyment for others' happiness! Why not leave the wronged and the wrong-doer to remorseless fate! Never before was I so shattered in my purposes! Could I, with all my sins, be the protégé

of a sin-hating God? Might I not die the death which the fool dieth at last? Then again my nobler nature revived. Had I not stood unharmed under the most depressing circumstances? Had I not been victorious against overwhelming odds? Why should I not hope? If I stood born of two natures, who made them but God! So, from the unseemly earth spring all the glories of animal and vegetable life! The rose-tree strikes its roots into the very cesspools, but its flowers are bathed in the beauty of eternal sunshine! So strengthened, I went on with a security and a courage which nothing on earth could move.

Thus filled with final resolve, I reached at night-fall my destined village. There was but one hotel, standing by itself, without trees, except a few scraggy locusts, and without a fence. But the landlord was kind; my horse was cared for, and a palatable dinner and supper combined was provided and fully enjoyed.

On inquiring about the gentlemen who had invited me to speak, I learned that they had left the county. Many reflections rushed upon my mind; and the departure of my two friends was no favorable omen.

In these primitive times there was a sawed log placed under the trees as a stand for the wash-pan, and a large towel of coarse flax, or hemp, cloth used in common. I had walked down stairs without my coat; and, of course, unarmed, was washing, when a half dozen men came up, and said: "Is this Cassius M. Clay?" "Yes." "Well, we have some resolutions here, passed in public meeting of our citizens, which we, as their committee, are directed to hand to you." I read them. They were in the usual style, speaking of the dangers of incendiary talk about slavery; and warning me that if I spoke it would be at my own peril! I said: "Gentlemen, I come here by the invitation of two of your citizens; but, with, or without, such request, I stand upon my constitutional rights to discuss any subject whatever that pleases me. Say to your people, that I shall address them at the hour published,

at the court-house." So, bowing, they took their leave, and I went on washing.

During all the forenoon not a person called to see me, nor did any guest put up there. The truth is, I was as great an object of terror and avoidance as if I had come with cholera into the town.

The court-house, a fairly large brick building, was on the same straggling common with my hotel; but it was enclosed with a post-and-rail fence, and surrounded with locust trees. The day was warm and pleasant; and, hours before the time of speaking, the court-house was crowded to its greatest capacity, and many had climbed into the windows and filled many of the nearest trees, like black-birds at roost. At the hour named, locking closely to my two revolvers, and having them carefully near the mouth of my carpet-bag, with my Bowie-knife concealed in my belt, I walked alone to the court-house. By this time the crowd pressed to the very gate; but, as I entered, they opened a lane as I advanced, no one saying a word. The same lane allowed me to pass into the court-room. There were three chairs on a raised platform, or dais, and a small balustrade, a few feet high, around these seats. Two of the chairs were empty, but the central one was occupied by a most remarkable man. He was a giant in frame, about sixty years of age, but then as fresh and vigorous apparently as a man of thirty-five years. I thought to myself, if you are to be my antagonist, I shall have a hard time of it. The whole audience was as still as if there had been but myself there; each looking excited and pale, as men who are on the eve of action. I walked steadily to the vacant seat, and sat down with my carpet-sack by my side, and began to feel for my notes, which I generally laid on the stand, but rarely ever used.

Wash (for such was his name,) rose up, and said: "I understand that this is Cash Clay," motioning his hand toward me, without looking at me. "You all know who I am. The boys who went to Mexico all say that Clay

was their friend in and out of prison, standing by the soldiers, and dividing everything with them. I had no hand in the public meeting held here. But this I do say, that the man who fights for the country has a right to speak about the country. As I said, you all know who I am. I have lived here on Salt River all my life. I have forty children and grand-children, and they are all here. The 'Salt River Tigers' were out in Mexico; and they are here, too. Now, we will stand by Clay, or die!" and down he sat.

A great load was lifted from my shoulders. That spirit of love of country and fair play, which I had hoped to propitiate by going to Mexico, was now realized. I spoke boldly for two hours, and there was not an angry interruption; but, on the contrary, frequent and hearty appreciation, which could not be entirely suppressed. So ended the first anti-slavery speech.

When I was invited to speak in the Lawrenceburg County Convention, in 1876, in favor of Tilden, the programme was broken twice—first at the fair grounds, and at night in the town—by enthusiastic calls for myself; for the speech of 1849 was remembered by many in 1876, and several of the Wash family were present, who had been at the first public assembly of the people on my first visit. The company of "Salt River Tigers" is kept up to this day; and they, too, were there.

In a day or so, on the same visit, I spoke at Taylorsville, in Spencer County. This would fix my speech at Lawrenceburg on about the 14th of April, 1849.*

** From a Spencer County Journal.*

MR. MIDDLETON.—I presume the Secretary of the meeting has transmitted to you the proceedings of the friends of Emancipation in Taylorsville, on Saturday, the 14th. You may be pleased, however, to hear, more in detail, the effects of the address of Captain C. M. Clay.

The opinion, made up from the various reports, verbal and written, is generally entertained that Captain Clay is an Abolitionist in

The efforts of the slave-power to change the Constitution, which began in 1835, had now matured into a call of a Convention to take place in 1849-'50. By this time, finding that my political career had ended in Fayette, I removed back to my native home in Madison, where, also, on my return from Mexico, I had been received with great enthusiasm. Having broken the ice at Lawrenceburg, this Convention afforded a good field for political discussion. The only avowed candidate on the Liberal side was Thomson Burnam, the father of Curtis Field Burnam, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under Grant.

As two delegates to the Convention were allowed to our county, Squire Turner, a lawyer of prominence at the Richmond bar, and Wm. Chenault were ultimately nominated. I had two objects in view; first, to propagate my opinions, and then, if the popular voice warranted, to become a candidate for the Convention myself. Whenever Turner spoke in public, I replied to him. The large mass of the voters here, as elsewhere in the State, were non-slaveholders, and it was to them that I most appealed.

the most offensive sense; and the citizens of Spencer sympathized with it. The fact that the friends of Emancipation had invited him to deliver a public address on Slavery, naturally produced a feeling of surprise; and every one went prepared to hear nothing but bitter denunciation, and wild, ranting fanaticism! But they were disappointed! He defined his position, and that of the Emancipation Party in Kentucky; and then proceeded to support that position in a speech of singular force and ability. For two hours the audience listened with profound attention to his earnest appeals, occasionally giving evidence of their gratification in murmurs of applause; and, at the close, a perfect round; and then dispersed, satisfied that he was not an *incendiary*!

Great good was done by that speech; and the gallant Captain left Taylorsville with the good wishes of many who looked coldly upon him as he entered it. The friends of reform judged well when they selected him to plead their cause; and we doubt not he will find ample work during the present canvass. C****.

TAYLORSVILLE, *April* 16, 1849.

Turner and I had never been friends. Now, it was plain to all that I was beating him in debate; and that my followers were increasing. The slave-power became alarmed, and rallied to Turner's support. Angry feelings began to arise, and the debate to grow more personal. This was Turner's policy, as mine was peace. At Tate's Creek, among his relations, he grew quite offensive in his remarks, and I replied in an equal tone of defiance. The next meeting was at Foxtown, my immediate neighborhood. That lulled my suspicions, and I expected no assault there, at least. So, though I always went armed, and had pistols in my hand-sack, I had only a Bowie-knife when I spoke. Turner opened the debate, as usual; but became extremely violent. With great animation, he depicted the evils of agitation of the slavery-question, and was more personal than usual. In response, I was equally in earnest; and, when interrupted by a young lawyer, named Runion, I denounced him as "Turner's tool," and defied him. As soon as I stepped down from the table on which I stood, Cyrus Turner, the lawyer's son, came up to me, gave me the lie, and struck me. I had already been told, calmly, by one of my neighbors, who was now among the conspirators, that if I did not quit the discussion of the subject I would be killed. So knowing, as in Brown's case, what this meant, I at once drew my knife. I was immediately surrounded by about twenty of the conspirators, my arms seized, and my knife wrested from me. Thinking it might be a friendly intervention to prevent blood-shed, I made but little resistance. But I found that the loss of my knife but subjected me to renewed attack. I was struck with sticks, and finally stabbed in the right side, just above the lower rib—the knife entering my lungs, and cutting apart my breast-bone, which has not united to this day. Seeing I was to be murdered, I seized my Bowie-knife; and, catching it by the handle and the blade, cutting two of my fingers to the bone, I wrested it from my opponent, and held it firmly for use.

The blood now gushed violently from my side; and I felt the utmost indignation. I flourished my knife, clearing the crowd nearest me; and looked out for Turner, determining to kill him. The way was opened, and I advanced upon him, and thrust the knife into his abdomen, which meant death. At this time my eldest son, Warfield, being about fourteen years old, had procured a pistol, and handed it to me. It was too late. I was feeble from the loss of blood; and, crying out that "I died in the defense of the liberties of the people," I was borne to my bed in the hotel by my friends. Turner was also taken into another room.

It turned out that the conspirators numbered over twenty; and the idea that I was killed, and too many around me, saved me. But two persons besides my son interfered. William and Wyatt Wilkerson rendered me great service. William prevented Thomas Turner from shooting me in the back of the head with a pistol, which he snapped; and Wyatt Wilkerson threw him under the table, where preparations had been made for dinner. Wyatt was wounded with a knife in the arm. I had many friends present; but, as is usual, they were paralyzed by the sudden and unexpected attack. Every body thought I would die, but myself. I allowed no probing of the wound; and ordered nothing to be given me, relying on my vigor of constitution, and somewhat upon my destiny.

I had never had any intercourse with young Turner. He had married the daughter of a gentleman whom I much respected, and who had been one of the associates of my earlier years. He had evidently acted in obedience to others, and had been put forward by more cowardly men. So I sent him word that, as it seemed that we were rather driven by events than any personal feeling, I regretted the necessity of having given him such a wound (which I knew to be fatal), and proposed a reconciliation. This he accepted, and returned me a friendly answer of forgiveness. He died, and I lived.

I lay a long time, unable to turn over in my bed; and to this day I feel the effects, at times, of these wounds of the knife and the stick upon the spine and pelvis. In the meantime, exaggerated and false statements of the rencounter having been published, I took occasion to publish, by dictation, a refutation of the many falsehoods. Dr. G. Bailey, who had severely criticised my work of 1848, and who was now publishing the *National Era* at Washington City, attacked me—I suppose because I was not killed!—at least, he denounced my use of arms, because I said that I had more efficient weapons in my sack at the hotel, and wore only my knife.

And thus through life I have been between two fires—the Slave-power on one side, and the Abolition cranks on the other. One of these fellows, of New England, regretted that I had not been killed! And such men as Bailey seemed to hate me, either because I was a Southerner; or because I threw contempt upon a large class of his school, who added cowardice to their false theory of anti-slavery action.

Before I arose again from my bed, the election had closed, and Turner and William Chenault were sent to the Convention. Here was made that infamous (1850) Constitution which to this day defies the National organic law—holding that the right of the slave-holder to his “slave and the increase” is “higher” than any other human or divine law!

As I had denounced the overthrow of all efforts to save the common-school fund to the education of the non-slaveholding whites, they, as a tub to the whale, made this fund thereafter inviolable; and, by a ruinous and fatal policy, made, for the same reason, the judiciary elective—all this to reconcile the poor whites to slavery, which they hoped to make perpetual by an unchangeable Constitution, which can never be reached but by an appeal to the original and indefeasible power of the people to make and unmake their organic law. It is now his-

tory that the Constitutions of the States and Federal Government are no higher than public opinion; and here, as in Great Britain, the Public Will is the Constitution.

Now, should the Slave Party get into the National Government, and, through political action, or judicial decision, make the late amendments null and void, the slaves in Kentucky, now free, could be claimed and held by their former masters; and the Kentucky Constitution would sustain them.* Hence, when I attempted, after General Hancock's defeat, in 1880, to urge a change of the Constitution of the State, the *Louisville Courier-Journal* refused me, in the most decided manner, the use of its columns for discussion; and yet we read, all through the Democratic press, denunciations of the Czar because of the suppression of the liberty of utterance!

It was in this year I addressed the following five letters to Hon. Daniel Webster, and which were originally published in the *National Era*, at Washington City:

MADISON CO., KY., *March* 20, 1850.

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER—

DEAR SIR:—I have just read your late speech in the Senate upon the slavery question.

I trust that, in making some comments upon it, I will not be considered wanting in respect to yourself. Humble as I am, I am too proud to flatter; yet, what I have said, I say again, that I have always regarded you as the largest intellect in the nation. Whatever you may say, therefore, is at once a matter of importance to all the thinking men of the Republic. But, with freemen, no man's opinion is *authority*. And the humblest citizen may, without the imputation of presumption, venture to differ even from Daniel Webster. But, such now is not my province. I come to shelter myself under the prestige of your great name; hoping thereby to win attention to truths which only want a hearing for their ultimate recognition.

Although this speech is able, broad, and well balanced, it is not one which will be proudly referred to, even by your admirers. Mere intellect can not of itself constitute greatness—such great-

* This was written before the last Presidential election.—C. 1885.

ness, at all events, as men love to cherish. Whatever utterance fails to strengthen good purposes, and to widen the channels of human sympathy, and to increase the prospects of the amelioration of the ills of humanity, were well not to be uttered at all.

Others, like you, cherish the Union of these States. A Constitutional Government which protects us from foreign subjection, and gives us a large share of security to life, liberty, and property at home, is a great thing. Any man, who should mount one principle as "a war horse to ride" it down, would be as mad as he who would extinguish the sun, as you say, because of its spots. Though African slavery be a great evil and wrong, it is not the greatest evil, or the greatest wrong, possible. For my part, regarding slavery, as it exists in America, as the most atrocious of all despotisms, I yet prefer it—greatly prefer it—to anarchy. Any Government on earth is better than none.

But are we reduced to this miserable alternative? I trust we are not. As little manliness and reason as there is left among us, I believe there is enough to save us from such a humiliating confession.

I was asked, in Cincinnati, last winter, "Would there be a dissolution of the Union?" I said no; the North would recede from her position; the South would get all she asked. That the cry of dissolution would be used to carry a point, as boys muddy the water to catch lobsters? I claim no great credit for sagacity; I had seen the thing before!

The position of affairs compel us, then, to look at the Union as it is, and at its possible dissolution.

As much as the Union is to be loved, it is not to be loved more than a *national conscience*. If the idea, all along held, that slavery, by the terms of the Constitution, was to be allowed time "to die out" with decency, be ill founded, and the Constitution is to be so "compromised" that slave and free States shall receive equal encouragement and protection, and slavery and freedom be equally extended forever, I prefer dissolution to that!

If the Constitution is to be made vital, in the free States, to the returning a slave into bondage, but not potent to protect a freeman from slavery in the South, I prefer dissolution to that! I say nothing of Lynch law and proscription upon natives of the South, for exercising the liberty of speech, that would not be remedied by dissolution.

If the moral influence of our declaration of rights, our example

as a Republic, our personification of liberal opinions, is to be lost to our own self-elation, and to the "glory of mankind," and our domestic and foreign policy is to be made subservient to slave-holding will and to slave-holding sentiments, I prefer dissolution to that! If the national spirit of the "compromise" must forswear justice and humanity forever, and bow down to an altar consecrated to crime, where up-headed manliness can never venture with honor to itself, or respect to others, then give me dissolution! Give me justice—give me the true principles of liberty—give me manliness—give me trust in humanity—give me faith in God,—and I will risk the reconstruction of society, and the reorganization of nations,—knowing well that something *better may* happen, but that nothing *worse can* come than such a union—a body without a soul, that stinks in the nostrils of sentiment, of reason, and of religion!

Whilst, then, I commend your submission to law; your determination to pass laws, in good faith, for the return of fugitives from service; and your determination to stand by the pledged faith of the Government in regard to the admission of four more slave States from Texas, if she will it; your fixed purpose, in or out of the public councils, to stand upon "the penalties of the bond,"—I can not but regret that you did not feel it your duty, as a Northern Senator, as Daniel Webster, as a MAN, to say a word in favor of freedom, which would encourage its friends, and carry terror into the hearts of its enemies.

Twenty millions of men, spread from sea to sea!—if there be not a man of great soul among them, is more a cause for tears and contrition than of triumph and laudatory poetry!

It is a subject of regret, that you did not equally as decisively lay down the platform of defense, where liberty is to entrench herself against the assaults of those who, you confess, have moved from the ground occupied at the formation of the Constitution, and now threaten to enter, with bloody feet, upon consecrated ground, or to destroy the temple of our common worship; that you have not said for your "section" what Mr. Calhoun has said for his; that, at all hazards, Northern freemen shall remain so, even to the throwing down of the stone walls of Charleston, or New Orleans; that free territory, by Mexican law, by American law, and by "nature's law," shall remain free, though Southern madmen rage in wordy war in Congress, or Quattlebums march to drum and fife in the field; that right wrongs no man, and that manliness and fair dealing compel you to say what you intend to do, that the North

and South may learn that you do homage, if not to a "Wilmot's," at least to "Nature's" proviso.

In my humble judgment, these issues have to be met at last; the sooner the better for us, and for all mankind.

This is no time for "courtly complaisance." It is not necessary to go to Europe to see a war of extermination and despair; here and now are blood and crime, and a death struggle. Liberty and Slavery can not co-exist! One or the other must triumph utterly.

"Where are you to go?" You will be allowed to take "no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck." The good old ship, "Constitutional Liberty," must be kept afloat (to continue your metaphor,) by strong arms and gallant hearts, or else the piratical hulk, "Slavery," will send you and us where tyrants in all ages have sent and will send all who submit not unqualifiedly to themselves—to the bottom!

Respectfully, I am your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

MADISON CO., KY., *March 23, 1850.*

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER—

DEAR SIR:—The opening of your speech, in an artistic point of view, is admirable; but, as I do not propose to consider it as a rhetorical effort, but to confine myself to *sentiments* and *principles*, I must deny myself the pleasure of dwelling upon the force, transparency, brevity, unfrequent but startling imagery, unity, logic powerful in "exhausting" statement of premises, sarcasm more cutting from its partial magnanimity, and other marked peculiarities which characterize your utterance.

"Wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing doctrine" become not only Senators, but all men. "Wise, patriotic, and healing" are very good words, at all times, especially in troublous times. But "moderate" I have very little respect for. What little consideration it once had among men has been lost by its unfortunate associations. It has not kept good company for many long years, to my certain knowledge. It has so long followed upon tame-spirited men, that it is now regarded as almost a coward; and has been courted so much by time-serving divines, and office-seeking politicians, who are too yielding by half to what may be the popular will, that its motives are more than half suspected! For my part, I avow I hate the word for its own sake. Like many a "good fellow," it is liberal out of other people's pockets—forgetting to be

just before being *generous*. The Southern man who reaps all the benefits of slavery can afford to be "moderate." The Northern man who deems himself a millionaire only in consequence of slave-grown and slave-growing cotton can afford to be "moderate." The divine whose cushioned pews are filled only with slave-holders can afford to be "moderate." The politician who knows the power of wealthy crime every-where is exceedingly "moderate" at all times; but upon this subject of slavery the word does not convey the idea. I do not desire to be offensive; I forbear a substitute. But what are the three millions of "peeled Africans" to think of the complacent "moderation" of these magnanimous "compromisers" of principle! What are we, the five millions of non-slaveholders of the South, to think of these "moderate" gentlemen whose "courtly complaisance" subjects us to an almost equal servitude!

I beg of you, then, to spare your admirers the pain of this suspicious companion; leave it, I pray you, to the dodgers of great, but inconvenient, questions, whom God in his equal beneficence has given to the poor and obscure, to reconcile them to their apparently hard lot, by showing what exquisite meanness of character is sometimes found in the high places of earth!

To the graphic and brief, though comprehensive, summary of the causes which have precipitated the country into the present great struggle, I do not particularly object. Still, I think that you overrate your powers, as great as they are, if you suppose that you, with the aid your eloquence can bring to your standard, can restore the country to "quiet and harmony;" which God has made the ministering angels that wait upon the good only, and which the determined perpetrators of wrong can never know!

I venture to assert, also, that you have not looked steadily into "the profoundest depths" which the storm discloses. Yes, I deny that there is, has been, or ever can be, any genuine "peace," until one of the great contending powers is reduced to unconditional submission, or death! The war began with the Constitution; or, rather, the war began before the Constitution — which is, at best, as interpreted now, but a truce, not a treaty, of peace.

Were it not too serious a subject for diversion, I would draw you a picture, whose absurdity would make me a madman, were not facts to come to my help, and place the cap and bells upon more illustrious heads.

I imagine you and Mr. Calhoun amid "the storm;" and you have both laid hands upon that "fragment of a wreck" which is

only large enough to save one from death. You are both exhausted by a struggle with the raging elements; and, by lying quietly, your noses are kept above water. Mutual safety dictates a truce. As your strength revives, you see that one or the other must at last master the plank. Mr. Calhoun quietly takes out his knife and cuts off one of your fingers. You affect not to be aggrieved, but in turn cut off one of his toes! "Allow me, my dear sir, to take off your ear," says Mr. Calhoun; and he suits the action to the word! "With your permission, brother," you respond, "I will cut off your nose!" Then comes an arm—then a leg—and, at last, the death struggle!

Such is the game of slavery and freedom. One or the other must die!

Give me Alabama, says the South. Strengthen me with Maine, says the North. Give me Florida, give me Louisiana, give me Texas, says Slavery. Give me Ohio, and Michigan, and Oregon, says Freedom.

So far, they are only taking breath, and preparing the knife. "Now, give me leave to cut off a part of California—a mere finger. Let me sever from your body New Mexico; it is but an arm!"

Yes, sir, the parties have taken breath; have long since begun to cut! The North was cut, when she assented to a limited term of the slave-trade! She was cut, when she set five slaves in equality of representation with three Northern freemen! She was cut, when she agreed to play Cuban bloodhound and slave-catcher for the South! She was cut, when the first new slave State was admitted into the Union! She was cut, yet deeper, when, by a mere resolution of Congress, in violation of the treaty-making power, "new" slave States of Texas birth were agreed to be admitted into the union! She was cut, when her sons, for nearly half a century, bowed down into the very dust to pick up the scattered crumbs which fell from the table of a slave-holding Government! She was cut, when the mail was prostituted to slave-holding surveillance! She was cut, when by the "Southern common law" her sons were hung for exercising the liberty of speech! She was cut, when her white citizens were imprisoned for addressing, through the press, the whites of the South! She was cut, when she was plunged into the slave-hunt of Florida! She was cut, when began the Executive war of Texas, for the acquisition of slave territory! She was cut, yes, cut to the vitals, when the

ambassadors of Massachusetts were driven, with ruffian force, from the vindication of her rights in the "glorious Union" by your "Southern brethren!" Cut, sir, disgracefully cut! whilst a free citizen of the North lies for a moment of time in a prison of Charleston, or New Orleans, without crime, or without redress!

And at last, sir, when the arrogant and infamous demand is made, to cut you off from California (concerning which you will have something to say hereafter, when everybody else has done with saying), you are flatly told that the truce is annulled—the "Union" dissolved—unless you submit duly to that cutting?—no! but to some indefinite cutting, which shall reduce your strength—which, in spite of all Southern trimming of limbs, is likely to prove an over-match for the "peculiar institution."

I think, sir, your "moderation" is above all admiration! I could have pardoned something like a wry face—a suppressed twitch of the muscles—an ill-concealed groan! Yes, sir, even a lion might have been moved to "roar you as gently," at least, "as any sucking dove;" or a god to have hurled once more his stolen "thunder" recovered!

Your historical review is rather singular. I have given you credit for unity, in your orations; now, you have either violated your usual artistic skill, or else you stand as the apologist of slavery. It is true that the argument, that a thing has always existed, and therefore is right, seems exceedingly silly to any but slave-holders. But just as much reason exists to justify murder; murder has always been committed, and, therefore, murder is right. Such is the argument; and, absurd as it is, it is often used by slave-holders; and is the best they have. It is to be regretted that you so stated the question, that you either mean the same thing, or mean nothing!

Besides, it would have been easy for you to have shown that slavery has, from time immemorial, been undergoing a process of amelioration and final decay—a doctrine not held speculatively, but based upon authentic history.

I, like you, have read the proceedings of the Methodist Church; but I rejoice at its division. I rejoice that there has been found true religion enough to break through sectarian drill. I rejoice that the Christian Religion has been lustrated, even by a portion of its followers, from criminal subservience to a relic of barbarism, which the wild Indian had not conceived, and Mahometans have abolished, for "the honor of the Prophet, and the glory of mankind." I re-

joice at it, as a shadow of future events, which indicate that there is a better time near at hand in Church and State. I rejoice that it will wisely be taken as a sign that the time for "compromise" is past forever! Very truly, your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

MADISON CO., KY., *March 25, 1850.*

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER—

DEAR SIR:—Your reflections upon fanatics are ingenious, and, in the main, just. Fanatics, upon a small scale, are especially annoying. They interrupt the current of human opinions, without turning the channel, or enlarging its bounds. But the evolution of a "single idea," when it lies at the foundations of society and government, is one of the boldest, most useful, and glorious of human achievements. The great battles of human freedom and true morals have been won by just such men as you describe. I need hardly mention examples. Take the human life of Christ himself. He was a fanatic to the Jews and Gentiles. To the Jews "a stumbling block," to the Greeks "foolishness," and to the Romans an innovator—"turning things upside down." After all, the new ideas which He introduced into the world were few, but of immense importance—underlying the whole fabric of human society and government. By a subtle analysis of the human heart, He enunciated a rule of conduct which is applicable to all possible emergencies of moral action: "Do unto others as you would others should do unto you." The other idea was the rejection of all physical peace-offerings to God. The doctrine of material sacrifice was world-wide, and pervaded all classes of society—more fixed and universal in human opinion, perhaps, than any other idea. This He rejected, and restored nature to herself. Teaching that the true worship of God was the perfecting of His greatest work—man. Enlighten the intellect; purify the soul; and beautify the body—these are the three bases of all true worship of God. And, if so, our fanatical friends, the Northern Abolitionists, are not so narrow in their ideas as one may suppose. Slavery is in direct antagonism to the only elements of human civilization and progress. Are not, then, the great mass of cavillers at the "one-ideaists" themselves to be pitied, who can not see their great truth! I imagine to myself John C. Calhoun listening to your strictures upon fanatics. Now one, and then another, of these "odious agitators" pass in the memory's review: first Hale and Giddings; and then, as you dilate

upon the subject, William L. Garrison, the arch-fanatic, appears. He enjoys the sport; you mend your pace; he is in ecstasies; the "fun grows fast and furious," till, like Tam O'Shanter, he can contain himself no longer—"Well done," he cries! "*Quid rides? de te fabula narratur!*" Daniel Webster denounces fanatics!—the greatest of fanatics applauds!

"Impatient men" there are, no doubt, too. Some of them have been waiting for sixty years, and more, for slavery to "die out;" and yet it seems as unwilling to give up the ghost as it did in 1787! How much longer must we patiently wait? How long do you think the slave-holders would have us wait? They are proverbially liberal, sir; leave it to them, and we should be as well off as Sheridan's creditors!—"the day after judgment" would be soon enough! I do not see the appositeness of your parallel between the rise of Christianity and the fall of Slavery. Moral truth is one thing, and political action is another. We can not compel belief, but we can action. In Niblo's garden, in 1837, your perceptions seemed to be somewhat clearer. You would hardly have regarded it as a good reason for setting up slavery in Texas, where Mexico had abolished it, that the Christian religion had been a long time in existence, and had not yet subjected all the world!

"Impatience," if the South was in good faith making efforts and sacrifices to extinguish slavery, would be worthy of denunciation. But, when they are doing the very opposite, such ill-timed sympathy will hardly be set down, by impartial men, as the fruit of an enlarged charity! And moral insensibility is worse than fanaticism! It may be true that society, left to itself, in all cases, may right itself at last. Soil, by bad culture, may in a single year waste the accumulations of centuries! True, centuries will restore it; but is it the part of wisdom to take the remedy instead of the prevention? So, sir, it is with regard to government and morals. Your idea, that moral truth is not capable of demonstration as is mathematics, is now admitted by the best thinkers to be founded in error. The method is different, but the result—*certainly*—is equally attainable, though the process be more difficult and the data more complicated. But what if true? The standard of every man's action must be at last what he believes right. You seem, however, to follow a learned magistrate, such as the great West sometimes boasts: "He was satisfied, from *all* the evidence, that the complainant ought to gain his suit; but, out of *abundance of caution*, he would decide for the defendant!" Your charity to-

ward Southern Christianity is in part well based. There are many, very many, conscientious slave-holders; but they are the "weaker brethren." The leading minds among them are as finished Jesuits and swindling hypocrites as ever wore a black gown! The regular slave-traders are infinitely better men!

The opinions of the fathers of the Government were as you say. It was expected that slavery would "run out."

Sherman and Madison and others were not willing to allow that man could have property in man. Those who had just made solemn avowals to the world of the right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, were ashamed to put the word slavery in the Constitution. Washington and others looked forward to an early extinction of slavery as a fixed fact. All, all united in denouncing it as an evil. Some, as a curse, a wrong, and a sin.

Will any man deny, from all the evidence in the premises, that it was a part of "the compromise" that slavery was allowed time merely to die with decency! The Ordinance of 1787, prohibiting slavery north of the Ohio, was coeval with the Constitution. The time of slave-importation was limited; and the institution itself was denounced.

Now, sir, when so much is said about "good faith" and "compromise," might not one who comprehended the "great mission" of our nation (such is the cant phrase!) have said to the slave propagandists, you are at war with nature—at war with the advance of Christianity; at war with the progress of civilization; at war with our avowed sentiments and the organic law of our Government; at war with the spirit of the national "co-partnership;" at war with "the compromises of the Constitution;" at war with every pure conscience—and ought to be and will be, "resisted at all hazards and to the last extremity!"

Pardon me, I think such a declaration was to have been expected from you. Allow me to say, it would have done more even to "preserve the Union" than all your "moderation" and all your "charity." I refer you to Governor Hammond as my authority for saying that "moderation," "charity," and "moral suasion," are, with slave-holders, synonymous with cowardice, impertinence, and "nonsense!"

The main cause of the abandonment by the South of the faith of our fathers is, as you state it, the increase of the cotton crop. But this cause has passed north of Mason and Dixon's line, and produced a change of tone in both free and slave States.

The cause is one thing; the justification is another. Your defense of the South is characteristic of the legal profession. What are truth and right in the face of one hundred millions of dollars?

That which was a curse, a wrong, and a sin, in 1787, by one hundred millions of dollars, in 1850, is converted into a blessing, a right, and a religious charity.

As much as I abhor slavery, I abhor the defense more. One strikes down the liberty of the African; the other, mine. One enslaves a people; the other, the human race. The one avowedly prostrates only political rights; the other saps the foundations of morals and civil safety, also. This "political necessity" is the father of murder, of robbery, and all religious and governmental tyranny. This is the damnable doctrine upon which was built the inquisition, the star-chamber, and the guillotine.

No, sir; that which is a fault in individuals, is a crime in governments. We can guard against the danger of a single assassin, but a government is irresistible and immortal in its criminal inflections.

The doctrine that individual honesty is compatible with political profligacy, or that individual and governmental responsibility are distinct, is one of the boldest sophisms that was ever allowed to linger among the shallow falsehoods of the past.

Retribution follows swift in the footsteps of crime, whether perpetrated by one or a thousand. "Though hand join to hand," the wicked shall not stand. The poisoned chalice of slave-holding propagandism is already commended to their own lips. Their spirit of aggression has awakened a like spirit of resistance. They would have Texas; we will have California! Yes, sir; though cotton and cotton mills perish forever! The unconstitutional precedent of a simple majority of both Houses taking in slave States, will in turn crush the political power of the South to atoms. Then how long will her God-defying tyranny stand before the hot indignation of a world in arms? Respectfully, your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

MADISON CO., KY., *March 26, 1850.*

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER —

DEAR SIR:—If it were my purpose, as it is not, to make out a case of inconsistency against you, I could show that you once held a different idea in regard to the validity of the Texas annexation.

Two foreign States can not become one, except by treaty; and

the treaty-making power belongs to the President and a two-thirds plurality of the Senate. This power was usurped by a simple majority of both Houses of Congress, and Texas annexed. If the Texas resolutions had been clearly legal, I still deny the power of one Congress to absorb to itself a power which the Constitution has made the right of all Congresses alike. And if the difficulty of remedying an evil which effects such large masses of people forbids us to expel Texas from the fraternity of States, neither sense, good faith, or good morals, compel us to complete an unconstitutional and criminal agreement. Such is the doctrine of law and of morals. Whilst I, then, am as fully impressed with the necessity, in governmental affairs, to submit to precedent, and with a conservative spirit to acquiesce in the national determination, I think in excess of "moderation," or in too hot haste to take a tilt at the Northern Democracy, you overrun the writings of "the bond."

But granting, for argument's sake, that the resolutions of 1845 are, first, constitutional in their inception, and next, binding absolutely upon succeeding Congresses, I take issue with you in their construction.

The resolutions are, in part: "New States of convenient size, not exceeding *four* in number, in addition to the said State of Texas, and having sufficient population, MAY hereafter, by the consent of said State, be formed out of the territory thereof, which shall be entitled to admission under the provisions of the Federal Constitution. And such States as may be formed out of that portion of said territory lying south of $36^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, commonly known as the Missouri Compromise line, shall be admitted into the Union, with or without slavery, as each State asking admission may desire; and in such State or States as shall be formed out of said territory north of said Missouri Compromise line, slavery or involuntary servitude (except for crime,) shall be prohibited."

Now, in the face of this, you have these extraordinary words: "And the guaranty is, that new States shall be made out of it; and that such States as are formed out of that portion of Texas lying south of $36^{\circ} 30'$ may come in as *slave States* to the number of *four*, in addition to the State then in existence."

Here, again, you are ahead of "the bond." The most favorable construction can only give the South *three* slave States; for all north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ is prohibited from slave contamination, and, of course, can never be a distinct Slave State. It must, therefore, become a free State of itself, or, joined with a part of the soil

south of $36^{\circ} 30'$, be a free State. In either case, *three* slave States can only remain. Here you have not rightly "expounded."

Again, what necessity is there to form three slave States south of the line, and only one north of the line, more than there is for the reverse? Or why not presume that two may be made on each side? Are all inferences, all advantages, to be forever on the side of slavery? Once more you overrun "the bond."

You are not only wrong once, twice, three times, but radically wrong—wrong in the premises, and in the conclusion—wrong in spirit and in intellect!

The truth is, there is not a shadow of obligation to admit new States out of Texas at all! unless one *free* one north of $36^{\circ} 30'$, in order to preserve the spirit of the Compromise; else, where is the equivalent for the slave State of Texas herself?

Congress, by the resolutions, only reserves to herself the contingent power of breaking down the overgrown bounds of Texas; but imposes no obligation on herself to do so.

The language is "MAY." Now "may" is always contingent or conditional. It "may," or it "may" not. If they may not be admitted, why are you so ready to pledge yourself, both now and hereafter, to admit slave States!

If there was any obligation on Congress to admit new slave States, the language would have been "*shall*." When they come to define the character of the States, if admitted, the conditional "may" is dropped, and the definite "shall" adopted. This all seems too plain for dispute. Precedent in ordinary laws, as well as grammar and logic, sustain me.

"Congress may admit new States into the Union." Is Congress here *bound* to admit *all* new States into the Union, which may ask or "consent?" If so, how came you to violate your oath of obedience to the Constitution by voting against Texas? I know not which is the most to be deplored, your cause, or your advocacy!

Your denunciation of those Northern Democrats, who betrayed the cause of freedom in the Texas plot, is well deserved. I never had much faith in a death-bed repentance. The hell of conscience, and the damnation of all good men, is theirs forever! But I can not appreciate that judgment which condemns the repentant sinner, and yet defends the determined perpetrator of the same crime! For, after all, slavery-extension can not be whitewashed by any amount of self-interest in its Southern supporters! I trust

you are not about to institute a new code of moral law, which, like your theory of slavery, grades iniquity by the rise and fall of the mercury—so that what is villainous in 42° north, is most reasonable, and little less than virtuous, in 32° farther south!

I can not understand how you venture the assertion that slavery can not, by the "laws of nature," exist in California and New Mexico! When, in point of fact, slavery, "in the gross," previous to the confirmatory act of 1836, did exist in those very provinces; and "peonism" exists there now!

Nor can "peonism," or the cheapness of labor there, prevent the existence of slavery.

African slavery can only be rendered "unprofitable" to the individual slave-holder, where a more intelligent and equally active and muscular race is reduced to the necessity of underworking the slave—that is, by doing more work, or better, for the same wages, food, shelter, and clothing. That stage of depression of labor is many centuries off in California and New Mexico. Now, cheap labor (for it has ceased already in California,) in New Mexico, arises from the case of living in a sunny climate, among an indolent and primitive people—the very case most favorable for slavery. Where a harsh climate, or sterile soil, require all the efforts of a man to live in the simplest manner, there slavery can not live. But where a man may support himself with nine hours' labor, and three may go to the profit of the master, there slavery may be "profitable." A good soil may be in a very cold climate; and there may slavery go. A fair climate may have a very poor soil; and even there, also, may slavery go. But I understand that these provinces have both good soil and climate; then, by all that is sacred in absurdity, why may not slavery go there? Where is your "law of Nature?"

The South says she only "wants time to get in;" and, whatever else the South may do, she never stultifies herself! Slavery is her only God—she never affected to know or care anything about the "law of Nature!"

In arguing the "profitableness" of slavery, simply in a pecuniary point of view, I confine myself to the individual masters. The aggregate population is always injured, the total wealth always less, by slavery! Unlike in the old fable, the belly grows, but the members perish; when they can no longer "give," the belly also dies!

Those who wait for slavery "to cure itself"—"to die out in the natural way"—wait for the ruin of the State. Like the silly

farmer, who trusted to the sheep to kill the briers, they will find at last the briers dead, and the sheep also!

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

MADISON CO., KY., *April 3, 1850.*

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER—

DEAR SIR:—I think I showed, in my last letter, that slavery is very slightly, if at all, affected by climate or soil. The history of the world confirms the reasoning. It is enough to say that the worst grade of serfdom now exists in "the everlasting snows" of Siberian Russia. I stated that, so far from nature's law having forbid slavery in Mexico and California, they were, of all the countries in the world, most suited to slavery. The "Asiatic features" of the country, I thought, were the best for slavery, as Asia has ever been fuller of despotism than Europe. Nothing struck me with so much force, in passing through Mexico, as the fact that the physical features of the country warred against a middle class of small landholders, who are the best depositaries of freedom. The very necessity of irrigation requires large capital and a single ownership. Hence, the tendency is toward master and slave, or landlord and tenant, almost inevitably—the most unfavorable case for free institutions. But if the tillable land invites to slavery, equally so do the barren hills, whose only wealth is mineral mines. Surely, if any business would make slave-labor profitable in the world, mining is that business. And yet, in the face of these facts, you obstinately insist that the law of God forbids slavery there! Once more, your reasoning is as bad as your facts! You "will not reënact the law of God!" I belong to that fanatical class who believe that the business of law-makers is to reënact the laws of God and Nature, and nothing else. Pray, sir, if that sort of law is not to be reënacted, what sort is? Only those which are at war with God and Nature? If there are any "gentlemen," North or South, whose sensibilities are likely to be wounded by the reënactment of the laws of God or Nature, those I would take care to wound; because they would deserve to be wounded, as all crime deserves punishment! I understand, then, that the substance of all this is, that you refuse to reclaim your stolen "thunder!" *You back out from the Wilmot Proviso!* You speak of some men who, when they change themselves, contend that the world around had changed! These are the shallow sub-

terfuges of weak minds. Not so with the heroic genius! With him, history has changed! its valleys have changed! its hills are not the same! "A plague on all cowards, say I." "Is there no virtue extant?" "I will not give you a reason upon compulsion" — "I will not reenact the law of God!"

You are quite happy in your vindication of the South from Northern aggression. But I look in vain to find a word of complaint on the part of the North against the South. At this, I am not surprised. The North has proven herself quite tame in her submission to insults and to blows! I have already attended to this; I shall not go over the same ground.

I suppose the large class of merchants and manufacturers of Massachusetts, whom you represent, applaud your course. The point of honor with them is, to "put money in their purse!" Nobody expected them to show any spirit of manliness—any resistance to wrong—any demand for rights!

But Massachusetts has not "lost the breed of noble bloods." There is a remnant of the old Puritan stock, who do not worship only the belly!—men who put principle before gold—men who rightly comprehend the rights of man, and have the iron will and the indestructible energy to achieve their final vindication!

It had been well if you had passed them in silence. It were well for Daniel Webster, even, that, neither now nor hereafter, the comparison should be drawn between him and them! Such men as Garrison and Mann, and Phillips and Adams, and a host of others, need no apologetic commiseration from any one! History will vindicate them from the censures even of Daniel Webster! Certainly I shall not become their defender. Speculation is one thing—fact another. I have not undertaken to say who has done the good; but I take issue with you about the existence of it. So far from the condition of the slave having been made worse since 1835, the period which Mr. Calhoun lays down as the beginning of Abolition agitation, the condition of the slave in the South has steadily improved. They are now better clothed, better fed, better housed, and better treated in all respects. Every traveler confirms this statement of one who lives among slaves. As you pass along the extreme Southern Mississippi, you see long rows of comfortable cottages, which bear unmistakable evidence, from their *newness*, of having been built since the period of "agitation!" You ask, if persons can now talk and write in Virginia, as in 1832, upon the subject of slavery? Yes. Never

before, in any period of our history, were the press and the stump so free to slave discussion as now. Look, sir, at the *National Era*; would it have been tolerated in 1832? No, sir. The southern people are not as base as your argument would make them. They have not passed that last round in the descent to crime and infamy, where insensibility to shame and public denunciation stupifies the villain! Their whole effort is, very naturally, to make slavery just as tolerable as slavery can be made, consistent with its permanence. But the same causes which tend to its amelioration, will accomplish its abolition at last! If laws can not long be better than public opinion—so they can not long be worse than public opinion. When slavery comes under the ban of a wide-spread public opinion, it will perish, in spite of obsolete laws and paper constitutions!

Complaisance, charity, compromise, sir, are the supports of slavery! “Easy virtue,” in Church and State, consummates the ruin of political morals, debauches the Nation, and makes slavery a very tolerable thing!—a “patriarchal institution!” The praises of the Southern press ought to remind you of a certain wise man of antiquity, “Titinius applauds—I’ve said a foolish thing!” There is much to approve in what you say of disunion.

The liberty of the white race, who are the majority, is not to be jeopardized for any contingent possibility of thereby freeing the black race. Far less is the Union to be dissolved for the purpose of maintaining slavery. Three hundred thousand slaveholders are not the South; as they will find out, when they choose to put the fearful issue—“Slavery or Disunion!” W. H. Seward, nearly right in all his speech, is surely right in this, that the slaveholders are the last to seek disunion! It is Bullyism and Braggartism, and nothing else! They knew the tameness of the North, and calculated upon it, and succeeded! I do not, therefore, *feel* the eloquence of your speech just here—it seems but “mock-tragedy” at best!

With sorrow be it said, that even your virtues lean to vice’s side! The proposition to appropriate money for the colonization of the free blacks should, when carried into a law, be entitled “a bill for the encouragement of crime!” I am a Colonizationist, because I think a free, educated black colony will, perhaps, civilize Africa. But colonization, with a view merely of getting clear of a free colored class, who are “a thorn in the King’s side,” has none of my sympathy!

If you had said to the South, give us the liberty of all your bondmen, and we will give you all our public revenue beyond the actual necessities of Government, even with colonization, you would have said a great, a good, and a sensible thing. I wish for your own sake, much, and yet more, for the sake of the Union, and of humanity at large, that you had nerved yourself to paint slavery as none but you could have painted it; and then have come forward in good earnest with a proffer of the proceeds of the public lands, and all other available means, to assist in its final eradication! It is a source of regret to all lovers of American genius, that you did not prove as gloriously great, as you are unquestionably talented! That your aspirations were not for a country JUST, as well as "*wide-spread*" and powerful—an altar, where the soul could pour out its love, and prayers, as well as its admiration—"LIBERTY and Union—one, and inseperable, now, and forever!"

I have freely spoken, as an advocate of liberty, not as your enemy. I shall not be of those who wish to put you down, or see you put down! I trust you may long live, and long be in the councils of the Nation—more earnestly and faithfully to use, for the good of the Nation and humanity, those great powers with which Nature has so signally marked you.

Believe me, truly and respectfully, your most obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

CHAPTER XI.

"LIBERTY OF SPEECH" VINDICATED. — I SEPARATE FROM THE WHIGS. — ANTI-SLAVERY WOMEN: HARRIET BEECHER STOWE; EVELYN WOODSON; LUCRETIA MOTT. — THE PREJUDICE OF COLOR. — LETTER FROM THE LADIES OF THE ASHTABULA COUNTY (OHIO) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY. — OVERTHROW OF THE WHIG PARTY. — CANVASS FOR GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY IN 1851. — BEREA COLLEGE. — JOHN J. CRITTENDEN. — JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE AND ROBERT P. LETCHER. — I SAVE THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WILLIS. — W. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

SO far the slave-power was triumphant. They had admitted Texas, contrary to the Constitution, and carried on a successful war for slave territory. In Kentucky they had made the slave clause perpetual.

On my return from Mexico, I sued James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, as the Secretary and most noted of the Committee of Sixty, who removed my press to Cincinnati, and, in a Jessamine County Court, got \$2,500 damages against him. So the freedom of the press was vindicated.

And now, although I had been struck down by violence, and the liberty of speech was temporarily overthrown, so soon as I arose again from my bed, and was restored to health, I went steadily on with my work. After I had voted for Taylor, I separated from the Whigs.

Among the prime factors in the overthrow of the slave-power, were many of the most intellectual, refined, and lovely women of America. Among these, although Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe holds the first place for ability and effective service, as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," I must award the noblest in heroism to my native State.

About the time that Dr. Horace Holley, the President of Transylvania University, attracted many distinguished strangers to Lexington, a wealthy and refined Englishman

established himself on a fine blue-grass estate in Jessamine County, Kentucky. His landscape-grounds were elaborately laid out, and highly cultivated; and became one of the "Lions" of central Kentucky. Here he entertained lavishly and hospitably persons of distinction who visited the blue-grass capital. To this English family, Evelyn Meade was born — an intelligent, lovely, and heroic woman, who married Tucker Woodson, an eminent lawyer and politician of high social position. When the men of anti-slavery views cowered under the despotism of the slave-power, Mrs. Woodson became the avowed advocate of liberation; and remained, through good and evil report, my friend till her death. Such a woman is an honor to the sex, and deserves immortal honor from all lovers of the liberties of men.

Lucretia Mott deserves signal mention for her long and efficient services in the cause of the slave. She was born in 1793, of Friend's (Quaker) parentage; and early took ground against slavery, in common with the general tenets of those Christians. She was the organizer of the American Anti-Slavery branch of that Society in Philadelphia; opposed the use of slave-grown products; and, as a preacher of the Society of Friends, denounced slavery in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia. She was ever the friend of the slave in all her various relations in life.

On a visit to Mrs. Mott, after I began the anti-slavery war, I was handsomely entertained at a dinner at her home, where the leading anti-slavery men and women of Philadelphia were present. The Friends, of Philadelphia, in a genial climate, and by the purity of their lives, were noted for their beauty of body and soul. At this dinner, also, Edward Purvis, a half-breed white and African, was present. His father was a ship-carpenter, and accumulated a large property. His son was well educated at home and abroad, and would have been regarded as a refined gentleman in any country. He sat opposite me at dinner, and by the side of one of the most lovely girls present.

This was the first time in my life that I had ever sat at table with a mulatto on terms of equality. Notwithstanding my advanced ideas in the direction of liberalism, I felt the greatest shock at this new relation of the races and the sexes; so that I imagine it must have been observed by all. After dinner, Purvis, with the address which comes of intercourse in many countries, sought me, and commenced a very agreeable conversation, till my prejudices were well nigh conquered. He said, on his return from Europe once, on the same vessel was a South Carolina family, including wife and daughters. They denounced negro-equality; but, taking Purvis for a Spaniard, or Italian, they danced with him—never suspecting his lineage. Such is the force of habit and prejudice.

In Europe I saw several cases of marriage between the races; and no one thought anything of it. But, after all, I have never thought that such alliances between whites and blacks as involve progeny should be encouraged; though no law should prohibit it.

But I have no room for the discussion of the subject here. There are physical differences in structure; and the prejudice of slavery will last in this country for centuries.

In my home, my white employés refuse to sit at table with blacks; but do not object to wait upon them civilly when they dine with me at times.

Among the liberal women whom I have known, personally, may be mentioned Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Susan B. Anthony, Jane G. Swishelm, Margaret Fuller, Anne C. Lynch, A. B. Adams of Quincy, E. Oakes Smith, S. B. McLean (wife of Judge John McLean), C. M. Sedgewick, Jessie B. Fremont, M. W. Chapman, Eliza L. Follen, Catharine (Ware) Warfield, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, as the most distinguished; though I could fill a long list of names of nearly equal celebrity. Most of these women, after the overthrow of slavery, went into the Womans' Rights movement, where I have not been

able to follow them. But their ability, purity of soul, and philanthropy can not be questioned.

On another occasion, at a dinner party of the aristocratic blacks, quite other sentiments were aroused. When wine was served, with great formality, one of the party, in a very grave manner, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, please fill up your glasses; let us drink to the health of Cassius M. Clay—Liberator. Though he has a white skin, he has a very black heart."

This complimentary toast, coming from a gentleman of the darkest hue, was well received; but to the whites present it was, of course, very provocative of a laugh, which was with difficulty suppressed. A friend of mine, J. R. Johnston, who had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, being present, barely maintained his equanimity; but great tear-drops stood in his eyes.

Letter from the Ladies of the Ashtabula County (Ohio,) Anti-Slavery Society.

AUSTINBURG, December 9. 1845.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, ESQ. —

HONORED SIR:—From a distant corner of a State bordering on your own, we, the wives, daughters, and mothers of Ashtabula County, tender you the humble but heartfelt boon of our grateful sympathy. We have not been heartless spectators in this our country's struggle for liberty. Though our hands have been too idle, and our hearts too unbelieving, we have not carelessly viewed the strife. While our fathers, husbands, and brothers are rousing at the warning call, we, from our homes and from our firesides, hail *you* as the champion of our country's liberty. It needed the blow which has lately fallen upon you, to engrave on the hearts of the North the bitterness of slavery's injustice and intolerance—to rouse the lukewarm patriot into action. We have watched too long your disinterested course, to doubt that all the insults that were heaped upon your head, when it lay burning upon the feverish bed, have been compensated to your soul by the universal rush of indignation—of sympathy for *all* victims of the slave-holder—that burst from the free heart of the North against the authors of your misfortune—against the bulwarks of slavery.

We offer not the poor boon of pity to one whose spirit soars far above it—but, from the depths of our aroused and feeling hearts, we bid you “God-speed” on your way. Yes; and not merely for ourselves can we speak: Ohio’s sympathies are with you, and more than hers. We but echo the united voice of the United Northern States, when we again bid you “God-speed” on your way.

The struggle in which you are engaged is emphatically the strife between *Liberty* and *Slavery*. No *corresponding* movement in the cause of anti-slavery is marked on our country’s page. Many a hand has been raised for its sake, and many a tongue has been eloquent in its behalf; but the friends of the slave, forgetting that “*Union* is strength,” have heretofore been unable or unwilling to meet upon common ground. Rival parties and rival societies have sadly weakened the arm which might otherwise have wielded ere now the conqueror’s sword. The serpent of political party strife has crept in to sting the heart of freedom’s champion. But we hail *you* as the bond of Union—the connecting link around which all may once more center.

The heart of every Abolitionist of every stripe is with you—from Garrison, with disunion on his lips, to the dumb-mouthed foe of slavery, who would shrink from the very idea of giving utterance to his own deep sentiments; aye, and many an one, too, who would spurn the name of “Abolitionist.” We would not pluck a single star from the crowns of the pioneers in this glorious work—a Garrison, a Birney, a Tappan, and numerous others—men who “shrunk not from the brunt of the battle’s front;” whose names stand nobly engraven on the foundation stones of Freedom’s Temple. But we thank heaven for a banner—a leader, under which Abolitionists are disposed once more to unite; and we tremble when we think of the precarious situation of that leader. Rest assured that our prayers for your safety shall daily rise to Him who holdeth Nations as “the rivers of waters in His hand;” and while our hopes are centered on you, our hands shall not be idle.

“When woman’s heart is bleeding,
Should woman’s voice be hushed?”

It is a disgrace to our country that the Anti-Slavery Society, in which our names now stand enrolled, did not, years ago, arise to add its mite to the common cause of humanity; but we have now enlisted, “heart and hand,” in the cause; and if we but pour one

drop into the swelling tide that begins to sweep resistlessly toward "Mason and Dixon's line" — if we but send back a cheer on the breeze that comes to us laden with the sighs of the oppressed — we shall not have labored in vain.

And now our wish, our prayer, our trusting hope for you shall be, that the One that nerved the youthful arm of him whose simple sling overthrew Philistia's champion, may strengthen with a more than human power *your* arm in this struggle against that giant whose proud menace comes daily booming in the ears of liberty's defenders — the giant of slavery. We bid you onward — unshrinking — undeterred; and we know, too, that our voice is unneeded here. But, as the mothers and daughters of "'76" cheered on their dearest friends to deadly strife, though their heroes were of sternest mould, we cheer the hero of a severer, though a bloodless strife, with as true and as warm acclamations as those.

We bid you farewell with fear, and with hope. Accept this tribute from grateful hearts that are bound to yours by an indissoluble bond — the chain of liberty — the chain of human hearts that are waiting with you the dawning of Emancipation's star, and waiting with trembling anxiety its rise upon the heavens of America.

By the *unanimous* vote of the Society.

BETSEY M. COWLES, *Secretary*.

It need hardly be mentioned that I was never indicted by the grand-jury for killing Turner; although the powers in authority were so desirous of my death. The conspiracy to murder me was too plain to everybody for any pretense of that sort; and I stand justified in the opinion of men, and, what is better, in my own conscience, for the exercise of the eternal law of self-defense — Dr. G. Bailey to the contrary, notwithstanding. Nor were the conspirators indicted or punished for stabbing with intent to kill.

When John Brown went down into Virginia and foolishly lost his life, he became a hero with the long-haired Abolitionists; but when I fell in the defense of freedom of speech and the liberties of all men, these fellows shed tears, not because I triumphed, but because I used arms and was not killed! And the same idea was held by Bismark's paid historian, Von Holst. If I had been killed by the mob at Lexington, I would have held a prime po-

sition in the world's eye; but, as I was wise enough to live, and to cause slavery to die, he consigns me to the place of a foot-note! For the tyrants of Europe hate me as much as the tyrants of America.

Now, my attack was mostly on the Whig Party—bent on its ruin; for, in our State, it comprised a large majority of the slave-holders, and they and I were of course enemies to the death.

In the year 1851, the election for Governor was again pending; and I declared myself a candidate on the anti-slavery issue—George D. Blakey, of Southern Kentucky, being my Lieutenant.*

In the meantime, seeing that the non-slaveholders were prosecuted and driven out into the new States and the mountains of Kentucky, I projected a school of education for their benefit.

I had some lands at the site of the Berea College. So I wrote to my Christian friend, the Rev. John G. Fee, of Bracken County—who was persecuted by his church, and disinherited by his father for his Christian faith and practice, in regarding all men as brothers and equals before God and the law—to come and help me. He willingly came. I gave him a small tract of land for himself, and two hundred dollars to aid in building his house; and another small tract of land for his church and his school. It has, by his efforts, now grown into a great and successful college, where whites and blacks, men and women, are educated on equal terms. This last feature is due to Fee's own leadership, and could not have been foreseen, but has always had my hearty approbation. As a proof of my foresight, that section now constitutes the only two liberal Congressional Districts in the State of Kentucky.

Getting once more into my buggy, having sent a courier ahead to make the appointments, I spoke in nearly

*The gallant Blakey liberated all his slaves, and lives to see the end of slavery. — C, 1885.

every county of the State, where the scenes at Lawrenceburg were ever repeated—always threatened, and always coming out triumphant in the end. The incidents of this canvass would fill a volume; but I tire of such oft-repeated tales, and hasten on to the end. The result was, that the Whig party was beaten, and L. W. Powell, the Democratic candidate, was elected.

I received about 5,000 votes; but nearly 30,000, by my advice, staid away from the polls. Thus, and forever, fell the Whig Party in Kentucky; and its national life went out in 1860, when John Bell and Edward Everett bore the Whig standard in the fatal “forlorn-hope!”

In the meantime the old actors on the political stage had died, or passed into retirement—Adams, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, and others—and were superseded by new men. There lingered yet one who deserves mention in this connection; who still strove gallantly against fate.

John J. Crittenden was the next man in Kentucky to Henry Clay. His popularity was unequaled. Always amiable and unambitious, he could at all times fill any public trust that he desired. A good lawyer; an eloquent speaker, where extreme force was not needed; a faithful friend; a safe, conservative statesman, he was Henry Clay's associate, but never assumed to be his equal or rival. In the last canvass, he was frankly for Taylor. His son, Thomas L. Crittenden, was, at Buena Vista, General Taylor's aide-de-camp; and his son George, an able soldier, was in Taylor's column, and also in General Scott's army.

John J. Crittenden believed, as I did, that Clay could not carry the party, and he said so to him; but he took no active part against him, though he was really the center of the opposition. This produced an alienation between him and Clay; but they were reconciled before Mr. Clay's death. It was the policy of small men to flatter the vanity of Mr. Crittenden, and urge him to assert himself; but this he, knowing too well what nature had done,

or being true to his pledge of friendship, never did. No doubt he severely regretted the course of fate, and would at last have made Clay president if he had seen his way clear to such event.

As Clay declined in years and strength, the slavery issue waxed stronger; the breach between the North and the South widened. Mr. Crittenden, being then in the Senate, ventured to fill Clay's boots; but they were evidently too large for him. The old attempts at compromise were feebly revived; but, like assuagatives and often-used remedies, they aggravated the disease.

Crittenden heartily loved the Union. He had no sympathy with slavery; far less with disunion. But he floated, rather, upon the surface of the seas; not sounding, or hardly caring to know the deep currents and rocks below. It was but piling damp wood upon an inextinguishable fire, which must at last increase the conflagration.

The annexation of Texas, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, had convinced the North that Slavery and Liberty could no longer co-exist. The alliance, under a general Government, never real and cordial, had now grown into an open contest for supremacy. The South determined that all the States should be virtually slave States, or the Union should perish. Mr. Crittenden's attempt then, by his compromise resolutions and the amendments to the Constitution, going over the old ground once more, whilst they showed his kind nature and patriotism, all earnest men saw at a glance was doomed to defeat.

Yet his talents and public services should and will be held in loving memory by all Kentuckians, and impartial men every-where. The two volumes of his life and writings, edited by his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Coleman, under the title of "Life of J. J. Crittenden," is pleasant reading, and gives a very favorable idea of his ability as a speaker and debater. The correspondence with his contemporaries shows him a general favorite; and gives more secret history of the times than most other works I know

of. Much of the matter is Boswellian; but all the more interesting on that account. Who cares for the eternally repeated generalizations of the great? What interests is the inner life of men and women, which, various as the human face, presents ever novelty at least.

Some of his correspondents show but little individuality, and less dignity. Every house must have its soiled clothes washed; and every politician must also have a go-between, I suppose.

Leslie Combs has two names: as usual — “Combs,” in the West; and “Coombs,” in the East. But Robert P. Letcher is the chief figure. He was heavy-bodied, with small short arms and legs, like the flappers of a shell-fish, with a round bullet head, resting apparently upon his shoulders, without any visible neck. His skin was dark, so that he was known as “Black Bob;” eyes large, shiny, black, and near together; with a mouth like an empty seed-bag — capable of great expansion of its voluminous folds. On the whole, he was a small edition of Falstaff, with all his animality, and a little of his wit.

Letcher was always my enemy; and perhaps I am not the man to do him justice. And yet he is the most interesting and amusing part of Mrs. Coleman’s work. He certainly has much humor; and his long service in Congress gave him a knowledge of men and events which made him an associate of the leading men of his time. I confess that he interests me; and we can say, with Prince Hal, over the death of the original Fat Jack: “We ‘better could have spared a better man.’”

George Robertson’s letter to Crittenden, (see *Life*, Vol. II.) in which he shows the conspiracy to prevent me from being Secretary of War under Lincoln’s administration, is but a specimen of the low intrigues which my enemies have never scrupled to use against one who was always an over-match for them in the open field of honorable war. “B.” (Daniel Breck,) had married Mrs. Lincoln’s aunt, the sister of my friend, Robert S. Todd, Esq. And

it is a marked example of Mr. Lincoln's self-control, when he listened for two hours to the argument, that he ought to "take his enemies into his bosom," before he gave utterance to the words quoted.

I allude to this matter now to say, that though never intimate with Crittenden, I was always on friendly terms with him and his family. And I have no evidence that he ever joined the crusade against me.

In Mexico his son George B. was in difficulties with his superior officers, and called upon me, as a friend and Kentuckian, to carry a letter which might have involved me in a duel on his account, according to the fool-code; but the superior officer had the good sense to place the matter in an adjustable form, and nothing came of it. Col. Crittenden has ever shown a grateful appreciation of my services; and Mr. Crittenden, who much loved his gallant son, was no doubt aware of our personal relations. And J. J. Crittenden was not the man to show ingratitude, or engage in a dishonorable intrigue against friend or foe. His daughter, Cornelia, who married President J. C. Young of Danville College, Ky., was one of my contemporaries. She was a very attractive woman in mind and person, and left ever pleasant memories upon all who knew her.

John J. Crittenden was longer in the Senate than any of his contemporaries. He had great influence in Presidential circles; and was, withal, a good lawyer, and especially a great advocate. There is one foot-note in Mrs. Coleman's "Life," which is worth more than all else in illustration of her father's character. I copy verbatim from Vol. II.: "At the time of Mr. Crittenden's death his entire estate was worth about eight thousand dollars." In those days of remorseless luxury, and political corruption, it is touching to see those lines. What evidence of honesty—of a humane nature—of a noble spirit! What proof of a life-engrossing patriotism! There are many millionaires now in politics, and in business; but Crittenden was the

wealthiest of all. The nation's wealth was his; and, whilst that survived, he who served her so well could never want for a dollar!

Taylor having been elected, I acted no more with the Whig Party—if he could be called a Whig. I had worked all my life for that party; but without asking, or receiving, any reward. I saw Harrison and Tyler and Taylor and Fillmore and Lincoln made Presidents, speaking in their cause every-where, often bearing my own expenses, and never receiving a dollar for my services, as did others. And now Taylor came into power, much by my effort, and, Crittenden being my friend, I could have entered public life with new elements of strength; but I had a higher end in view—the establishment of the Union upon the only secure basis—Equal Rights to all Men before the Law.

In the meantime Robert P. Letcher, having returned from Mexico as United States Minister Plenipotentiary, was chosen by the Whigs as their candidate for Congress, in the old Clay district, against the young and talented J. C. Breckinridge. Letcher had never been beaten before the people; but I had given that party a heavy blow in the defeat of Clay, and its prestige was gone. In pursuance of my policy of disruption, I, of course, sided with Breckinridge—not as a Democrat, but the opponent of Letcher and Whigery. I had around me a compact and plastic body of friends, which was sufficient to turn the scales of fate. I set all the wits against “Black Bob,” and made him the jest of every crowd. Letcher had made his great success in the mountain counties; but among a more intellectual constituency of the blue-grass region he was no match for Breckinridge. The “boys” said he might run well in the “pea-vine” region; but the “Black Horse was sure to get his feet tangled in the blue-grass, and fall.” They recommended a “close stall and a short halter, lest he should rub his tail!” What can stand against ridicule? I arranged for a meeting on

Boone's Creek, near the Kentucky River, adjoining my old County of Madison. We were in force on the ground, and played *claquers* as skillfully as a Paris opera-force.

The contrast between the men was itself an argument. Breckinridge was tall, well-formed, with fair complexion, regular face of great mental power, large blue eyes, and auburn hair; intellectual, composed, and full of conscious genius and future prowess. Letcher I have already described. He had grown so corpulent by age and heavy eating, that he seemed at times on the very verge of suffocation, or apoplexy. The weather was very warm. Breckinridge went at him with the coolness of a skilled swordsman; making home-thrusts, and coolly observing the effect of each. Letcher was very much confused, greatly angry, and fought as one who had lost all muscular power, and even eye-sight. The perspiration poured off him; and he literally "larded the earth." His voice was guttural, and ejected from his lungs as a badly-charged fuse of wet and dry powder. The boys shouted: "Cut the halter, and give him air!" It was a pitiable sight! Letcher had no friends. By invitation, all joined us, and down we went to the celebrated spring at Boone's Creek.

The "Black Horse" was already beaten. That was the last of Letcher! The boys were in high glee; and old Bourbon and mint-sling were severely mixed with the cool waters of the noted spring. The heat of the day, the heat of the intellectual fight, and, lastly, the heat of the old Bourbon, reached a climax.

Boone's Creek sent its drift into the Kentucky River, and formed a long "riffle," or shallows, with deep water-holes at intervals. The sun began to lengthen the shadows of the forest trees; and more than a hundred men, leaving their clothes on the clear pebbles, went into the refreshing waters. I was among them. Nearly fifty yards below was another squad of bathers. I heard the cry: "Clay! Clay!" At first I thought it was a cry for a

speech; for when was there an occasion where in America a speech was not in order? But, in a moment, I saw the situation—a man was drowning. I ran and plunged into the water. A young man named William Willis, a Madison County man, had come to the speaking. The water was clear; he was quiet, a foot or so beneath the surface, but his head was seen. I caught him by the hair; and, holding his head beneath the water, swam with him to the shore. Many voices cried out: “Raise his head; he will drown.” But I knew the danger of being caught and disabled; and, in my own way, placed him safely on the shore. In an hour or so he was on foot again. So a farce came near ending in a tragedy—such is life.*

Breckinridge’s career is well known. That family was always remarkable for talent and character. In my times, Robert J. Breckinridge was the flower of the great men of that name. I heard him make his last political speech in Lexington, when I was at college in Transylvania. He was a man of too much mind not to see that there was no sure basis of progress in a slave State; and was of too generous and frank a nature to conceal his sentiments. He was beaten, in Fayette, for the House of Representatives in Kentucky; and never entered politics again. This drove him into the Church. Of course, such an intellect

* When some gallant fellows saved the lives of drowning men at the Louisville Falls of the Ohio, the Kentucky Legislature honored them with a medal; but when I saved the life of Willis, the pro-slavery journals would not even publish the fact! And when I saved the lives of the soldiers at Salao, in Mexico, the political journals showered upon me all the possible calumnies of eternal hatred. So, when I would go no longer with the Republicans in their “*Facilis descensus Averni*,” in 1866,—although all now admit that my work in Russia saved us from the united invasion of France, Spain, and England, against Mexico, and thus saved the Union,—they were unequalled in history in their destructive malice!

could ne be a light under a bushel any where, and he was, in doctrinal matters, a great divine; but, as I often said, the country lost a great statesman and orator in a poor preacher. For, after all, doctrine does not amount to much. We all know the right; the preacher must move us to action: "Now is the time." There must be a vital faith; and a personal or, rather, intellectual enthusiasm, to be a great preacher. Breckinridge's heart, I fear, lay in another field; and that was closed to him for life. He was, however, always true to his early love; and did yeoman's service on many occasions, by speech and pen, against slavery, and in favor of the Union of the States. Some of his sons are living, and are now men of mark. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, one of Kentucky's foremost orators and statesmen, is now a candidate for Congress in the Clay district; and, if elected, as it seems he will be, will make his mark in the national council.

John C. Breckinridge was foremost whenever fortune led him. But defeat settled upon the "Lost Cause," and he fell with it. His circumstances were peculiar. He never was at heart a Secessionist. His party had greatly honored him; and of him, I fear, it might well have been said: "Beware of ambition; by that the angels fell!" His country greatly honored and greatly trusted him. So much greater was his crime. There is no such thing as virtue and vice in this world, if this be not true. He was never relieved of his disabilities on account of the Rebellion. This he keenly felt. It caused, I doubt not, despair, and his early death. This is the most charitable inference. But he did some deeds of repentance which should be held as offsets to his great offense. He denounced and effectively killed in Kentucky, at least, the remorseless "Ku-Klux-Klan." I never did approve of the State erecting a monument to his memory, whilst Union soldiers lie obscure in turf-covered graves. To honor those who have signally failed in the admitted duties of civilized society, for the defense of national life, with post-

humous fame, is to ignore the existence of good and evil. That should have been the work of private grief; for to frail humanity much leniency must be accorded, and over the graves even of the fallen tears may flow without the violation of the eternal laws. So great are the evils of a revolution that, even in a patriotic cause, there should be some reasonable chance of success to halo a failure. So that the saying: "Success makes the patriot, and defeat the traitor," can not be entirely condemned. But to attempt the overthrow of the American Republic, to conserve the meanest of all despotisms—Slavery—should leave but little sympathy or honor for the "Lost Cause!"

For Breckinridge's monument was appropriated ten thousand dollars; whilst a resolution to allow a similar sum for a monument in memory of the gallant Union soldier, William Nelson, was voted down with contempt and indignation!

CHAPTER XII.

JOEL T. HART.—HIS LETTERS TO ME FROM FLORENCE, ITALY.—MY SPEECH AT A BANQUET GIVEN HIM AT LEXINGTON, KY.—HART'S "TRIUMPH OF WOMAN."—HIS DEATH.—THE PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS OF 1852.—THE JOHNSONS.—THE FREE-SOIL PARTY OF 1856.—HOW I FIRST MET ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—OUR FURTHER ACQUAINTANCE.—MY CORRESPONDENCE WITH REV. JAMES S. DAVIS, OF CABIN CREEK, KY.—LETTER TO "RICHMOND MESSENGER."—I SPEAK AT CHICAGO.

JOEL T. HART, the Sculptor, was born, in 1810, in the County of Clarke, Kentucky, of humble but respectable parents. His education was limited to the ordinary routine of the children of the poor—reading, writing, and arithmetic. He began his trade as a stone-mason, building walls, chimneys, and such rude work. Aspiring still higher, he assisted in the making of tomb-stones, where better material and fine work was needed. Whilst I was a resident of Lexington, Kentucky, Hart was thus employed; where sculptured figures began to be used in higher ornamentation—alto-relievos and entire statuettes. In this Hart had so much skill that he attracted my attention; and I persuaded him to attempt the highest art in sculpture. Working by day, he took night-lessons in drawing and anatomy; and I engaged him to make of myself a nude bust in Italian marble, which was regarded as a great success. It was shown, about 1838, in the Academy of Art in Philadelphia, and was highly commended. For this I paid him five hundred dollars—his first money in this direction. But the fame of the young Kentuckian grew apace; and he was engaged, at good prices, to mould in marble Henry Clay, General Jackson, Crittenden, and others. Having the ambition to be first in his art, he went to Florence, in Italy, where the best

opportunities were offered to the world's students; and there he remained—visiting Kentucky but once—till his death. Confining his work mostly to life-busts for a support; but working, in fact, for the great ideal of his life, a nude statue of woman, which ultimated in his "Triumph of Woman"—the noblest representation of Nature's highest work—a nude female statue, with a Cupid and his quiver exhausted of arrows. As I had much to do with this creation of genius, I have felt always a great interest in its final completion and success. As he made my first bust in clay, and then in marble, he had great ambition to make it a success, and took a long time and great pains in its execution. As a love of art, and the beautiful in nature, was ever a passion with me, I had many long talks with Hart upon this subject. I held that the education of the Greeks, in a fine climate, with light and loose clothing, and out-door exercise, caused that perfection of form which has made them famous in the world. Their statues then were, no doubt, the finest of all nations—health and vigor being the first elements of the beautiful; whilst their heathen gods, of such great number, made Greece the highest school of art in the world. But the religion of the Greeks, whilst giving the highest development to man, had made woman as she was socially—simply a fine animal, having none of that infinite flexibility of feature and development of brain and the sentiments which characterizes modern Christian society. So that the Greek face, with all its regular lines of beauty, never moved me as the modern woman. I thought the ancient Venuses could be surpassed by following nature more closely; and that the Venuses of Medici, and of Milo, and others, could be exceeded in perfection and effect. To all this Hart agreed; for he had a fine perception of the beautiful in sentiment, and the physical. Before he went to Europe, then, he had formed his plans; and the "Triumph of Woman," or, of "Chastity," was his life-work. He talked with me again when he

was here from his foreign home; and wrote to me at times, giving an account of his progress. He studied anatomy and drawing under more skillful teachers abroad; and he made an innumerable number of measurements from life of the female figure in all countries—holding that nature was higher than art, and that the highest art was simply the aggregation in one group or person of all the finest elements of beauty. I have now letters from him written at Florence, expressing his gratification at his success; and the appreciation which the most renowned living artists had expressed in favor of his work. He therein avows his design of inscribing my name upon this immortal statue, which failed only, no doubt, by his death, just as the finishing touches were to have been made.

LETTERS OF JOEL T. HART.

LEXINGTON, KY., *November 28, 1860.*

DEAR CLAY:—I regret not being able to see you and your family before I leave for New York, in two or three days, for Italy. I hope to be back, however, in some six months, to set up . . . (omission?) in New York, and have my works executed in Italy, where my studio and workmen are.

I trust the column* has arrived safely at White Hall; and beg of you to accept it as a little token of my gratitude to one who was so noble as you were in giving me the helping-hand in my earliest struggles and darkest days.

I hope that you will be repaid for your ardent labors and sacrifices for the common good.

With my best regards to Mrs. Clay and your children,

I am, ever most truly, your friend,

JOEL T. HART.

C. M. CLAY, ESQ.,
White Hall, Madison County, Ky.

*This is a column, or pedestal, of solid verd-antique, with a movable cap-piece of the same material, highly sculptured with *haut-reliefs*. Hart paid all charges, even transportation; and the column, at the lowest estimate, is valued at one thousand dollars. This is characteristic of the man; caring nothing for money, but full of the noblest ambition for fame. He is the fruit of my "ardent labors and sacrifices for the common good"—Freedom. It is a great truth, that the greatest and noblest of Kentuckians were Liberals.—C. 1885.

Among many, I select one more letter of Hart's, given verbatim:

FLORENCE, ITALY, *January 22, 1865.*

MY DEAR CLAY:—I send you greetings, with a bit of my patriotism, which was published in one of the American newspapers, but not, I believe, in the *Louisville Journal*, where I first sent it.

I was a soldier in your ranks in '45, and voted in the Convention in '49, at Frankfort; and have made war in many a song within the last four years against Slavery and for the Union, the most of which have been published in the United States. As you are the only man gifted and bold enough to stand up against that common curse in Kentucky through the press—risking your life and every thing—it gives me pleasure to write a word of your wisdom, which, had it been followed, State by State, the war would have been avoided. Though you deserve the first honors of the great and free Republic, yet they are not always granted while one is alive; but, come what may, yours will be one of the first historical names.

As to myself, I have foregone every thing else to reach the first degree in my profession; and, as you were my *first* patron, and of all the most cordial to greet and favor my labors, however humble, I know you will be pleased to hear a word of what I am about. And first, within the last fifteen months, I have remodeled my statue of H. Clay for Louisville—made it original, and far finer than either of my original ones; it is far advanced in an exquisite block of the finest marble.

For my portraits the Italians gave me the first place of honor as sculptor, of any foreigner, in their great national exhibition three years ago. But it is to the Ideal that I have mostly devoted myself for the fifteen years past; only allowing two or three busts to go out of my hands.

I studied anatomy one hour a day for five or six years at Lexington in winter, having modeled busts of Dudley, Cross, etc.; have been five times to London, and studied there fourteen months at one time; five times to Paris, grouping tableaux with the fair Pompeian damsels; five times to Rome; once to Naples; studied and measured every beautiful young woman I could get in reach of for the last thirty years, keeping my especial studies to myself, and have at last gratified my passion in modeling a life ideal Virgin and Child in a group; not the Christian Virgin and Child, however. The figures are nude—"Beauty's Triumph." She, being assailed by Cupid,

rests her left foot on his exhausted quiver, and holds his last arrow in triumph, for which he pleads—tiptoeing, reaching after it. It gives the most graceful and finest possible attitude both to the woman and the boy. All who dare speak out say that the attitude is finer than either the Venus de Medici, or the Venus of Milo, at Paris. Reinhart, the Baltimore sculptor, who Paris says is the best sculptor America yet produced (save our dear self), tells it around that it is the finest work in Florence. Such speeches are now every day being made. The idea is modern, and my own. Though not near finished, it is a far finer work than I ever expected to produce. I have casts of all the greatest antiques and moderns of the Venus family, and the like, in my studio. The best connoisseurs say that none of them equal mine. But this is too much, at least, for me to say; but it is to you I am writing.

I wish to exhibit it, in marble, in the United States. I would have it photographed, and send you a copy; but it is best not to let the photographers now meddle with it. One or two sculptors have already plagiarized from it. I expect some day to engrave your name upon it, as my first patron; but will talk of this bye and bye. I wish you would make a visit to old Italy. Drop me a line. In the hope that you and yours are all well, very truly, your friend,

JOEL T. HART.

HON. C. M. CLAY,
U. S. Minister at St. Petersburg, Russia.

Hart died in Florence; and his remains are now buried in the public cemetery at Frankfort, Kentucky, brought home at the expense of his native State. The "Triumph of Woman," or of "Chastity," as it was first called, was bought of Hart's executors by the noted Tiffanys of New York, and sold by them to the ladies of Lexington, at five thousand dollars, where it will compose the nucleus of an art-gallery, hereafter to be erected. The statue is, unlike those of the Greeks, life-size. The body, in all its undulations, is according to nature, there being no attempt to cut it down to a supposed highest ideal; but it follows Nature, where alone exists the true ideal. The face is not Greek, but modern; and the attitude, unlike the Greek, whilst it displays all the beauties of form possible, is not at all sensually suggestive, but shows the most per-

fect *unconsciousness*, without which all the Venuses are not the real types of the highest ideal in art, but gross “pre-sentments” of animal life.

Speech of C. M. Clay at the Banquet given Joel T. Hart at Lexington, Kentucky, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—I am more than honored by this call. Whatever may be my very humble merits, I do not attribute it to them. I know that I but reflect the admiration you design for our distinguished guest. I see before me the early friend from Bourbon (Mr. Rogers), the gentleman on my right from Clarke, who has known his person longer than I. But I am his intimate companion from the infancy of that immortal past which we meet here to celebrate. I need not say to this audience, that Joel T. Hart was born, in 1810, in old Clarke, in old Kentucky. These, our ancestors coming here, in the language of the Romans, into a *terra incognita*, filled with wild beasts and the more terrific savages of the forest, were not men whom difficulties could appal, or dangers daunt. The sickly scions perished by the wayside—the sturdy oaks only survived. Out of such stock sprung our guest; who, with the characteristic aspirations of our State, determined to be *first* or *nothing*!—sprung from no family of hereditary renown—a child of the people, wearing the coat of arms which our glorious institutions confer on all—“an open field and a fair fight”—he advanced from the humble calling of a stone-cutter to be the *first* in the divine art of living sculptors! I have, I am proud to say, known him like a brother. I have seen him struggle through the long night of poverty and obscurity, caring nothing for ease, luxury, social rank, wealth, or power; but with a steady and sublime purpose aspiring to immortality among men. Whatever we may do—whatever Kentucky may do—that purpose is achieved; and the world decrees that the *name of Hart shall never die*. I know what I say; I challenge criticism. We do not claim for Hart supremacy in abstract conception—in what may be termed, *par excellence*, “The Ideal.” But we do claim for him that, in the perpetuation of that noblest work of nature; in that on which only the Divine Writings tell us God impressed His own image, Man; on the tablet of whose world-wide intelligence the passions and aspirations of angels and devils in infinite flexibility of feature play, Hart has no equal, living or dead. He is no mere copyist—limning the leaden outlines of this our “earthly

tabernacle;" but, seizing the happiest expression of his favored subject, he passes it through the crucible of his own genius, and imbues it with divine life. These people may pass away; their institutions may be forgotten; but, as long as we shall be remembered among men, Hart, Clay, and Kentucky will survive together. *

It is an illustration of the powers of genius, and our free institutions, that this once obscure youth in Lexington should at last be more honored by the *élite* of the ladies of Kentucky than any of the aristocracy who ever went before him. The Ladies' Hart Memorial Association bought the "Triumph of Woman" of the Tiffanys of New York, at \$5,000; and it was made the occasion, when received in Kentucky, of many eulogies upon Hart. Mrs. Wm. C. P. Breckinridge, wife of the orator, and the granddaughter of Governor Joseph Desha, was at the head of the movement. The poetess of Kentucky, Rosa Vertner, now Mrs. Rosa Vertner Jeffrey, who has been so long distinguished for her beauty, wrote the poem upon the occasion. Thus one of the most beautiful women of her times honored the impersonation of the highest type of her sex yet made immortal in art.

Written for the Lexington Observer.

HART'S "TRIUMPH OF CHASTITY."

INSCRIBED TO

MRS. WM. C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

BY ROSA VERTNER JEFFREY.

AN artist's hand hath carved a mystic story,
 Whose inspiration through the marble shines;
 Its dumb, cold whiteness is transfused with glory,
 Illuminating all the beauty lines.
 A story! in the fair form of a woman,—
 Let woman's heart its subtle truth evolve;

* This was before Hart made the "Triumph of Woman," and which is the highest ideal; being the first work of the Cosmos—"Woman"—unequalled in inspiration. I speak on Burn's authority: "All nature swears," etc. — C. 1885.

This marble problem —yet with all so human,
By genius left, for purity to solve.

A rare creation, as to form and fashion,—
A woman, by whose lofty pose is shown
The soul's high triumph over earthly passion;
A fable! marvelously cut in stone.
With life's warm flushes through its pallor breaking
To tint the cheek, and pulse the sculptured breast,
'Twould scarcely be more eloquent —thus waking —
Than in its perfect and eternal rest.

A thing of faultless beauty, through long ages
It must forever stand, forever shine;
Its meaning graved on Purity's white pages,
Worshipped forever in her cloistered shrine.
All honor to the genius thus achieving
Such glorious triumph, with a master's hand,
This chaste ideal of his soul receiving
Its impress from the women of his land.

He gave them homage, without stint or measure;
Upon the altar of his native home;
Be it their mission to enshrine this treasure,
Fine as the sculptured gems of ancient Rome.
Within the milk-white quarries of Carrara,
No purer, fairer marble ever shone;
No purer women live, and none are fairer,
Than those he has immortalized in stone.

Lexington, Ky., April 15, 1884.

Although the Democrats were beaten in 1848, they gathered strength by the weakness of Fillmore and the divisions of the Whigs. Millard Fillmore, Daniel Webster, and Winfield Scott were the aspirants for nomination; and Scott was finally successful. The popularity of Taylor's military career, no doubt, aided the result; whilst Webster's and Fillmore's subserviency to the slave-power disgusted even the conservative Whigs.

Franklin Pierce, who was little known, but had been in the Mexican War, was made the nominee of the Demo-

crats — the prominent candidates having been Cass, Buchanan, Douglas, and Marcy. But all personal aspirations were merged into solid devotion to the slave-power; and Pierce swept the country, losing only four States.

The Free-soilers nominated John P. Hale and George W. Julian, as the representatives of the Liberal Party.

There was this fatality about slavery: whether it lost or won, its fate was not changed. It took the sweeping vote of Pierce to make them mad with prosperity; and their ultra platform, and violent action in Kansas, to arouse the people from their fatal lethargy. When the great Webster, who yielded so much of the old New-England spirit for compromise, was so contemptuously thrown overboard, lesser men took warning, and girded themselves for the inevitable conflict.

The Missouri Compromise of 1820, by which all territory north of $36^{\circ} 30'$ was forever consecrated to free soil and free men, had been held as sacred as the Constitution itself. When, therefore, a bill was brought into the Congress and passed, by which this time-honored compact was annulled, and slavery allowed to enter all the territories, there was an alarm and indignation in the Nation which was never before witnessed.

The Liberals were confirmed in their predictions of the attempt at universal supremacy by the Slave-power; the ostrich-like Conservatives were dragged from their false security; and the lovers of Liberty every-where saw that it was "now or never." The repeal of the Missouri Act, followed by other aggressions, showed that there could be no compromise between Liberty and Slavery.

I took no part in the canvass; but held my position in the advanced guard of the pioneers, sympathizing with the Free-soilers, but confining my action to Kentucky; foreseeing coming events, and securing every position for future action.

The Johnsons were a very large, wealthy, and influential family. Richard M. Johnson, the reported slayer of

Tecumseh, had been nominated for Vice-President of the United States on the Democratic side. He was altogether devoted to politics; and, though but of moderate talents, was a man of great energy, amiability, and ambition. He was the admitted leader of the party in Kentucky; and his brothers and relations in several of the cotton States gave the family great power. In 1845 they were effective in overthrowing the *True American* on the 18th of August.

After my return from Mexico, there was a better feeling toward me; and I was approached by these men and eminent Whigs, and asked kindly to discontinue the slavery war, and that I should have any office in the gift of the people. These promises were not vain talk; they were based upon the highest possibilities. But I declined all compromise, and stood by my colors to the last.

The success of the Texas annexation, and the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by which the slave-power entered Kansas, once set apart forever to free men, and, lastly, the Lecompton Constitution, aroused the whole North to the great issue. Disintegration of the old parties had long since, as I have said, set in; but now leading politicians began to fall into the ranks of the followers of John Quincy Adams. S. P. Chase, Martin Van Buren, John P. Hale, Joshua Giddings, Thomas H. Benton, John C. Fremont, G. W. Julian, Wm. H. Seward, the Blairs, and others, sooner or later, fell into the new party, opposed to the slave-power. In 1856, it had grown into respectable proportions; and John C. Fremont, Thomas H. Benton's son-in-law, who had won prominence by his march to California through the Rocky Mountains, was made the candidate for President, with Wm. L. Dayton for Vice-President, of the Free-soil Party. Once more I took an active part in the canvass in the North; and spoke, as usual, to immense audiences. The violence against the opponents of the slave-power in the North was as relentless as in the South. E. B. Lovejoy was killed not long before at Alton, Illinois; and, in Indiana, many men were murdered at public meet-

ings; whilst O. P. Morton, then a Democrat, and Thomas A. Hendricks were our most unsparing opponents.

Abraham Lincoln was first seen by me at Springfield, Illinois, in 1856. Here I made my appointment at the capital; but, when the hour arrived, like at Frankfort, Kentucky, the doors were closed against me. Fortunately, the weather was pleasant; and the crowd immense. This noted man, who was to fill so large a space in the world's history, was then comparatively unknown, practicing law quietly at Springfield, with his associate, O. H. Browning. They sat under the trees. Whittling sticks, as he lay on the turf, Lincoln gave me a most patient hearing. I shall never forget his long, ungainly form, and his ever sad and homely face. He, too, was a native Kentuckian; and could bear witness, in his own person, to the depressing influence of slavery upon all the races. All my weary and seemingly profitless speeches in Kentucky, in the Providence of God, fell like seed sown in good ground; and, when the day of fate came, whether the gallant State should declare for Union or Secession, she stood impregnable for the Union of our fathers.* So I flattered my-

From the Washington Republic.

* INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.

We have received for publication the following correspondence. It will command the wide interest and attention with which every thing is received by the public from Cassius M. Clay, than whom a more gallant spirit does not live:

OCTOBER 8, 1857.

To the Editor of the Republic:

The inclosed correspondence was not designed, when written, for publication; but as Mr. Davis's letter evidently was intended to elicit from me something for general explanation, I have thought it best, and no breach of confidence, to send his letter and this reply at once to the press. Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

CABIN CREEK, Lewis Co., Ky., Friday, *October 2, 1857.*

DEAR SIR:—In common with multitudes of the friends of freedom, I learned with regret of the disturbances which have taken

self, when Lincoln listened to my animated appeals for universal liberty for more than two hours, that I sowed there also seed which in due time bore fruit. At all events, he was ever kind and confidential with me; and to the day of his death there never was an unfriendly word or thought between us.

I saw no more of Lincoln till after his celebrated canvass with Stephen A. Douglas for the Senatorship of Illinois, in 1858. He was going on north to make that speech, before the young men of New York City, which placed him so eminently before the people for President. Here we renewed our old acquaintanceship; and I, on the cars, had a long talk with him on the great issue. He listened a long time—such was his habit—without saying a word; and, when I had concluded my argument, he replied: “Yes, I always thought, Mr. Clay, that the man whò made the corn should eat the corn.”

Now, these homely ways of expression lowered him in the estimation of weak men; but his style was that of Franklin—natural and robust, and therefore impressive and convincing.

place in Rockcastle County; and I was also sorry to learn, through the *Cincinnati Commercial*, that you did not feel at liberty to interpose your powerful influence for the maintenance of that freedom of speech which has been enjoyed through the blessing of Providence on your exertions; and I fear that friends in the Northern States will misapprehend your withdrawal of aid from Brother Fee, and infer that your zeal is slackening in the cause of universal liberty.

I fear, too, that what you say about Brother Fee’s position tending to revolution and insurrection may inflame the mob.

But, of course, my impressions come from reports received from that region, and I know not the state of things as well as one on the ground.

Would the determination on your part to secure to him the right of speech produce the impression that you indorsed the principles of the radical Abolitionists? I think not. The slaveholders and pro-slavery men who met a few weeks ago in Madison

Once in Washington, after he was President, in company with a few friends, we had a talk about the fidelity of some person, either civil or military, to the Union; and,

did not think so. Judge Reid, formerly of this Circuit Court, did not think he was sanctioning the course of Brother Fee when he here charged the grand-jury not to bring in a bill against him.

I wish, sir, you would use your influence in behalf of the unrestrained utterance of what this godly man honestly believes true. I am quite sure that the people of the free States would appreciate the action, and that your magnanimity in this respect would not be lost on the South.

I should be happy to hear from you soon. Respectfully,
JAMES S. DAVIS.

Mr. C. M. CLAY.

OCTOBER 8, 1857.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the 2d instant is received. I have avoided writing any thing upon the subject of the late mobs in Rockcastle County, Kentucky, preferring to lie myself under misapprehension rather than do any thing which might seem calculated to increase the embarrassment of our mutual friend, the Rev. John G. Fee. But since you put direct questions to me, with regard to our relative position, I do not feel at liberty to refuse a reply, and to assume whatever responsibility may rightly rest upon me.

In the first place, then, I did not withdraw my influence from him, but he his from me. We acted together, from before 1848, upon the basis of *Constitutional* opposition to slavery. On the 4th of July, 1856, against my urgent advice and solemn protest, he publicly, from the stump, not in the capacity of a minister of the Gospel, but as a politician, made avowals in substance of the doctrines of the *Radical Abolitionists*. That is, as I understand him, slavery being contrary to the higher law—the law of Nature and of God—is “no law,” unconstitutional, and void, and ought not to be enforced by judge or citizen. In consequence of this separation from the Republican Party, the Central Club of our State called a meeting, and elected another Corresponding Secretary in Mr. Fee’s stead, he being present, and silent, at the meeting. In taking his position, then, he separated himself from me and my party; and now, when his own action brings him into trouble, to blame me is unjust and absurd.

after hearing all that was said, Lincoln concluded: "Yes; he is a bad egg." As we left the White House, one of the company said: "Now, it is all right; but, for God's

You complain that I characterized "Radicalism" as "revolutionary and insurrectionary." I think it is. And, having induced some of our citizens to embark their fortunes in this move against slavery, I have felt it my highest duty to keep them upon safe and legal grounds. The Radicals propose a fundamental change in our Government, and in a way not prescribed by the Constitution, but in violation of it. The distinguished head and front of the Radical Abolitionists, the Hon. Gerrit Smith, in his late Chicago speech, expressly declares the move a "revolutionary" one. Now, looking upon Mr. Fee's position as such, I am against it; and, whilst I denounce all mobs, I can give him neither "aid nor comfort." To talk of maintaining the liberty of speech in such connection, without indorsing his doctrines, is absurd. Such a propagandism in a slave State is not a thing of "speech" or debate, but a state of revolution and insurrection against "the powers that be."

If there is "no law," moral, divine, nor human, to hold the slave, then the slave is as free as the master. If the slave is as free as the master, he has a right to resist the master. If he slays the master, he is acting under moral and legal self-defense, and not only does not deserve punishment by the courts or otherwise; but can demand, and ought to receive, "aid and comfort" from every Radical Abolitionist the world over. If all this is not "insurrectionary and revolutionary," and indictable, and punishable with death under our statutes, whenever an *overt act* on the part of the slave shall give fact to theory, then I know nothing of law or logic. To all this I am opposed—now, in the past, and in the future. First, because I am in favor of a *peaceable* and *fraternal* solution of the slave question. History teaches me that political institutions *grow*, and are not *made*; and sudden changes have always been the cause of a retrocession, and not progress. I am ready to make sacrifices, not for a *coup de main*, but for the gradual and stable advancement of civilization and humanity. Second, because my regard for the black race would lead me to deprecate an issue which, in my judgment, would drive them to the wall. Third, because, if such issue as extermination should ever threaten either race, I am for my own, the white race, against all other races on earth.

I have thus answered you frankly and fully. I stand now,

sake, do not tell Sumner about the 'bad egg.'" The truth is, those two words expressed more than ordinary men could put in many sentences.

We all know Mr. Lincoln was not learned in books; but he had a higher education in actual life than most of his compeers. I have always placed him first of all the men of the times in common sense. He was not a great projector—not a great pioneer—hence not in the first

where I have always stood, upon Republican ground—the rule of the majority, and constitutional opposition to slavery. And, having spent fortune and lost friends and caste, and repeatedly risked my life in defense of the constitutional liberty of the whole human race, I feel that I can afford to look with contempt upon the idea that I am "slackening in my zeal," because I do not choose to follow the lead of every one who, however conscientious, may jeopard a good cause by fanaticism or folly. With regard to Mr. Fee, personally, I entertain toward him the most friendly feelings. I consider him honest and godly, as you say. He is a man of ability and pure mind. In the wide verge of life, destiny separates us; he, and those who act with him, must reap the good and evil of their deeds!

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

Rev. JAS. S. DAVIS, Cabin Creek, etc., Ky.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

CASSIUS M. CLAY ON KENTUCKY MOBS.

We have received the following from Mr. Clay for publication. It is a copy of a letter directed to the *Richmond Messenger*:

DECEMBER 28, 1859.

Editor Richmond Messenger:

I saw to-day, for the first time, my name used in connection with the Lynch-law proceedings of the late meeting of *slave-holders* in Richmond, in the following editorial of yours:

"The Frankfort *Yeoman* learns that Cassius M. Clay has expressed himself decidedly opposed to the opinions of Fee and his associates, and that they ought to be expelled from the State."

It is well known that, on the 4th of July, from the stump, three years ago, I denounced the doctrine of the "Radical Abo-

rank of thinkers among men; but, as an observer of men and measures, he was patient, conservative, and of sure conclusions. I do not say that more heroic surgery might not have put down the Rebellion; but it is plain that Lincoln was a man fitted for the leadership at a time when men differed so much about the ends as well as the methods of the war. The anti-slavery element in these States was never, and is not now, great. The

litionists," and the Rev. John G. Fee, that "*there is no law for Slavery*,"—and again, in a letter addressed through the press to Rev. James Davis, I repeated my disavowal of any such political sentiment on my part. I have again and again declared that, whilst I was willing to defend the liberty of speech and the press "to the uttermost," as the duty which I, in common with every citizen of this commonwealth, and this nation of freemen, owed to my country—that I did not believe the "radical doctrine" *right*, and, therefore, I would not jeopard my life in any such false issue. And this I said to Mr. Fee in private, long before our public separation. But, on the other side, I have never said that Fee, or any other man, or set of men, ought to be expelled from the State. I have always said that if the Radicals, Fee, or any other man, or set of men *violated the laws*, that I would aid in bringing them to punishment; and that if there was no law to punish the holding or avowing Radical views in a commonwealth holding slaves, that the slave-holders had the political power, let them pass a law to meet the case. I am now, ever have been, and ever shall be, the sworn enemy to mobs, as the worst kind of all possible despotisms!

So far as the Lynch-law Committee, through their organ, R. R. Stone, strikes at me as a "faction" and a "Republican," I regard it as "fair play in politics." I court full and fair discussion and scrutiny of the principles and aims of the "Republican Party." I have not yet learned to weigh my opinions by what *numbers* may say or think. I ask myself, am I right? and, when I feel that I am, I shall not be driven from my constitutional privilege of avowal whenever it may suit my good pleasure, although the Lynch-law Committee may not be able to sleep with "doors unbolted."

The "Republican Party" may not be large enough to meet the wide vision of the Madison Lynchers; but it is large enough to stand by all its convictions, and defend all its rights, whenever with speech, the pen, or the sword, it is attacked by despots! C. M. CLAY.

Americans, like the English, are ever much in favor of their own liberty. Only when the slave-power projected universal dominion was the North aroused; and only when it was the death of Slavery, or the death of the Union, did the great mass of Americans assent to its destruction. So Lincoln was not indifferent to slavery, as some of his superficial critics assert; but he was a type of the majority of Americans who, whilst conscious of the evils of slavery, were not yet so enthusiastic as to desire to grapple with its difficulties. But Lincoln was not only wise, but good. He was not only good, but eminently patriotic. He was the most honest man that I ever knew. Religiously, he was an agnostic; but practically, as the responsibilities of his position increased, his devotion to duty increased. So, like the great leaders of all times, he became more conscious of the weakness of Man and the power of God.

These sentiments are variously characterized — with Cyrus, it was the gods; with Cæsar and Napoleon, it was individuality and destiny; and, with Lincoln, it grew more and more into a lively belief in the personal government of God. This I inferred not so much from his words as his acts, and that sad submission to events and close observance of duty which seemed to rise above all human power over events. I think, therefore, that morality and religion gain nothing by a perversion of facts; and the noblest heroism of all the ages has followed close onto Theism. For then are the highest faculties of the mind, and the noblest aspirations of the soul, moving in the same direction to the grandest results of human achievements. Lincoln's death only added to the grandeur of his figure; and, in all our history, no man will ascend higher on the steep where —

“Fame's proud temple shines afar.”

I also denounced the Know-Nothing Party; and, by invitation, spoke to a great audience at Chicago, Illinois.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORIGIN OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—THE REVOLUTIONARY COMMITTEE OF MY COUNTY.—MY LETTER TO THE CITIZENS OF MADISON COUNTY.—TURMOIL IN KENTUCKY.—REMARKS OF THE ST. LOUIS "DEMOCRAT."—ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR FREE SPEECH.—LETTER TO THE LOUISVILLE "JOURNAL."—TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. C. M. CLAY.—INTERVIEW WITH WM. H. SEWARD.—RESOLUTIONS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN UNION OF NEW YORK.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FIRST CABINET.—PROMISED THE SECRETARY OF WAR PORTFOLIO, I AM OFFERED THE MISSION TO SPAIN.—I REFUSE, BUT ACCEPT THE MISSION TO RUSSIA.

THE Slave-power, by trying to carry slavery into Kansas by force, showed the ultimate design of cutting the free States, with a line of slave States to the Canada line, from all possible extension toward the great West and Mexico. In this they were defeated. And again, when they could not force the Lecompton Constitution, in Kansas, down the throats of an unwilling people, they more than ever shattered the old parties, and consolidated the opposition to that power in the newly-named Republican Party.

Edward Bates of Missouri, W. H. Seward of New York, S. P. Chase of Ohio, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, were the most prominent candidates on our side. John Bell of Tennessee and Edward Everett of Massachusetts, as Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, led the forlorn hope of the old Whigs; whilst Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, S. A. Douglas of Illinois, and John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky, were the Democratic aspirants.

I took great interest, of course, in the coming Convention of the Republicans at Chicago.* I had been quite

*I might fill a volume with the support which I received from the press, and the advanced intellects of my times, in the winter of 1859-'60, during my struggles for the maintenance of free speech. No one knows the whole matter so well as myself; but

intimate with S. P. Chase, an able and pure patriot. I had also been long a correspondent with Wm. H. Seward. By the rotten borough system of allowing votes in Convention to States which stand no chance of electoral strength, I had a large following in Kentucky, the other border States, in Western Virginia, and several of the Northern States, where I had spoken so often. So I was much courted by

I refrain from renewing old enmities, seeing that I stand, whilst they fell. It gives me great pleasure, however, to here perpetuate the language of the famous editor of the *Louisville Journal*—George D. Prentice, Esq.—a man unrivalled in his day for genius in journalism, who so ably and promptly stood on my side; and his own noble sentiments, whenever the galling chains of party fealty allowed.

From the Louisville Journal, April 4, 1860.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S APPEAL.

We have been requested by C. M. Clay, as an act of justice alike to himself and to the community, to publish the following appeal to his fellow-citizens of the County of Madison. We feel bound in common manliness, if nothing higher or more sacred, to comply with Mr. Clay's request. . . .

If, however, we are mistaken, as we trust we are not, and Mr. Clay's conviction is well-founded, we presume, without hesitation, that the sober, enlightened citizens of Madison will extinguish the guilty project in its very conception. They certainly owe its prompt extinction to themselves, as well as to the Commonwealth, whose stainless fame its execution would sully for all time to come. They owe its extinction to the cause of regulated liberty here and everywhere else. The interests of civilization and of society demand it of them. There can be no excuse for such a project. None. Mr. Clay has separated himself from the Radical Abolitionists, whose nefarious sentiments provoked the recent lamentable, though perhaps necessary, proceedings in Madison County, by a line so broad and distinct, and so frequently and clearly touched, that nobody can fail to recognize it.

He long ago cut entirely loose from these fanatical outlaws. He has time and again disowned their views and their purposes. He now solemnly disclaims all responsibility for their action. He proclaims himself strictly and purely a Republican. As such, and

the aspirants for the Presidency. Between Seward and Chase I felt bound to stand neutral, as they were mutual friends, and equally qualified for office. I made a visit to Washington, and was invited to dine with Seward; which I did. He showed me the speech which he had elaborately written out for delivery in the Senate, as a campaign document, and asked my criticism. In this speech

as a loyal citizen, he plants himself in the shadow of the Constitution and the laws, and asks to be let alone. Assuming the correctness of his statement, which we take to be indisputable, the petition is a just one, and can not be denied him without casting ineffaceable shame on the community and the State. It will not be denied him. It can not be. It is to us utterly incredible that any respectable citizen of Madison has ever entertained even the thought of denying him so plain and unquestionable a right:

C. M. CLAY'S APPEAL.

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF MADISON COUNTY:—Learning from a reliable source that the Revolutionary Committee of Madison are about to meet in Richmond again on next Monday, to take into consideration who are to be proscribed, and having understood that I only escaped their denunciation last Tuesday by a small majority, and that I am again to be considered on Monday, I avail myself of this means of making my protest and defense. I would greatly prefer always to meet my accusers face to face, and there make my defense; but, as friends have insisted on my avoiding any pretense for a conflict, I yield to their wishes, and make this written appeal. In the first place, I, as a free citizen of a Constitutional Commonwealth, most solemnly protest against any power on earth but the legal and regularly constituted authorities of my country to decide in any manner upon my "life, liberty, or property." I regard, all impartial men will regard, him as the worst enemy of true liberty who acquiesces in any usurpation, on the part of any man or set of men, of the sovereign power of the State. If every man in Madison would assent to the usurpation, it would be none the less an overthrow of the Constitution; which can be annulled, set aside, changed, or disobeyed with impunity only by the legal representatives of the people in convention assembled. But, according to the known facts, but about a fourth of the county signed the papers protest-

it will be seen that he took the ground that he was for the *Union, slave or free*. Now, as the war had already virtually broken out in Kansas to make all slave or free States, I did not see the necessity of making a great party, and a great to-do about slavery, if we were to end where we began. I read his speech very carefully, and said nothing. The truth was, *it killed Seward with*

ing against the doctrines and action of the "Radical Abolitionists"—Rev. John G. Fee and others. And it is well known that a very large number of those signing that paper were and are utterly opposed to any other than legal proceedings against those unhappy men, women, and children. So that the Committee have not the show of authority, three-fourths of the county having absolutely refused, amid threats of intimidation on the part of the movers, to sanction their illegal action. But, waiving all these considerations, I do not fear to plead to you on the merits of my cause. If it was a crime to resist the will and action of this revolutionary movement, I have not done even that, except by the high moral power of an earnest protest; refusing to join by force of arms in a common defense with the exiles. My reasons for this are these: I regarded the radical doctrine that "there is no law for slavery" as revolutionary.

To deny the potency of the Constitution and the laws, is to set up an independent government in opposition to the existing government and laws; the two necessary policies and jurisdictions of which must inevitably at last come into physical conflict. And whilst I am opposed to slavery on all possible grounds, my love and respect for my constitution and my country override all other political considerations. My theory is, that slavery is a creature of law, and the subject of support, modification, increase, or destruction, as any other policy, and to be reached in the same way only—by moral suasion, by speeches, by the press, by the law, and by the constitution. That so long as it constitutes property, by laws—those laws must be respected and enforced in good faith. That the majority have the right to rule, because we know of no other or better way of promoting the ends of the government—the safety and happiness of the whole of the governed. That, if the slaveholders thus rule, we will acquiesce; and, if we thus rule, they must acquiesce. And therefore the Republicans in Kentucky have been opposed to, and have steadily denounced, any illegal interference

me forever! He was full of confidence, seemed to assume my support, and asked me to go and see Thurlow Weed, at Albany, New York. Holding, with John Quincy Adams, that, when a war with or for the States should break out, it was one of the essential powers of national existence to organize all its forces for self-preservation, I believed we had a right to destroy slavery. And it

with slaves, from at home or abroad; they have given no countenance to the escape of slaves, to insubordination, or to servile insurrection. Hence, on the 4th of July, 1856, at the Slate Lick Springs, in this county, when the Rev. John G. Fee avowed from the stump the Radical Abolition doctrine, I denounced it from the stump. He was Corresponding Secretary of the Central Republican Club at our first meeting in Richmond. He was displaced, and a Republican elected in his stead. When he was mobbed in several places, when his co-laborer, Rev. James S. Davis, asked my aid in defending Mr. Fee, I addressed a letter, dated October 8, 1857, declining to identify myself in any way with Mr. Fee's doctrine or action. These letters were first published in the *Washington Republican*, in the face of the world, and were republished in the *Louisville Journal* and other Kentucky papers. Again, when the movement was made against the Bereans, I took the same neutral ground, in letters addressed to the *Richmond Messenger*, and to the Cincinnati papers, one only of which was published in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, dated White Hall, Kentucky, December 28, 1860, but which, I know not by what means, failed to reach Judge Field until the Monday following; and, the exiles being gone, I went into the *Messenger* office and took it away, as the occasion for its publication had passed. Again, when I heard that J. G. Hanson, one of the exiles, had returned, I went on Friday last to the house of Alexander McWilliams, where we talked the matter over, and we coincided in opinion, as we always had done, that our friends should separate their fortunes altogether from Hanson and his party. On Saturday, with Jno. H. Rawlings, I went to Berea, and there used all my influence to persuade my Republican friends not to identify themselves at all in any manner with Hanson, but to ask him to sell his mill and move from the State, as his presence would be a continual source of discontent, and might possibly involve the Republicans in a conflict, when innocent men might be killed. I stayed all night with William Stapp, where the same

was my purpose to do so; believing that there could be no liberty, even for the whites, in coëxistence with this barbarism.

In the meantime, the Blairs were for Edward Bates, a respectable old Whig of Missouri. They invited me to their residence at the Silver Springs, in Maryland; and, without ceremony, said, if I would go for Bates, I should

views were uttered and concurred in. I returned again through Berea, enforced with a parting word the same advice; and was leaving for home, when Mr. Hanson hallooed. I stopped, and Mr. Rawlings introduced him to me. He asked me what was the public feeling toward him? I replied that I would speak frankly with him; that I was, as he knew, opposed to his political principles, and could not stand by him in any way, but that my personal feelings were kind toward him; that I had not talked with the Committee, but I had heard things spoken in their confidence, and that the feeling of bitterness against him was greater than ever on account of his return; and I hoped that he would leave the State for his own safety, as well as to avoid the possible fight between my friends and the Committee, because of his presence. He remarked that he had found no fault with me; that every one must stand on his own convictions; and that "every dog has his day."

Taking leave of him, I went to Kingston, where I stayed all night with Whitt Moody. Whilst there, Messrs. Broaddus and Newland came in to see me, when I expressed the same views. I sent for Geo. W. Maupin, an old hunting companion, to spend the night with us, and have a friendly talk about the whole matter, as I knew he was one of the Committee, and had acted the part of a peace-maker when Tony was attacked in the first raid to Berea, as I was told. I then explained to Mr. Maupin, in the presence of Mr. Si. Newland and Whitt Moody, my whole position, as he had not read my Frankfort speech. I told him that he was one of a Revolutionary Committee; that I should not interfere with their action if they confined themselves to the expulsion of the "Radicals;" but, if the Committee attacked the Republicans on account of principles, that we would defend ourselves to the last; and that in such defense would shoot him, Reuben Monday, Terrill, or any other one of the Committee who aided and abetted any assassination of any of my party. That I was for peace; that

be made Secretary of War. Now, for Henry Clay to be suspected of going for John Q. Adams, in consideration of being made Secretary of State, was infamous; but to bargain for another cabinet office was quite patriotic! The truth is, any combination of men for a great purpose, if that purpose is promoted by individual elevation, is not only admissible, but wise. And these gentlemen had the

I told our friends at Berea that whoever stood in defense of Hanson, would do so at his own risk, and we would not stand by him; but that, if they cleared themselves of Hanson, and were attacked in their own right, we would make a common cause—we would take to the woods, and defend ourselves to the death.

This, men of Madison, is my whole connection with the Radicals at Berea; all the time against their doctrines; all the time for the peace and the safety of the community.

On Monday night I stayed with my sister, Mrs. Smith. On Tuesday, hearing that the excitement was mostly against me, and that I was thought to have dictated the letter of Hanson to Judge Field, with a view to bring about a war, I made my remarks at the court-house to clear the popular mind of all misapprehensions. The falsehood of the whole allegation is apparent, when you will see by the letter to Judge Field that it is dated on the 13th instant—two weeks ago—when I had neither seen nor known Hanson, nor been at Berea since my Northern tour, and therefore could not possibly have had any intercourse with him whatever. Now it turns out just as I expected—from what Mr. Newton said in Richmond last Wednesday, in the presence of G. W. Maupin and others—that the Republicans had nothing to do with Hanson, were for peace, and fought in their own defense. The Republicans of Berea say that their houses were rudely searched (which was admitted to me by one of the party); and I give you here a copy of a letter written to me by Messrs. Bland and Haley, stating the whole cause of the difficulty, which original letter, signed by them, and by H. Rawlings, can be seen by calling upon me:

BEREA, IN THE EVENING, *March 30, 1860.*

MY FRIEND, C. M. CLAY:—I drop a few lines to you stating the facts concerning the fight. In the first place, it was not brought about over Hanson; but over the treatment of George West. The Committee went to his house on the hunt for Hanson. West is in the last stage of consumption, and told his daughter to shut the door; and they broke the door down, and they cuffed and abused West and his daughter; and we went to see West, with no view of seeing any of them.

higher end in view. But I knew nothing of Bates' principles; and I as frankly declined to support him. For this I lost favor with the Blairs. I concluded, however, to go to Albany, and did so; where I met Thurlow Weed, the renowned camp-follower. He, of course, had been advised of my coming, and received me in a gushing way; but, having made up my mind that not only Seward ought

We met them, and I begged for peace, and did all I could to obtain it. I intended to take your good advice.

FRANK BLAND AND GREEN HALEY.

Here, men of Madison, are some of the facts, but not all of the facts—the language to the daughter of West was too gross for the public eye, and I therefore suppress it; nor were these the only outrages. A similar offense to the children of the poor brought on a revolution in that kingdom from which we draw our blood and our love of liberty. The story will sink deep into the hearts of thirty millions of Americans. The battle of the 26th day of March will never be forgotten in the annals of the nation!

You may drive these men into the mountains; you may burn their houses; you may hunt them down like wild beasts, till the last one falls by superior force; but their cause is the cause of American liberty, and of the noblest instincts of human nature. Their martyrdom will light up the fires of civil war, which will pervade the Union, and be extinguished only by the downfall of one or the other of these great powers, Liberty or Slavery, forever! Men of Madison, *I stand by these men*—I stand by the Constitution and laws of my native State—I stand by the Republican Party every-where—I stand by the liberties which I inherited from our fathers, and which my own blood has, from the beginning of the Revolution of 1776 to this hour, in every battle-field, been ready to defend. I stand, in a word, on my Frankfort speech of the 10th of January, 1860, which I desire to place before the world as the ground of my faith and of my action. *I shall in no way whatever recognize or submit to any Revolutionary Committee.*

At my country's call I have freely risked my life in her defense; two years in exile from my home and family; nine months in a foreign prison; ready at all times to sacrifice money, health, and even life itself, I have brought back an unsullied name to the place of my birth, and which you were not the last to welcome as the common glory of our State. You may be strong enough to overpower me; you can not drive me from the duty which I owe

not to be the nominee, but could not be, I desired to make combinations which should be useful to my friend, should I decide for one. Weed talked all I wanted; but, as I had no faith in his talk, I reduced some propositions to writing which would commit him and friends, in case of Seward's defeat in Chicago, to me and my friends. To this the camp-follower never replied. So I left Al-

to myself, to my friends, and to my country. If I fall, I trust I shall not fall in vain; and it will be enough for all my long-cherished aspirations if, perchance, my blood shall atone for the wrongs of my race, and *these States shall at last be free!*

C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY, *March 31, 1860.*

LETTER FROM C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY., *March 29, 1860.*

To the Editor of the Louisville Journal—

The secret purpose of the leaders of the attack upon the "Radicals" at Berea was to suppress Republicanism in Kentucky, and aimed more especially at me. Knowing that I relied upon the justice of my cause, and the irreproachable and patriotic purposes of my whole action in the Commonwealth, I in good faith cut myself away from the revolutionary doctrines of the "Radical Abolitionists," and the unfortunate purposes of those who in their persons made an armed insurrection against the non-slaveholding whites of the Commonwealth. The proposition that the Legislature should, as it could constitutionally do, enact a law to meet the difficulty, and thus avoid all violence, was met by the Radical Abolitionists of the North, and their enemies here, with equal denunciation. The reason alleged was, that it was useless to drive off these non-resistants whilst I was left to agitate the slavery question! And it is well known that my personal and political enemies desired to include me in the proscription! Nothing but the *friendship* of some of the Committee (when the proposition was made,) and the conservatism of the county prevented. Finding that they did not get a safe opportunity to attack the Republicans through the Radicals, whom they supposed would be defended by us, they kept up their threats against me till my Frankfort speech rallied around me all the true lovers of constitutional liberty, and thwarted for the time their criminal designs. Every thing that I have said offensive to

bany uncommitted to any one. It is useless to add, that from that day to the death of both these men, they were my implacable enemies.

S. P. Chase was now my first choice; but "Bluff Ben. Wade," who was another trickster, and who envied Chase's high character and fame, set up for himself to divide the Ohio delegation, and thus throw Chase out of the contest. It was now Lincoln or Bates; and, of course, I was for Lincoln.

the slave-holding interest has been studiously paraded in the press and elsewhere, and calumny added, both by the slave-holders and the Radical Abolitionists of the North, to consummate my ruin and the downfall of the cause of liberty here.

J. G. Hanson, one of the expelled Bereans, returned to Kentucky, his native State, on the *3d day of this month*, as published in a letter to the Centreville (Ind.) *Republican*. The mob again threatening him but faintly, he retired—which was well known here in all circles—to the mountains for a while; and then was generally at Berea, having preached and attended Sunday-school more than once. But so soon as it was known that I was in Berea on Saturday, a great excitement was got up, and stories circulated that I was there marshaling my forces against the revolutionary tribunal. By Sunday night the mob had taken the field; and, on Monday, brought on the collision at Berea, by "illegal search" of the houses of citizens there without warrant, adding insult to injury, ostensibly to find Hanson, but in reality to raise a row, which they succeeded in doing, several being shot on both sides. And the Revolutionary Committee, driven back, rallied again on Tuesday; and, finding no one; broke down that terrible thing—the saw-mill—and declared vengeance against me and the Republicans who were engaged in the fight. What was my true position? Standing on the doctrine of my Frankfort speech, I advised Mr. Hanson to leave the State, and thus save himself and my friends from the conflict which I well knew was premeditated by the Revolutionary Committee. On Sunday night I stayed at Kingston, where I stated the whole thing, and my message of peace to Berea, to several slave-holders. One of the Revolutionary Committee being present, I was then informed by that committeeman that they were "*after me certainly*"—that I "*was the one wanted*;" and it was currently reported that a special

I did not go to the Convention, and had no idea that I would be nominated for President or Vice-President, though many friends so wrote me; but I was next to Hannibal Hamlin of Maine; and all say, if I had been there, I could have had the Vice-Presidential nomination over any one. But, Lincoln being the Presidential nominee, it was thought prudent to allow Seward's friends to name the Vice-President; and, Hamlin of Maine being a Northern man, and Seward's friend, it was also thought

detachment had been sent to "*take me*" wherever found—which the said detachment was very careful not to do! At the same time the old letter of protest, which Hanson wrote on the 10th instant to Judge Field, was now talked of as being dictated by me at Berea on Saturday, to stir up the community to madness, and execute vengeance upon me without time for truth and reflection. On Tuesday I was, no doubt, saved from this ruse only by timely taking the stump, and showing the true people of Madison what I had really done; and that some of the mob knew the whole thing on Monday, and had suppressed it with a view of connecting me with stirring up war in the State! The Committee well know, whilst I shall not defend the Republicans in their mad purpose, that I will not be driven into acquiescence in their usurped power, nor from the defense of all Republicans who are attacked in their person or property because of their Republicanism. They desire to renew the fable of the wolf and the lamb; and by the committal of outrages against my friends, which I am pledged to resist, to consummate, with a show of public justice, their own criminal designs against my life and cause. I publish these facts that all honest men may not be deluded; that we may stand or fall upon our merits; and not be overwhelmed with clamor, which is the strong weapon of mob violence always. The Governor may make his demonstration; the "Minié rifles" and "cannon" may come on to extinguish the just indignation of outraged freemen in vain. Standing upon the laws, the Constitution, and our own patriotic purposes, we shall not be intimidated by this new accession of power in the suppression of our rights. If civil war is begun, it will be begun against our most earnest implorations of the forbearance of friends, and most solemn protest against the aggressions of enemies of the common liberties of all! If blood be shed, it will not be first shed by us! If the

best to nominate him, and not me, of an adjoining State. I was well content with the result; and entered heartily into the contest.

It was generally talked of at Chicago, that I was to be made Secretary of War; and Lincoln himself wrote to me to that effect. He also wrote me a letter urging me to canvass Indiana for him; which I did. This State was then Democratic; but from all parts of Kentucky for long

State shall fly to arms, and citizens North and South become involved in one common ruin, let those who shall begin the conflict answer for the end!

C. M. CLAY.

From the New York Times, April, 1860.

TURMOIL IN KENTUCKY.

. . . . The committee then dispatched the following letter:

RICHMOND, March 30, 1860.

Captain John Morgan, Messrs. Allen, Goodloe, Bruce, and Hunter—

GENTLEMEN:—We send the bearer of this note, requesting you to send us a cannon. We are in a serious difficulty with the Fee party in our county, and *we need a cannon* to whip them out. Your attention to this will much oblige a great many good citizens of this county—citizens who will remember the kindness. Send us cannon-balls and cartridges, and every thing necessary to load it. All expenses and damages, if any, will be promptly paid. Your friends,

ED. TURNER, MAJ. WM. HARRIS;
R. R. STONE, DR. WM. JENNINGS,
And others.

P. S.—If you can, send us two or three of your boys who know how to load and shoot, and are competent to direct the piece, etc. E. W. TURNER.

We have no one who has been accustomed to loading or shooting a cannon, and would like for some one to come who is competent. E. W. TURNER.

The *Courier* (Louisville, Ky.) adds, that the cannon was forwarded, and the "Lexington Rifles" were ready to march.

From the St. Louis Democrat, April, 1860.

MOBOCRACY IN KENTUCKY—C. M. CLAY'S APPEAL.

The public are not ignorant of the unfortunate state of affairs which has prevailed for a considerable period in Madison County, Kentucky. There has been trouble there since 1856, but it was not until the past winter that it broke out into systematic violence and wholesale aggressions. One or two individuals, who profess radical anti-slavery opinions, had been mobbed previously; but last

years, when non-slaveholders were driven out for their opinions, they migrated mostly to Indiana. Thus, when I spoke there, a great number of Democrats came to hear me, and were won over to my cause. The upshot was, that we carried Indiana for Lincoln; and this saved the election.

In the meantime, the Slave-power, who had seen their hopes of empire lost in Kansas, and in the election of

December several families residing in a place called Berea, and the members of which are mainly natives of the State, were expelled for the same offence by a pro-slavery organization which has established itself as the supreme power in Madison County. One of the exiles, a gentleman by the name of Hanson, a Kentuckian by birth, who owned, it seems, a considerable property in Berea, returned there in March. This was the signal for another and more serious demonstration on the part of the pro-slavery men. They attacked Berea on the 26th day of March; but, after a sharp struggle with the people of the village, in which several were wounded on both sides, they were compelled to retreat. Renewing the assault, two or three days afterward, they succeeded in destroying a mill, the property of Hanson. Encouraged by this achievement, they determined to expel, or exterminate, every Republican in the county. In pursuance of this design, they resolved, with true instinct, to strike the next blow at Cassius M. Clay. The lordly tower, or the oak—the monarch of the forest—is not more apt to attract the lightning from the clouds than such a man as Clay to draw upon his head the bolts of pro-slavery vengeance. His address to the citizens of Madison County was called forth by the dangers impending over him. The Revolutionary Committee sat in judgment on him once, on which occasion he escaped “denouncement,” namely, exile or death, by a small majority. The subject was to be reconsidered at a subsequent meeting, and in the interval the Address appeared. We find it called an “Appeal” in the newspapers; but the body of the document proved that to be a misnomer. It is a statement of the writer’s case, concluding with a most emphatic declaration, that he will never recognize, much less submit or yield, to the Revolutionary Committee; that, on the contrary, he will fight to the death first. He vindicates himself from the accusation of having any affiliation with the Radical Abolitionists, showing by indubitable testimony that he not only repu-

Lincoln, looked to war, and a Southern Slave Confederation expanding toward Mexico and the tropical islands; and they made the election of Lincoln the nominal pretext for revolution.

I was the only speaker, so far as I am informed, who always predicted war in case of Democratic defeat; and accepted the issue.

So I never wrote to Lincoln, or went to the inauguration. I did not, however, disavow my position. I mediated their doctrines, but counseled the Republicans of Berea to refuse, like himself, to make common cause with Hanson, and the associates of Hanson. These Republicans, it appears, had a cause for acting as they did, altogether non-political—a cause which true men of all parties will pronounce, not only a just, but an imperative one. Clay is a Republican pure and simple, and will not, therefore, take up arms in defense of Abolitionists, however much he may regret the violation of the Constitution and the laws of Kentucky in their persons; but, being a Republican, a soldier, and a hero, he will fight, and, if need be, perish in defense of Republicans and Republican principles. This is his position; these are ideas which he avows.

Our deliberate opinion is, that his enemies in Madison County will never be able to make him a martyr to the Republican cause; but we are by no means so sure that they may not succeed in making him President of the United States. Notice of ejectment may be served on him, but he will not quit the State; and it were to doubt the manhood and chivalry of Kentucky to suppose that the Revolutionary Committee, and their adherents, would be permitted to slay him. We rather opine that the Committee in question have discovered before this time that discretion is the better part of valor. They have heard the lion's roar in that Address; and we have no doubt it has had a salutary effect on their deliberations. Were Clay forced into the position of defending his common rights as a citizen, by physical force, troops of Kentuckians, we have not the slightest doubt, and especially of his old companions in arms, would flock to his assistance. The law, too, and all law-abiding citizens, would be on his side, and against the revolutionary mob. No, he could not be conquered; but a demonstration against him, like that threatened, would very probably make him the favorite of the Chicago Convention, and the idol of the entire non-slaveholding population of the country. There-

tion at Washington; waiting quietly to be called to the responsible post to which public sentiment and the President himself had pointed. The first enlightenment I had of the intrigues against me was the publication, in the Washington journals, that I had been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. I went at once to Washington. Seward had been made Secretary of State, Simon Cameron of War, Edward Bates Attorney-General, Gideon

fore, as the advocate of the Bates movement, as well as admirers of his eloquence and ability, of the nobleness of his character, and of his truly heroic life, we desire that he may not be molested. Could our voice reach the Revolutionary Committee of Madison, we would entreat that Jacobin tribunal to let him alone for its own sake, for his sake, and for ours—most of all, for its own; for we entertain the notion that such of its members as should proceed to execute the “denouncement” would experience a premature and tragic fate.

But what shall be said of the government and laws of Kentucky. In one of the oldest counties of that old and illustrious Commonwealth, a reign of terror has prevailed for months; mobocracy has trampled on the laws with impunity, and committed, in open day, and through the instrumentality of organized bands, outrages on person and property—exiling the one, and destroying the other.

Repeated attempts have been made in Missouri to drive out free negroes; but the only power invoked for that purpose was the legislative power. In Kentucky they drive out white men, natives of the soil, not only without legal warrant, but with indifference to the Constitution and the statutes. We have had a queer Governor in this State, and we have had a queer Legislature—one distinguished equally for its inhumanity and its imbecility; but yet we can take some comfort by comparing ourselves with Kentucky.

Since the end of the Kansas difficulties, and the Blue Lodge régime, Abolitionists as well as Democrats, Americans and Republicans, are permitted to live amongst us. Except some of the country banks, no person or association of persons, and slaveholders least of all, invoke the interposition of Lynch judgment and terrorism. The crime of negro-stealing is punished by the laws, and not by mobs, just like any other larceny. Although we dare not say that the expression of extreme anti-slavery opinions

Wells Secretary of the Navy, and Caleb B. Smith Secretary of the Interior, with Montgomery Blair Postmaster-General. I went directly to Lincoln, and told him I would not accept the mission to an old, effete government like Spain; that I had, at my own expense and great sacrifice of money and time, canvassed for five real and acting Presidents, and had never asked an office for myself or any friend; that I had labored for the time to come when I could accept office only to vindicate my principles; and now, since they seemed to have so many better men than myself, I should go home at once, and settle down into private life. (I never named his promise about the War Department till my recall from Russia, in 1862.) Lincoln seemed much affected, and said: "Well,

is tolerated in all parts of our State, yet, except in the case of Mr. Milliken, of Kirkville, we can remember no recent case of persecution, or attempt at persecution, for political opinions of any kind; though it is certain, from our large immigration for the last few years, that every shade of opinion is represented among our population. Even the persecution against Milliken, we believe, died out without producing an overt act. Missouri may, therefore, plume herself by comparison with a State which permits an illegal Society to drive her native children by force into exile, for no other cause than their opinions.

From the New York World.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR FREE SPEECH—C. M. CLAY AT RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

Cassius M. Clay won another victory for free speech, and struck a good blow in behalf of Republicanism, at Richmond, Kentucky, the county seat of Madison County, on the 4th instant (April, 1860). This was the day of the opening of the County Court; and a large number of people were, of course, present from the surrounding country.

Mr. Clay had publicly announced, through both the papers issued at Richmond, that he intended to speak on this occasion, and the subject was much canvassed in the streets. The more violent portion of the Revolutionary Committee, we learn, were for silencing him.

what office would you accept?" I said, seeing the Cabinet was filled, I would go as Minister Plenipotentiary to London or to Paris. He said those were already full — Wm. O. Dayton having been named for Paris, and Charles Francis Adams for England. This was the first I had heard of these appointments; and I saw the hand of Seward in all my defeats. I said: "Well, that settles the matter." So, taking my hat, I was about taking my leave, when Lincoln said: "Do not go home. I will consider the proposition."

That day I dined at the house of H. S. Sanford, who was just made Minister Resident at Belgium, with a large party of the most prominent Republicans. After dinner, Senator Ed. D. Baker of Oregon, who had been in Mexico

At one o'clock P. M., the large court-house was packed to its utmost capacity. Mr. Clay took up the Republican platform and read it, making no allusion to the mob, but going on to vindicate the principles laid down in that platform. Finding him prudent enough to avoid any mention of the mob, one of the most violent of them declared that Mr. Clay *should be "shot through the head."* Mr. Clay said he claimed the same equal rights as were allowed other parties, and that he would "*stand or fall there!*" The clamor against him continued; but the great mass cried out: "Go on."*

Mr. Clay then said: "Gentlemen, I see what you are after. If nothing but a fight will do you, we are *ready* for you. *Now try it.* Shall I speak, citizens, or not?" "Yes, yes; go on," was the response from the great majority of the crowd. A dozen voices cried out: "No, no." To which Mr. Clay replied: "Then *go out*" (great applause), "if you do not want to hear!" And they went out, completely foiled in their attempt at assassination.

Mr. Clay made a strong speech, which told with great effect upon his large audience. Many "Union" men, we are told, declared for Lincoln that day. Our Republican friends there are in good spirits. They say the cause is progressing; and that the

* These were the men who drove out the Rev. John G. Fee, and forty others, from Berea. H. Cavanaugh was afterward shot, through a window in his own house, and killed. The slave-power was as violent then as ever before. — C. 1885.

with me, and who was intimate with Lincoln and myself,—he who was afterward killed at Ball's Bluff,—came in, and, taking me aside, said he had held a conversation with Lincoln, and that he was very much disturbed about me; that Seward had promised the two missions named to Dayton and Adams, and they would be offended if those missions were given to others; that Lincoln thought my going home would injure the cause, and would like to do something, if possible, to satisfy me; and this argument Baker fully sustained. He said: "Mr. Lincoln has not decided not to give you one of the posts you desire;

time is not far distant when Kentucky will not only tolerate free speech, but will also range herself on the right side.

From the New York Tribune.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. C. M. CLAY.

The splendid portrait of Hon. Cassius M. Clay, which attracts so much attention at the Tremont House, is on its way to White Hall, Kentucky, to be presented to Mrs. Clay, as indicated by the subjoined letter. The portrait is one of Brady's best imperial mezzotint photographs, and is a perfect likeness of the hero of Frankfort. We append the letter:

NEW YORK, *April 3, 1860.*

Mrs. C. M. CLAY—

MADAM:—The undersigned friends of your distinguished husband, and officers of the organization under the auspices of which he made his recent eloquent political address in this city, beg you to accept the photographic likeness herewith sent as a feeble testimonial of their admiration of that heroic devotion to liberty and the right which has characterized the life and made illustrious the name of Cassius M. Clay. With best wishes for your continued health and prosperity, we are, with great respect,

CEPHAS BRAINERD,	R. C. McCORMICK,
GEORGE P. EDGAR,	DEXTER A. HAWKINS,
D. H. GILDERSLEEVE,	CHARLES C. NOTT,
WM. M. FRANKLIN,	CHARLES H. COOPER,
FRANK W. BALLARD,	CHARLES T. RODGERS,
ERASMUS STERLING,	BENJ. F. MANNIERRE,
	HIRAM BARNEY.

From the New York Evening Post.

CASSIUS M. CLAY AND THE YOUNG MEN'S REPUBLICAN UNION.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Young Men's Republican Union, last evening (April 7, 1860):

but can not you find something else that will do?" I then said to him: "Russia is a great and young nation, and must much influence this great crisis; I will go there." He seemed to have anticipated me, and said: "All right; get your hat, and we will go at once and see the President." So saying, we went; and found Lincoln alone, evidently looking for us. When Baker explained that I would accept the Russian mission, Lincoln rose up; and, taking my hand, said: "Clay, I thank you; you relieve me of great embarrassment." And so that matter ended.

WHEREAS, We have been advised that our much-esteemed friend, the Hon. Cassius M. Clay, is now being grossly assailed by the advocates of slavery in the State of Kentucky, with the evident intent of expelling him from the home of the Clays, or depriving him of his life, because he has had the boldness to express his opinions—a right guaranteed to every citizen by the Constitution of the United States—therefore, be it—

Resolved, That the "Young Men's Republican Union," of the city and county of New York, fully appreciate the disinterested, philanthropic, and patriotic motives of the Hon. Cassius M. Clay in his efforts to promote the honor and prosperity of his native State; do sympathize with him in his present difficulties; and sincerely hope that the noble stand he has taken, in fearlessly expressing his opinions, may open the eyes of his fellow-citizens to a sense of their true position, and bring about such a change in their sentiments as may awaken them to a sense of justice, dictated by patriotic impulses, to vindicate the rights of a noble and generous man, as well as to preserve the fair fame and welfare of our common country.

Resolved, That we recognize, in the action of those who are engaged in this attack upon Mr. Clay, a desire to crush the friends of freedom in Kentucky, who accept the great principles of the Republican Party as their political faith, and who look upon Mr. Clay as their leader in that State.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be published in the New York *Tribune*, *Evening Post*, and *Herald*; and that a copy be sent to the Hon. Cassius M. Clay.

CHARLES T. RODGERS, *President*,

ERASMUS STERLING, *Secretary*.

Returning to Kentucky, I made immediate arrangements; and, taking my whole family, except Green Clay, I returned to Washington. Seward treated me with the greatest coolness; advanced me no money, as was usual in such cases, from the treasury, and gave me no instructions, but the simple accustomed credentials certifying my office.

I had set out in life one of the wealthiest men in the West; had never lived extravagantly, but had devoted all my means and energies to the accomplishment of my political views. I now felt extremely the cold treatment which I had received from my allies, but abated nothing in heart or hope. Whilst I was waiting for the instructions which I never received, the Rebellion culminated in the destruction of the National ships in the Chesapeake, and the bloodshed of the Massachusetts troops in Baltimore. I heard the news of the ships; and, going at once to my family at Willard's, told them to immediately take the omnibus, which was at the door, for the railroad, go on to Philadelphia, and there await my coming. So, leaving their clothes and trunks unpacked, they reached the dépôt, and escaped to Philadelphia.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CLAY BATTALION.—DEFENSE OF WASHINGTON CITY.—THE C. M. CLAY GUARDS, 1861.—GENERAL JAMES H. LANE.—TESTIMONIALS.—HON. CHARLES SUMNER URGES MY ACCEPTANCE OF THE COMMISSION OF MAJOR-GENERAL.—I DECLINE, AND PROCEED ON MY MISSION TO RUSSIA.—W. R. HENLEY.—SCRAPS OF HISTORY.—ISSUE OF VERACITY BETWEEN B. F. WADE AND MYSELF.—TELEGRAM FROM THE BLAIRS.—CONTINUED ASSAULTS BY THE SEWARD FACTION.—EXTRACTS FROM THE NEWSPAPERS—NEW YORK “EVENING POST,” “WORLD,” AND ERIE (PA.) “GAZETTE,” INDORSING ME FOR SECRETARY OF WAR.

HENRY WILSON, in his “History of the Slave-Power,” gives a very poor and inaccurate account of the defense of Washington; in which I took so active a part. This history was written after my return from Europe, and I had taken sides in favor of the autonomy of the South. So Wilson was not at all different from most Republicans, if he could not do me justice. James H. Lane, of Kansas, then Senator, and myself had all along been at war with the Slave-power; and, whilst other men were paralyzed by their warlike movements, we were ready to move steadily in defense. There was no meeting at the Willard Hotel but of my own getting up; nor was there, as Wilson says, a separate movement by me in the theater at that hotel. I began and conducted the whole organization myself—I at Willard’s, and Lane at another part of the city, where he boarded.

Willard’s was full of guests, from top to bottom, most of them Southerners. There were rumors of the capture of Washington from the beginning; and, as soon as the ships were sunk, I knew that the war there had begun, and that Washington was the point of all the strategy. The District was in the midst of the slave States of Virginia and Maryland, which were confidentially relied upon

to join the South, and which would have been the result but for the patriotism of Governor Hicks, backed up by the great genius and moral support of Miss Anne Ella Carroll, daughter of Ex-Governor Carroll, of Maryland. The possession of the capital would have given the South at once recognition by foreign governments; most of whom were more than willing to see the overthrow of free institutions.

That very night I began the enlistment of volunteers for the defense of Washington. The troops of the Government were but a fragment of the force necessary to defend the city against traitors in and out of the army; and Col. McGruder, who commanded the largest force, the artillery, was a traitor, and soon went over to the enemy. General Scott, then in command in Washington, was old, and not up to the political forces at work. I occupied a parlor and bed-room, and kept a fine pair of Colt's revolvers loaded in the latter, whilst I wore my accustomed Bowie-knife. As the names of the volunteers were listed, I gave the pass-word; and no person whatever was entered on the roll whose loyalty was not sustained by our several friends. Henry Wilson is mistaken about oaths being taken. The entrance to the church, once a theater, was from the hall of the floor where I roomed; and, when the force was sufficient, the companies were organized, and I was made the commander. This recruiting went on several days, till we had about as many men as the old theater could hold.

One day, whilst I was alone in my room, two ruffians of notoriety from California entered my apartment, and asked to be enrolled. I told them none but friends vouched for as loyal to the Government could be admitted, and asked them to bring such proof. Thereupon one of them, running his hand into his pocket, pulled out several pistol-balls, and, rolling them in his palm, said: "Here are our vouchers." Without a word, I went into my bed-room, and, having my pistols cocked, one in each

hand, I—having “the drop” upon them, as they say out West—drove them to the extremity of the hall, and down stairs.

The same evening, as our men were by agreement entering our theater in considerable numbers, I standing and taking the pass-word, a stranger came up and attempted to pass. I called for the word; he had none, but said he “had as much right to go in there as any one.” I then leveled my pistol quickly at his head, and said: “These are war-times, and I am not to be trifled with. If you do not give back at once, I will put a ball through your brains.” He sullenly retired.

I had not seen General Scott since I dined with him in the City of Mexico. I sought him at his quarters; but his staff were present, and I could not tell my business, so I asked him into another room, but they followed; and I, seeing that they were determined not to give me a private audience with the general, saying I would come again, retired. I finally got an interview, and told the general that the object of the rebels was to take Washington, and that no time was to be lost. I advised him to concentrate his forces in some of the strong public buildings; and hold his position, if attacked, till reinforcements could arrive, and that we could give him—I and Lane—considerable help. Scott said I was right, perhaps; that he was on the lookout, but that the moral effect of the movement would be more depressing than the physical strength gained. This, on reflection, I agreed was wise. The general also told me that he had several employés about his house and quarters unarmed, and that he wished I would supply the messenger he would quietly send with some of the arms I had drawn from the War Department. I told him I would cheerfully do so; and that night he sent for and got them.

Knowing that a certain gentleman, whom I suspected of being in sympathy with the rebels, would most likely repeat my saying, I told him it was possible the next day

martial law would be declared, and some of the rebels then in Willard's hotel shot. It turned out as I expected, and the next morning the hotel was cleared; several hundred men leaving for parts unknown. So great was the exodus, that the house was on the eve of closing, as I learned, for the want of guests, and on account of the threatened war.

On the night named by Senator Wilson, Lane's command was ordered to join mine, and march to the Navy Yard, below Washington, to assist in its defense against a rumored attack from Virginia.* When the two commands met, Lane desired the joint command, to which I objected, as my force was much larger than his; and, referring it to the soldiers themselves, I was made the commander of the battalion, and so acted at the Navy Yard. The rebels, seeing determined men opposed to their military *coup*, deserted the city; and we held it without further incident, keeping out pickets at night, and guarding the President's house.†

* SPECIAL ORDER.

HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WASHINGTON,

WASHINGTON, D. C. *April 24, 1861.*

GENTLEMEN:—The Secretary of War desires that the volunteers under General James H. Lane and Major C. M. Clay should take post at the United States Navy Yard for its protection. I am therefore directed by Colonel Smith, commanding, to request that you will report with your respective commands to the commandant of the Navy Yard, for this service, by 9 o'clock to-night, to remain on duty till daylight. You will report to the commandant of the Navy Yard, for the same service, on each succeeding night for the periods that your respective commands may have been enrolled.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

THOMAS TALBOT,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

To Gen. J. H. LANE, and

Maj. C. M. CLAY, Washington.

† All the time, from 1861 to 1876, I had believed that General Lee was present at one of the calls I made on General Scott, and

Mr. Seward, who had no intercourse with me since my arrival in Washington, sent for me, and desired that I should take my volunteer force and reconnoiter in the direction of Baltimore, to the extent, at least, of the railroad that was left, as we could get no information of the rebel movements in that direction. As I knew the Baltimoreans had artillery, I told him, if General Scott would give me a battery, and force to work it, I would take command with my men, and see the end of the railroad at least. I was not in a very good humor with him, and spoke in rather a surly manner, whilst not refusing to act. I heard no more of it. I have no data by me to correct errors of memory, but my impression is that the first troops that came to our relief were the New York regiment, and then the Massachusetts regiment, and the Pennsylvania regiment last; but of this I am not sure. When they arrived, being of no longer use in Washington, I yielded up my command. Lincoln issued an order thank-

that he introduced him to me; and I have so stated in speech and writing. But as there is a question of doubt about his being in Washington at that time, and I can not be sure of my first impression, I desire now to so state the facts. It is not probable that General Lee would make a very distinct impression upon my memory, as he was not then distinguished. I wrote, a few years ago, to I. Stoddard Johnson, asking whether General Lee was, at the time named, on General Scott's staff, and he said not; but still he may have been in Washington. The facts, no doubt, can be easily established, if thought of any importance. Several of Scott's immediate command, Colonel McGruder being one, then went over to the Confederates.

Before leaving Washington, I took the liberty to give General Scott my views about the conduct of the war; that our armies should be advanced by sea and river routes, as we had supremacy there, and thus shorten our lines of supply of food, and men, and material of war.

Miss Anne Ella Carroll indicated the exact route in the West which led to victory. But she never was rewarded for her eminent services by the Government!—C. 1885.

ing me for my services; and presented me with a Colt's revolver, as a testimony of his regard. This pistol I yet hold as an heir-loom in my family, together with the elegant sword presented to me by the citizens of Kentucky, after my return from Mexico, as stated in the following letter:

Written for the Shelby (Ky.) News.

HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

The citizens of Madison and Fayette Counties have "caused to be made," and presented to Captain Cassius M. Clay, an elegant sword, "as a token of their sincere regard and admiration." The committee charged with the duty of presentation, say, in their communication to Captain Clay:

"Your fellow-citizens, who observed you giving up the comforts of a pleasant home, and encountering the dangers incident to a campaign in Mexico, conceive that in your short service, especially *after the capitulation at Encarnación*, when one of the prisoners escaped from the Mexican guard, you displayed *courage* and *self-possession* in the midst of *sudden* and *appalling danger*, which illustrate the highest qualities of the *officer* and the *soldier*. Disarmed, as you were, your *firmness* and *sagacity* prevented the sacrifice of the gallant but unfortunate little band. Such qualities on a broader field might have rendered you more conspicuous before the nation; but would present no *truer* test of the *intrinsic* merit of the soldier."

The committee wished to present the sword publicly; but the Captain declined it, for reasons satisfactory to himself. They then addressed a note to Captain Clay, to know at what time it would be convenient for him to receive the sword at his own residence; to which note he replied that he would be pleased to see the committee, and such other friends as might be inclined to be present, on Friday evening, November 10th. Accordingly, on that evening, the committee, in company with a number of other gentlemen, repaired to Captain Clay's residence in the country, and, finding him at home, were cordially received. Dr. A. J. Burnam, one of the committee, after addressing a few handsome and appropriate remarks, referring to the correspondence touching the occasion, handed the elegant sword to Captain Clay. It was received with modest simplicity by the Captain, who declared that he felt his poor services had not merited such a compliment, and one which was rarely tendered for any service except distinguished conduct on the battle-field,

remarking that he would not have accepted the sword did he not feel that his conduct on the occasion especially alluded to was now fully vindicated from the malign aspersions of some of those who were associated with him. The company were then invited to partake of a most superb and tasty collation prepared with exquisite taste by Mrs. Clay. After enjoying it abundantly, with fine cheer, the company dispersed.

His fellow-citizens have reflected honor upon themselves by this act of simple justice to a brave and gallant man, who, in the hour of peril, when all hearts were sick at the prospect of a violent death, stood up in the might of his greatness, and delivered them. It was a display of the loftiest heroism, and challenges the admiration of the world. May he long live to enjoy the gratitude of his generous friends; and may that sword never be unsheathed except in a cause where virtue weaves the wreath for the brow of the living, and hallows the grave of the dead. B.

This was but one of the many testimonials from public bodies to my gallantry. The Legislature of Kentucky, March 1, 1848, passed a complimentary resolution for my defense of Encarnação (see Collin's History of Kentucky, Vol. I., p. 56).

For the Observer and Reporter.

THE LOUISVILLE AND FAYETTE, KENTUCKY, LEGIONS.

At a meeting of the officers composing the Louisville Legion, held at the Washington Hall, on Saturday evening, the 18th inst., on motion of Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Metcalfe, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, we have understood that some attempt has been made to alter the arrangements entered into at Camp Madison, in July, 1843, relative to the encampment to be held near Versailles in July next (1845), and to supersede Col. Cassius M. Clay in the command—in consequence of opinions held by him on certain subjects—therefore, be it

Resolved, by the officers of the Louisville Legion, that, without concurring in, or endorsing, the correctness of the views of Col. Clay on the subject referred to, we, as a body, protest, as far as we have the right, against any alteration being made in the general arrangements as understood at the last encampment.

Resolved, That in C. M. Clay we recognize a gentleman, whose

private worth, dignity of manners, and military abilities guarantee to us *that* harmony so necessary to general enjoyment among so large a body of men as will be drawn together from all parts of the State and surrounding States.

Resolved, That Col. Joseph Metcalfe be a committee to forward a copy of these resolutions to Col. C. M. Clay, and to those citizens of Woodford who are dissatisfied.

Signed by the following officers:

JOSEPH METCALFE, Lieut. Col. Louisville Legion.

JOHN G. STEIN, Major Louisville Legion.

THOS. L. CALDWELL, Surgeon Louisville Legion.

L. THOMPSON, Lieutenant Louisville Guards.

JAS. PETERSON, “ “ “

H. M. MCGHEE, Lieutenant Washington Blues.

F. WATSON, “ “ “

H. TYLER, Capt. Kentucky Riflemen.

GEO. W. ANDERSON, 1st Lieut. Kentucky Riflemen,

J. BOECKING, Capt. National Guards.

F. KERN, Capt. German National Guards.

P. RAMB, 1st Lieut. German National Guards.

C. C. SPENCER, Capt. Boone Riflemen.

GENTLEMEN:—I have received the preamble and resolutions passed by you on the 18th instant. Those only who have been placed in similar circumstances can appreciate your magnanimity, and the gratitude which I shall ever owe you.

You will learn from the press that resolutions simultaneous with, and similar to yours, were passed by the Fayette Legion, where you will also see the course which I have thought it my duty to pursue, which I trust will meet your entire approbation.

Gentlemen, I am forced to attribute the very flattering terms in which you allude to myself more to the generous overflowings of Kentucky hearts, than to any merit of my own; yet I can not refrain from here taking occasion to say, that I claim to be behind no man, or set of men, in my devotion to the best interests of my native State; and that I do not fear that, with any great portion of my countrymen, political difference of opinion will degenerate into personal persecution. But, should it turn out otherwise, as the commission I bear constrains me at all times to fall, if necessary, in my country's defense; so in a civil capacity I trust the equally high duties which I owe her shall never be foregone out of any apprehensions of insult or prostrated popularity.

Receive my thanks, once more, for your generous sympathy,
and believe me ever your friend and obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

Col. JOSEPH METCALFE,

And the officers of the Louisville Legion.

For the Louisville Courier.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Although the calumnies of Borland and others have met with very general indignation and contempt from all just men, I trust those who take an interest in this prolonged controversy will pardon me this last intrusion upon their time and patience.

When I found that there was to be a systematic, savage, and *partisan* war upon me, because I ventured to exercise the *humblest* as well as the highest rights of a freemen—an honorable and searching *carvass of public men and measures*—I wrote to a *friend of all the parties* concerned in the story, which was to form the nucleus of assault, asking him to get a frank statement of the Mexican commander of my bearing on the 24th day of January, 1847. The following testimony from a magnanimous enemy may, perhaps, be worth more than the unanimous and zealous “back-ing” of *all the men* of the Encarnación imprisonment, whose personal regard for me might be supposed to blind their judgment and impair their impartiality.

C. M. CLAY.

MADISON COUNTY, KY., *September 5, 1848.*

JOSE MARIA ZAMBONINO.

(Copy from the original in my possession.)

Jose Ma. Zambonino Coronel del Ejercito Mexicano—Certifico: que el señor Capitan Clay fue uno de los prisioneros tomado en la Hacienda de la Encarnación, el día 23 de Enero de 1847, y que el día 24 del espresado mes fuerou entregados a mi para conducirlos a San Luis: en este mismo día trataron de hacer una fuga quitandome las annas, cuyo projecto no tubo efecto por que logro el que subscribe contenerlo con las armas, y solo tubo por objeto la fuga de Henry, dejando comprometidos a todos sus companeros, quienes por una pura casualidad no fueron fusilados: en dicho dis el Capitan Clay semantuvo con toda la serenida propia de su caracter, sin dar muestra de cobardia apesar del riesgo que corrian el, y sus companeros, sin que este implorara ninguna gracia ni espuirera cosa alguna en su favor para salvar su vida: pues solo pedia indul-

gencia para sus companeros: por lo tanto si alguna persona le supone a dicho Clay aber echo o dicho algo mas sobre el particular aseguro bajo mi firma que es falso, y que de este echo solo el que subscribe puede asegurar la verdad de este asunto: en obsequio de la justicia, paraque courte y a pedimento del interesado doy el presente.

JOSE MA. ZAMBININO.

EN MEXICO, a 10 de Agosto de 1848.

Translation of the foregoing by a British subject in the City of Mexico.

Jose Maria Zambonino, Colonel of the Mexican army—I do hereby certify, that Captain Clay was one of the prisoners taken in the hacienda de la Encarnacion on the 23d of January, 1847, and further that on the 24th of said month, he, among other prisoners, was delivered over to me to be carried to San Luis. On the said 24th, a plan was combined by said prisoners to effect their escape by disarming me and my men, but which plan was frustrated by my armed attitude, its only result being the escape of one of them named Henry, who by so doing left his companions compromised so much that it is owing to mere casualty that they were not all shot. On that day Captain Clay behaved himself with that coolness and serenity peculiar to his character, giving no signs of fear, notwithstanding the risk both he and his companions were running; *nor did he implore for himself either grace or mercy, whilst in favor of his companions he claimed (pedia) indulgence.* Therefore, if any person or persons have supposed or inferred that the conduct of said Captain Clay has been different *in word or deed* (aber echo o dicho) on said occasion, I do hereby declare on my word and honor that such suppositions or inferences are *false*, as nobody else but myself can vouch for the truth of this affair.

In obedience to the demands of justice, and that it may stand in proof, I give this certificate, at the request of the interested party.

JOSE MARIA ZAMBININO.

CITY OF MEXICO, 1st of August, 1848.

About this time the non-slaveholders of Madison Co., Kentucky, and the mountain counties about Berea, presented me, through Hamilton Rawlins, Dr. Curtis Knight, and others, an elegant black-hickory cane, cut from those hills. It had thirteen knots, with gold caps, inscribed with the initials of the original thirteen States of the Revolution

of 1776; and on the gold head-piece were inscribed "The Poor Man's Friend," and sentiments commemorative of my saving the men at Salao, in Mexico, on the 24th day of January, 1847. . . It was the politicians who slaughtered me — not the people.

The successful defense of Washington* won me golden opinions every-where. There never were so many distin-

* HEAD-QUARTERS C. M. CLAY'S WASHINGTON GUARDS.

WASHINGTON, *April 25*, 1861.

This is to certify that Professor Amasa McCoy, Secretary of the Battalion, of Albany, State of New York, was duly enrolled a member of Cassius M. Clay's Battalion of Washington Guards, and served faithfully, day and night, during the perilous times, when the destruction of the capital of our country was threatened by the traitorous designs of the so-called Southern Confederacy.

CASSIUS M. CLAY,
Major Commanding.

F. S. LITTLEJOHN, Adjutant.

THANKS OF THE GOVERNMENT TO C. M. CLAY'S BATTALION.

WAR DEPARTMENT, *May 2*, 1861.

MAJOR CASSIUS M. CLAY —

SIR: — I beg to extend you, and through you to the men under your command, the assurance of my high appreciation of the very prompt and patriotic manner in which your Battalion was organized for the defense of the capital, and the very efficient services rendered by it. Very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

I cheerfully concur in the foregoing testimonial given by the Hon. Secretary of War.

A. LINCOLN,
President of the United States.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *May 2*, 1861.

Telegraphic Dispatch to Associated Press.

CASSIUS M. CLAY'S WASHINGTON GUARD CELEBRATION.

WASHINGTON, *September 13*, 1861.

Cassius M. Clay's Washington Guards, who rendered such efficient service in the defense of the capital in the dark days in April, held a meeting to-night, at their head-quarters, and unanimously re-

guished men in one small body of troops before — ex-congressmen, governors of States, and other men of mark, who happened to be in Washington, all rallied to my banner. The result was, that all eyes were turned upon me, as a commander of truest patriotism, if not of military education. So, when there was so much treason in high places, this was a prime quality. The Union Safety Com-

solved to celebrate the 17th of September, the Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and the delivery of Washington's Farewell Address. Professor Amasa McCoy, Secretary of the Clay Guards, was invited to deliver the oration. Professor McCoy accepted the invitation, and announced that his theme would be "The London *Times* on the Rebellion, and the war against the National Constitution." The President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and two or three hundred of the most distinguished civil and military characters, now at the national capital, are to be specially invited to attend.

Telegraphic Dispatch to Associated Press.

WASHINGTON, *September 25, 1861.*

The National Fast Day will be generally observed here. Professor McCoy will repeat, in the afternoon, in the hall of the Representatives, his oration, which was delivered on last Tuesday, commemorative of the Seventy-Fourth Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution.

NATIONAL FAST-DAY ORATION IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

Oration delivered before the President of the United States, Secretary of State, Secretary of Treasury, etc., by Professor Amasa McCoy, of Washington, D. C., Secretary of Cassius M. Clay's Washington Guards, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in the Ballston and Albany Law Schools.

SUBJECT: — "The London *Times* on the Rebellion, and the War against the National Constitution."

REQUESTS OF THE AUDIENCE IN WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, National Fast Day, *September 26, 1861.*

Whereas, in compliance with an invitation by Cassius M. Clay's Battalion of Washington Guards, and General James H. Lane's Frontier Guards, Professor Amasa McCoy (member and Secretary

mittee of New York recommended me as a Major-General; and this Charles Sumner urged with great persistence, saying Lincoln would certainly appoint me. After mature deliberation, I declined the position. If I had been made a

of the the former battalion), delivered an oration at the National Capitol, on the 17th instant, commemorative of the Seventy-Fourth Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution, and the Sixty-Fifth Anniversary of the delivery of Washington's Farewell Address; and

Whereas, the audience, on that occasion, feeling that it would be a great public gratification and benefit, requested that said oration be repeated; and

Whereas, in compliance with that request, it has been repeated, with great applause and effect, on this National Fast Day, in the Hall of the House of Representatives, in the Capitol, in the presence of the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and a great audience of citizens and soldiers; and

Whereas, it is the desire of hundreds, who have twice heard it at the Capital, that this eloquent and powerful appeal, in behalf of the War and the Constitution, should be heard by the masses of their fellow-citizens in all of the loyal States of the Union; and

Whereas the present formidable combinations of the "internal and external enemies" of the Republic demand that the full strength of the patriotism of all its loyal citizens, in the way of men and money, should be rallied in support of the Army and the Navy of its Government; therefore,

Resolved, That the Orator of the Day is hereby solicited to deliver this noble and inspiring appeal to American patriotism at as many points in the Nation as he conveniently can; and all loyal citizens, committees, and associations are respectfully requested to co-operate in procuring its delivery in their respective localities.

PETER G. WASHINGTON,

Ex-Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Chairman,

S. C. POMEROY,

United States Senator from Kansas,

GEORGE W. WRIGHT,

Ex-Member of Congress from California,

JESSE C. DICKEY,

Ex-Member of Congress from Pennsylvania,

Committee.

Major-General in the army, then I should have ranked both Generals Worth and Wool, who were next in command to General Scott. I had no military education, and knew but little of fortification and artillery service. These defects could have been remedied by efficient staff officers; but, by ranking these regular officers, I knew by my experience in Mexico, when the two forces came together—the regular and the volunteer armies—that great and perhaps fatal dissatisfaction might be the result; and I urged this view on Sumner. But he had great distrust of West Point and the regular army.

I told Sumner that he might say to Lincoln, that I did not think it advisable for me to accept the great honor proffered me; but that, if it turned out that I was absolutely needed to give confidence to the Union army, which would of course consist mostly of volunteers, he might recall me from Russia, and I would do my best to serve the country at home. Sumner was greatly disappointed, and never showed any friendship towards me afterward.

These facts become an important part of my personal history, and will be referred to again in the course of these memoirs.

I continued to have the confidence of Mr. Lincoln. The formal attempt of the rebels to negotiate had been rejected by the Government; and, therefore, as it was the only means of adjustment left, when it was found that I was holding an honorable position, and had the confidence of the President, a gentleman of culture,* professing to

* WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 20, 1861.

MEMORANDA:—The undersigned, on all the responsibilities of a Kentuckian, a patriot, and a man, desiring the perpetuation of the Union and the liberties of the people, opposed always to aggressive wars, believing that civilization can not be advanced by arms—but only preëxisting ideas can be so fixed—in favor of peaceful emancipation by the will of the sovereignties, and against servile war and insurrection, asserts, upon his own responsibility,

come on the part of the leaders of Virginia, came to me, and presented a series of propositions, which he avowed would prevent hostilities between the Union and Virginia. Now I knew that the South was better prepared than the North for immediate war; and therefore I thought it good policy to gain time in all honorable ways. Having carried these propositions to Mr. Lincoln, I recommended that we should assent to them; for, if the rebels kept the peace, we had a right to recapture all our national forts, and maintain other rights which even Buchanan had not yielded. So that we could, without a violation of these

the policy of the Republican Administration, peace, if consistent with honor.

1. He asserts the avowals of President Lincoln in his inaugural address, and his late proclamation to make war upon no State, much less upon Virginia, or the border States, whose Union men he would conciliate and save as friends. For this reason he retires from Harper's Ferry, as he did from Fort Sumpter, acting clearly on the defensive, that he might stand before mankind guiltless of this great fraternal suicide! For the same reasons he refuses to avenge the blood of American citizens shed in Baltimore, in the peaceful passage to the seat of common government.

2. But the President will not, when pressed to the wall, fail to assert, to his full ability, the power and safety of the National Government, unless the people, whose servant he is, shall otherwise decree.

3. Any attack on the national forces, or property in the District of Columbia, will be regarded as a declaration of war, and a fatal blow to all hopes of peace.

4. He will not deceive Maryland or Virginia, or any State, by false professions; he will continue to strengthen his position in this place of national exclusive jurisdiction at all hazards, and by all the defensive means in his power; and this he feels abundantly able to do.

5. Virginia and Maryland may keep the peace, and give time for the passions of men to cool, by avoiding invasion of the District, or obstructing our movements. Virginia must confine herself to her own soil.

C. M. CLAY.

Copy: attest JAMES MILWARD.

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agreements, commence, or rather renew, the war whenever we were prepared.

Lincoln agreed with me, and told me to consult with such men as I thought worthy of the direction of affairs, and I did so; going to Senator Benj. F. Wade of Ohio, who was then in Washington, among others. I found Wade, after much difficulty, and showed him my memoranda, to which he agreed at once. And so this emissary, whether authorized or not, carried back our assent, written and signed by me, to the terms he had proposed.

AVENUE HOUSE, *April 23, 1861.*

HON. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—I shall go to Alexandria this morning, and will not know whether it is best for me to go to Richmond till I go there. I feel much refreshed this morning from a few hours' sleep, and hope now to be able to work for the cause of my great but bleeding country. I may find Mason at Alexandria, or some other person with whom to confer. I shall appeal for peace in the name of the Union men of the South; and I regret that the Union men in that section do not know that they are represented at this capital. I am fully satisfied that it is not your wish, nor that of the Administration, to inaugurate civil war. If you fight in the defensive, every right-minded man in the nation will sympathize with you in your efforts to avoid a collision. I am here not as a partisan. I came here in the name of the suffering Union men of the South. *We are for our country, and our whole country.* We do not wish to be forced to take a position that would sacrifice us. I know no flag but that of my fathers, and wherever that goes I will go. But while I am for that flag, and feel that it has received many indignities, which it would seem necessary to avenge, and while I desire to see the leaders in this unnatural war punished, yet the pro-Union men, who have never taken any part in this struggle, may be compelled to take a position in antagonism to the laws of this country. We are not willing to do so, if we can avoid it. Such a war as this will be will shock humanity. We will have to negotiate at some time—the war can not last always. Let negotiation commence now. The Government is powerful, and can afford to be generous.

I am, sir, respectfully yours, etc., in the bonds of Union,

W. R. HENLEY.

I returned from Europe in 1869; and, entering into the Greeley campaign in Ohio, I spoke at Xenia in 1872. Benj. F. Wade being sent for to answer me, he there uttered a calumny. He said I came to him, in 1861, and asked him to agree to the "Crittenden Compromise," when no man in America would have been before me in rejecting such toleration of slavery, and which would have made my whole life-work a miserable failure and farce. Such are the infamies of party servitude in America.

Scraps of History—An Issue of Veracity between Benjamin F. Wade and Cassius M. Clay.

To the Editor of the Richmond (Ky.) Register —

On my return home from Indiana, I saw to-day, for the first time, in the Cincinnati *Commercial* of September 27, ult., Benj. F. Wade's speech at Xenia, Ohio, in which I find the following clauses in reference to what are known as the Crittenden Resolutions:

There were all the leading men of the Secession Party there: Mr. Davis, Mr. Toombs, Mr. Mason, Mr. Slidell, Mr. Hunter, and some others. . . . After we adjourned that night—after that exhibition—I went to bed, not in very good spirits. In the night Mr. Clay—Cassius M. Clay—appeared to me. He came up in my room late in the night, after I was in bed. He said he had come on very important business. "Well," said I, "what is it?" "I have been trying to find you all day, to strengthen some of our weak backs," said he; "it won't do. I tell you the pressure is too great. We have got to vote for these resolutions. It must be done, and you must help us do it." Says I: "I will do no such thing." [Good.] "I am astonished. Is this Cassius M. Clay, or is it a ghost?" [Applause and laughter.] "I said that to him. 'Why,' says I, 'you used to be reputed a brave man, and I have been hunting you all day, to help strengthen me and my weak brethren.'" He replied: "Hear me through. I have the names of fourteen Senators on this paper that I hold in my hand, and they have all agreed that if you will vote for these resolutions they will." "Well," said I, "Mr. Clay, then you have furnished me with fourteen additional reasons why I will never vote for them." [Applause.] Said I: "I will see the capital burned before I will commit the people of the North to the humiliation of these infernal resolutions." And then Mr. Clay went off; and I will confess that I have not since had the respect for him that I had previously. I could not have, because it altered my whole opinion of the man. I thought he was a hero that would stand up in the darkest hour, pistol in hand, if necessary; and I found him sneaking into my chamber there in order to persuade me to become a traitor to my constituents.

I lately spoke in Xenia, where I quoted extracts from Mr. Wade's letter to me on the Cuban question, which letter I give from the original in my possession:

JEFFERSON, *February 3, 1870.*

GENTLEMEN:—I have received your letter of the 28th ult., asking me to accept the position of Vice-President for the State of Ohio of the "Cuban Charitable Aid Society." I accept the position with pleasure, and will do what I can to forward the good work. I am astonished at the apparent indifference of our great Republican Party to the fate of the people of Cuba. Are they, indeed, weary in well-doing, or do they still favor that timorous, halting, hesitating policy, which added more than half to the blood and treasure in conquering our rebellion, and in giving liberty to our slaves? One brave word from our Administration is all sufficient to end the strife, and give peace, liberty, and justice to the people of that island. Shall that word be spoken? We shall be dishonored as a nation if it is not. But, whether spoken or not, Cuba must and shall be free.

Yours, with respect,

B. F. WADE.

Hon. C. M. CLAY, etc.

P. S.—I have read with great satisfaction the abstract of your speech, and indorse and approve every word of it.

B. F. W.

My speech denounced the cowardly policy of the immortal Fish. And now Mr. Wade is found, since Grant sent him to San Domingo, dumb as an oyster about Cuba, and calumniating all those who stand to his word of revolt from the President and party, who have not yet spoken that "one brave word!"

Mr. Wade's utterances about me are absolutely false in the sum and the detail. I never went, in 1861, to Washington till after the adjournment of Congress. (See telegram and letter on page 278.) I saw Jeff. Davis in the Mexican War, and never since. I do not remember to have ever seen Mason, Slidell, etc.; they had all left Washington before I got there. I never was for Crittenden's or any other compromise, short of the abolition of slavery, in my life; and Crittenden's Compromise was voted down by 118 to 80, on the 27th of February, 1861! I never was in confidence, or ever met in council, with the compromisers, in Washington, or elsewhere, at any time. I never had on my list the names of fourteen Senators, or any other number, in such, or any other case. I never asked Mr. Wade to compromise the slavery or any other question; and all his allegations of fact and conversation are absolute falsehoods. When the South threatened war, I, from the balcony at Willard's, spoke, in 1861, in favor of the liberation of all the blacks, and of their being made soldiers. When I returned from Russia, in 1862, I again took the same ground; and could not get my speeches published in any of the Republican journals for money, and was forced to published them in pamphlet form.

After hostilities were threatened,—and whilst I and Senator Lane, of Kansas, were commanding the volunteer forces at Wash-

ington, in defense of the President, regular army, and such Senators as Wade (who slept in bed, instead of coming, like many Senators, Ex-Governors, and Congressmen, to our arsenal and head-quarters, in Willard's Theater,)—I was much in the confidence of A. Lincoln; and, being virtually in command of the city, Will. R. Henley, a Union man, came to me on a mission, which his letter (on page 274) will best explain. Washington was full of traitors, especially in the regular army, and we wanted time for reinforcements, and to allow the South to cool, and our Union friends at least to save themselves. Our ships were scuttled in the Potomac, and our railroads and telegraph lines with the North were cut. Henley appeared in good time. I presented his proposal to Lincoln, and asked him to allow me to answer it; to which he agreed, requesting me to show it to some of the most prominent Republicans then in Washington. Among others, I sought B. F. Wade. It was night; he was not in his usual quarters, but stored away with some friend, evidently so much frightened as to take any one for "a ghost." I showed him the Henley memoranda, and asked his advice; and he fully indorsed them. Wade now stands convicted of wilful calumny, or base cowardice, or both. He evidently confounds this interview with the Crittenden Compromise, which dates show to be impossible. Henley went on his mission. Northern troops arrived; the Capital was saved.

If Mr. Henley yet lives he will bear witness to the truth of all this. I acted, not on my own responsibility, but by Mr. Lincoln's instructions in every particular; drawing up the memorandum, and he indorsing it verbally, thus avoiding any responsibility on his part as President, yet giving sufficient pledge to Henley of our intended fidelity. So we stood faithful to the truce till the rebels violated it. Thus, one after another, my calumniators are put to shame, and history stands vindicated; how much to my honor, I leave others to avow.

C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY., *October 17, 1872.*

I spoke in Washington in favor of war (see speech, January 26, 1861), and immediately returned home, where the following telegrams and letters reached me. I spoke, after the adjournment of Congress, in the same tone, in 1861. All this, published in Wade's lifetime, has never been denied:

Western Union Telegraphic Company, to Madison C. Johnson for C. M. Clay:

[Received at Lexington March 27, 1861.]

By telegraph from Washington, *March 26*, 1861: It is important that Schurz should have a place in Europe. I advise you to take Russia instead of Spain. You will make immense capital by it.

M. BLAIR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *March 26*, 1861.

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR CLAY:—It seems that Seward has contrived to fill every first-class mission in Europe, which Carl Schurz could accept, without providing for that gentleman; and now it is expected that he is to accept some place of inferior grade, or be left out in the cold altogether. In this condition of affairs, the President authorized the Judge to telegraph you, to know whether you would take the Russian mission, which I believe is \$17,000 per annum, and thus open the Spanish mission to Schurz. I think if you would do this, it would be a great thing for you, and would give you great hold on the Germans, and the radical men of the party, who feel that this embarrassment is a contrivance of Seward's, from which we would be relieved by your magnanimity. I trust you will see this in the light in which it appears to all your friends here, and do yourself a credit and honor in the act, and at the same time you will have the most splendid court in Europe. Schurz will not be received in that court, on account of his being a political refugee, and this is the only reason why it is not tendered him.

F. P. BLAIR.

The Henley correspondence and my speeches (to be found in Vol. II. of this work,) at Washington, also the following, are all in proof that I was not in Washington City in February, 1861, when the Crittenden Compromise Resolutions were discussed and voted upon in Congress:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., *April 22*, 1861.

Col. CASSIUS M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—Your note of this morning is received. An order has been issued to the Ordnance Department to furnish you with arms as requested. Very respectfully,

SIMON CAMERON,
Secretary of War.

As usual, there were continual assaults by the Seward faction, and corrupt expectants of official favors, upon me whilst in Kentucky quietly awaiting events. Many of these put me with the *compromisers*, to which I made no reply; as it was just as important for Jeff. Davis to defend himself against being a Disunionist, as for me to vindicate myself from such charges. I append a few lines from friends, which might be raised to a volume:

New York Evening Post, 1861.

Cassius M. Clay is strongly urged for the War Department, and is a personal favorite of Mr. Lincoln. A delegation from New York was here lately bespeaking his appointment as one likely to gratify the friends of freedom every-where; and to insure the efficient management of that highly important department. If he is not chosen, it will be solely from the circumstances over which Mr. Lincoln has no control, and for which he (Clay) is in no wise responsible.

New York World, 1861.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

To the Editor of the World—

That Mr. Lincoln will be able to satisfy every body by his cabinet appointments is not to be expected; and it would seem quite within the province of wisdom for that same every body to defer worriment untill we all learn *authoritatively* who is to be, in fact, secretary of this, that, and the other. But, with your yesterday's leader for my text, I hazard the guess that Mr. Lincoln's appointment of Cassius M. Clay to the War Secretaryship would be indorsed by a louder popular voice than any other appointment the incoming President could make. Mr. Clay is not only fairly upon the Republican platform, but his Republicanism dates back further than that of any prominent member of the party. His name is, indeed, the very synonym of free soil, free speech, free men, and a free press. His life has exemplified, as that of no other man has, the principles which, of late years, have compelled the respect, and secured the concurrence, of all who love liberty in its largest sense. He is not an Abolitionist, although the scenes at Berea last spring indorse his claim to the title of defender of that faith. His course in Kentucky has been that of persistent, consistent opposition to the enslavement of the North by the South. He has raised

his warning voice, and his stalwart arm, against the slave oligarchy, whose encroachments steadily monopolized the control of every avenue of power in the Federal Government. As an Emancipationist, Mr. Clay desires, with a practical persistency, the removal of the curse of slavery, where *votes* can effect that removal. But those who know him are well aware that he equally longs for the freedom of white men in the slave States to speak their sentiments without being banished, gagged, or murdered.

A word as to his position in the party. Mr. Clay is flat-footedly and whole-heartedly upon the Republican platform. The great heart of the party pulsates in sympathy with him and his courageous course. The present *status* of the party owes much to his brave banner-bearing in a State, and under circumstances, unfavorable to the principles he has spent his life in practicing. This has been fully recognized by the Republicans in the ovations which have every-where accompanied his journeyings and addresses; in the enthusiasm enkindled whenever his name is referred to; in the vote given him at Chicago for the nomination of Vice-President; and, lastly, in the fact itself that his name is now so constantly connected with the Secretaryship of War. This appointment would doubtless have been his had Fremont carried the canvass in 1856. What might have been thought proper in the infancy of the party, certainly can not now be deemed improper—the party having risen in its strength and asserted its manhood and maturity.

When it is remembered that the name of Cassius M. Clay was received, invariably, at Chicago, in that representative convention, with acclamations and enthusiasm equalled only by the furor in favor of Lincoln and Seward, and that his vote for the Vice-Presidency placed him just where the Philadelphia Convention of 1856 placed Mr. Lincoln, it seems to some of us a little too late to find fault with Mr. Clay's Republicanism, or to attempt to read him out of the party.

F. W. B.

From the New York Evening Post.

CASSIUS M. CLAY AS SECRETARY OF WAR.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of the board of control of the New-York Young Men's Republican Union:

Resolved, That we disclaim for ourselves and for the Republicans of New York all thoughts of compromise in the face of resisting danger and angry threats—believing that a government

temporarily sustained by such means must be degraded in the estimation of the world, and remain, during its further uncertain term of continuance, a scorn and a by-word among men.

Resolved, That we indorse in advance any action proposed by the incoming administration which shall present a firm, unyielding front of opposition to traitors, and which shall indicate a policy devoted solely to the enforcement of the laws, the upholding of the Constitution, and the perpetuity of the Union.

Resolved, That the preservation of the Union being the pressing exigency of the hour, we earnestly recommend, with that view, the appointment, as Secretary of War under the President elect, of Hon. Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, whose character and past career give abundant warrant that, by his wise counsels and his well-tested energy, the new administration will be strengthened in the discharge of duty, the Union preserved, rebellion checked, and treason punished.

From the Erie (Pa.) Gazette.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We see by an exchange that Mr. Lincoln has Mr. Clay's name under favorable consideration in connection with his constitutional advisers. This is as it should be. A man of Mr. Clay's power and ability, a man who rendered such eloquent and effective service during the late victorious contest, should not be left out in the cold by the incoming administration.

If an administration would succeed, it must call around it its representative men. Mr. Clay is such. He is, and has been, a Republican, when our principles were not only unpopular, but *where* it was not safe to avow, or even *entertain* them. He has for twenty years defended our principles, and the rights of a down-trodden humanity, with violence, mobs, and assassination staring him in the face. He long since enlisted with our principles in one hand, and his life in the other; the former have been trampled upon, the latter more than once has been in jeopardy. His press was mobbed, and his property destroyed, although defended by him with a heroism not excelled by any in the annals of history.

His loyalty to our principles, and the enunciation of his views, compelled him to shake hands and part company with kindred and neighbors; his life since that time in Kentucky has been but little better than that of an outcast in society, his friendships and social relations all sundered; his fate, to that political preferment in the

land of his nativity, and which his talent so eminently fitted him for, forever sealed; and now, when an administration has it in its power to gladden and cheer the hearts of a family circle long since made desolate by a worse than despotic proscription, for devotion to principle, by conferring power and position, and thus honoring the hero, to whom honor is due, and clothing him with the panoply of Government, which he has shed his blood *even* to protect, defend, and build up, is it not a duty to do it? Kentucky, slaveholding Kentucky, whose soil has been enriched by Clay's blood, might answer NO; but a free North, a grateful nation, with one accord, say YES.

Nothing short of a recognition such as this will give to Mr. Clay that security which he and his household gods have been denied for long, long years; and save him from the mortification and humiliation which would follow the exultation of his enemies not only at home, but North and South.

The same paper, the following week.

Our article last week on Cassius M. Clay meets the cordial indorsement of the press of this portion of the State. It expresses the sentiments of the *people* with regard to this tried advocate of Republicanism.

Among the young Republicans of New York, who ever most honored and defended me, I may name Cephas Brainerd, G. P. Edgar, D. H. Gildersleeve, Wm. M. Franklin, Frank W. Ballard, R. C. McCormick, Dexter A. Hawkins, C. C. Nott, Charles H. Cooper, C. T. Rodgers, Erasmus Sterling, Benj. F. Mannierre, Hiram Barney, Mark Hoyt, and William Ross Wallace.

CHAPTER XV.

LEAVING WASHINGTON; AN ADVENTURE.—AT SEA.—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.—BRITISH PARLIAMENT.—LORD BROUGHAM.—LORD PALMERSTON.—MRS. STOWE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—MY “‘TIMES’ LETTER.”—J. LATHROP MOTLEY.—LETTER OF JOHN BRIGHT.—PUBLIC BREAKFAST GIVEN ME IN PARIS.—RECEPTION BY THE CZAR.—THE RUSSIAN COURT.—L. Q. C. LAMAR.—DIPLOMACY AS A PROFESSION.—HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY, THE EMPRESS.—NOTE FROM THE PRINCESS RADZIWILL.

THE road to Philadelphia not being yet practical, and the railroad to Baltimore being broken up, I packed my trunks, to be sent by the usual route as soon as possible, and set out by rail, as far as it went, for Annapolis, Maryland. An editor of Cleveland, Ohio, (E. W. Cowles, I think,) anxious to get out of Washington, accompanied me.

After walking a long time, we were much fatigued; and, calling at a planter's house, were well entertained. I had not supposed that my name would be mentioned by Mr. Cowles, who was so imprudent as to call me properly. Now, there was no man in America more odious to the South than myself; and my late movement against the rebels in Washington would not tend to propitiate the Slave-power. I had been trapped by the imprudence of others at Encarnação; and now I feared that, after we retired to bed, the neighbors might be collected, and I made prisoner again. So, as soon as my fellow-traveler was asleep, I dressed myself, and quietly went on my journey, without taking leave of any one. About daylight I reached Annapolis, and reported to General B. F. Butler, who received me cordially. Having left my cravat at the farm-house, the general gave me one of his own.

The next day I took a steamer, and in due time joined my family in Philadelphia.

Finding a ship of the Cunard line was about to sail from Boston for Liverpool, I went directly on to that city. Charles Francis Adams sailed on the same ship; and we were both enthusiastically cheered by a large concourse of Bostonians, who had come down to see us off. Adams and I had been placed in an unpleasant attitude toward each other, as he and Seward were, of course, good friends, and I and Seward open enemies. So we hardly spoke a word to each other during the voyage. Robert J. Walker, once a Cabinet Minister, was now a Unionist with us. I found him very agreeable.

I did not enjoy the sea, though not much sea-sick. It was to me then and ever but a waste of waters, void of visible animal and vegetable life, which are the loveliest features of nature.

I spent but one night in Liverpool; and only ran ashore a few hours at Queenstown, in the Green Isle. From Liverpool we went by rail to London, getting there by night. Parliament was then in session, and all the hotels were full. I had great difficulty in getting lodgings for the night. By hard persuasion we got the ladies apartments; and I and my Secretary of Legation, Green Clay, son of my brother, Brutus J. Clay, and suite, found quarters in an obscure hotel. Next day we went to Morley's, where Americans mostly resort.

Mr. Forster and other liberal members of Parliament were quite polite to me, he inviting Mr. Adams and myself to breakfast at his house, where we met several gentlemen of the Liberal Party, as they were then called.

I spent all my time, whilst in London, in the two houses of Parliament, which, most of all things, interested me. Lord Palmerston was then Prime Minister, and D'Israeli leader of the opposition. I was fortunate in hearing both of these noted men make set speeches. D'Israeli, who had a long, rather sallow, but intelligent,

face, with very dark hair and eyes, was well-dressed and polished in his manner, and elegant and labored in his oratory. Of course, such a man was always listened to with interest. Palmerston was a typical Englishman, with sturdy frame, and rather round and heavy head, and features of the blond type. I soon saw that his forte lay in his severe common-sense. With a few sentences he had the house in an uproar of laughter; and thereby the opposition speech was flattened out. Of course, I heard other speeches; but they were of little interest.

The women of England were, to my astonishment, allowed no place in the British House of Commons; and I had been some time in the hall before I observed them in a crowded gallery, with lattice-work all over the front, like parrots in a cage!

In the House of Lords I also was fortunate in hearing Lord Brougham, who had won reputation in the United States as a Liberal, and especially as an anti-slavery advocate of universal liberty. It so happened that a petition was sent to him, from some anti-slavery men and women, asking aid for the Union cause in America, which was read. Now I had formed the highest and most grateful admiration for the British Anti-Slavery Party,* having had correspondence with many of

From the London Daily News, May 9, 1848.

*MRS. H. B. STOWE AT STAFFORD HOUSE.

On Saturday last a number of ladies and gentlemen assembled at Stafford House, to welcome Mrs. H. B. Stowe to this country, and to give expression personally to the respect and admiration which are felt for that lady.

Among those present were observed the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Carlisle, Right Hon. W. Gladstone, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Archbishop of Dublin, Mrs. and Miss Whately, Lord Ebrington, Lord Blantyre, Mr. Russell Gurney, Lord Claude Hamilton, Lord Glenelg, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs.

them, including Thomas Clarkson. I had also received an elegant print of the Slave-trade on the Coast of Africa, framed in rose-wood and gold, from these gentlemen. What was my horror, then, when Brougham said to the speaker, that this question of slavery in Amer-

Kinnaird, Dowager Countess of Carlisle, Mr. Tom Taylor, the Rev. Edmund Holland, Mr. and the Misses J. W. Alexander, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. and Mrs. T. Horman Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Alsop, the Misses Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Hanbury, Mr. H. Harwood, Mr. and Mrs. Spicer, Mr. Elmsley, Miss Pringle, Mrs. Elmsley, Miss Seeley, and Miss Webster, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Tritton, the Chevalier Bunsen, Mrs. Mary Howitt, Lady Dover, Rev. P. Latrobe, Mr. Ernest Bunsen, Mr. and Miss Benson, Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mr. H. E. Gurney, Mrs. Price, Sir Robert H. Inglis, Right Hon. H. Labouchere, Mr. Higgins, Col. Maclean, Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay, Mr. George, Lady Louisa and Miss Finch, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Hon. W. Ashley, Sir David Dundas, Hon. C. Howard, Captain J. Trotter, Dr. and Mrs. Sutherland, Mrs. Grainger, the Misses Rudall, Rev. R. Burgess, Rev. T. Binney and Mrs. Binney, Sir E. N. Buxton, Mr. T. Fowell Buxton, Rev. Dr. Steane, Mr. J. Conder, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cook Evans, Rev. J. Sherman, Mr. Fowler, Mr. G. Oliphant, Mr. John MacGregor, etc., etc.

The company on their arrival were ushered through the magnificent suite of rooms on the principal floor to the picture gallery at the east end, where the Duchess of Sutherland and a distinguished party received her guests. Mrs. Beecher Stowe, accompanied by her husband, Professor Stowe, her brother, and Rev. Mr. Binney, with whom she is at present staying, was cordially welcomed by her Grace. Mrs. Stowe is rather below the middle size. She was neatly but plainly attired; and, wearing no head-dress, her appearance formed a remarkable contrast with the numerous groups of ladies arrayed in all the brilliancy and variety of *demi-toilette*.

The Duke of Sutherland having introduced Mrs. Stowe to the assembly, the following short address was read and presented to her by the Earl of Shaftesbury:

MADAM:—I am deputed by the Duchess of Sutherland, and the ladies of the two Committees appointed to conduct "The Address from the Women of England to the Women of America," on the subject of slavery, to express the high gratifi-

ica was a delicate one, which they had best not interfere with; and asked that the petition, without further comment, be laid upon the table—placed in eternal silence!

This was a new and terrible revelation to me; and I can not better compare my feelings than to imagine those

cation they feel in your presence among them this day. The address, which has received considerably more than half a million of the signatures of the women of Great Britain and Ireland, they have already transmitted to the United States, consigning it to the care of those whom you have nominated as fit and zealous persons to undertake the charge in your absence. The earnest desire of these Committees, and, indeed, we may say of the whole Kingdom, is to cultivate the most friendly and affectionate relations between the two countries, and we can not but believe that we are fostering such a feeling when we avow our deep admiration of an American lady, who, blessed by the possession of vast genius and intellectual power, enjoys the still higher blessing, that she devotes them to the glory of God, and the temporal and eternal interests of the human race.

Rev. Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Stowe's brother, after a few prefatory remarks of acknowledgment and thanks, read the following letter which had been written to his sister:

MY DEAR MRS. H. B. STOWE:— While I am fully sensible of the small results of my efforts in the cause of emancipation, I will not deny that your appreciation gives me great pleasure, and, I trust, not ignoble pride. Alas! without such kind and cheering words, which I have received from many sources, how could I have stood so long up against such odds? However much Providence had gifted me with an iron purpose, the loss of caste in the social circle in which we have been used to move is hard; the obscurity from which the most fervent ambition can not rescue us is hard; the peril of good name, of life, and limb, is hard; but harder than all is the reflection that we are forever unappreciated by those for whom we sacrifice our all. For if we fall, our memory perishes; the most melancholy idea of Siberian exile is the extinction of the name, when the burial-stone not even marks the ashes of the past. The history of mankind, therefore, presents few instances of sacrifice for the inferior castes. The Gracchi fell in defense of the rights of the poor; and the winners in the contest branded their names with infamy from which the late justice of history can hardly rescue them. It remained only to the Divine Messenger of our faith thus to suffer and to conquer.

Our plans of procedure in this cause are simple. We follow in the lead of our hearts rather than our intelligence; for I am not insensible of the almost indestructible power of the slave-holders. I venture to say that never before was an aristocracy based on such firm basis. Slavery embraces almost all the talent, the learning, and the bodily energy of the people. If the slave-holders had only the two first, and the mass of the people the last, we could be to them leaders, and they to us power; but alas! whenever, in the course of events, men of action spring up, the first want of accumulated wealth is menial service, which here can only be slave-labor. Thus the ownership of slaves places them at once on the side of the men in power.

Can we persuade men to lay down power? Can the luxurious be induced to cease from luxury? Can the lame walk, or the blind see?

On the other hand, can we infuse spirit and manliness into hereditary depend-

of the followers of Thomas Moore's Veiled Prophet, when the horrible features of his assumed divinity were revealed to them.

J. Lothrop Motley, the Dutch historian, who was then living with his interesting family in London, seemed to be quite a favorite in the highest official circles. He was

ence? Can we make men firm when their bread wastes away? Alas! are not the dependent whites the slaves of the slaves?

Still we "never give up the ship," because to give it up is to give up our idea of God; we can not give it up, because it would be to despair of all eventual elevation of the human race; we can not give it up, because our soul lives upon the bread of justice, of mercy, and of truth. We perish with hunger, we must eat, and eat of them only. . . . We trust in Providence, but we trust with our shoulder to the wheel. By agitation we prepare the minds of the ruling powers for change. That, at least, think they, can not be so insufferable which so many men of all climes so earnestly crave. Thus you of the North aid us; thus England aids us; thus France aids us; thus the outcry of all mankind aids us. This, then, is, perhaps, in my time, the mission of the Free Soil Party in the slave States—to take care to keep untrammelled the freedom of speech and the press, and be the trumpet-tongued messenger of truth and the conscience of mankind.

This is the way of Providence—the undying aspirations for the right in the hearts of all true men and women. This is the Divine. All humble and obscure as I am, I am yet too proud to flatter any one; but honor to you that you have not buried your talent, nor repined against Him as a hard master. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the fruit of the embryo inspiration which God has planted in every soul. Be of good cheer; you will not have lived in vain through long centuries. Yes, I feel, when slavery shall be no more, you have erected a shrine around which the humble, the fainting, the famishing will gather, and be comforted and strengthened, and be at peace with men and trustful of God.

Mrs. Clay gladly accepts the office of Committeeman on the reception of the address of the ladies of England, provided it be not too late. It has been the solace of long years of painful effort, that she appreciates my principles and my purposes. Though all the world is lost, home is secure.

The vote cast for me advocating unconditional emancipation on the soil was near five thousand. The Colonization Party did not sustain me. When they shall give up that "Compromise" with slave-holders—if ever—our strength will be greatly increased. "Uncle Tom" is much read in Kentucky and all the South; here it is making daily converts to our cause. We are organized, have a feeble paper advocating our views, which we hope this summer to strengthen with an abler editor. We are few, but determined; and may God defend the right. Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

After partaking of refreshments, the ladies who were present congregated in one of the splendid saloons apart, and Mrs. Stowe, seated between the Duchesses of Sutherland and Argyll, entered into conversation with her numerous visitors.

In the course of her observations, she stated that the ladies of

kind enough to get me introduced to Lord Palmerston; and we visited him together at his residence on Hyde Park, from whence the aged but vigorous statesman walked daily to the House of Commons. As England had at all times professed to be the great humanitarian enemy of slavery, and could see no good in American insti-

England were not at all aware of the real state of feeling of the ladies of America on the subject of slavery; it must not be judged of by the answer sent to the address, nor by the statements in the American newspapers. The ladies of England seem not to be at all aware of the deep feeling of sympathy with which "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was received in America long before it was known in England. The press in America had invariably spoken highly of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The first word that ever appeared in print against "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the article in the *Times*, which was reprinted and reëchoed in the American papers, and widely circulated in the form of a tract. The bitterness and anger manifested against the Ladies' Address showed how much its force had engaged the advocates of slavery. Ladies in England were happily ignorant of slavery; yet that address had shown sympathy, and sympathy was very sweet. There was no bitter feeling between the ladies of the two countries; but the ladies of America can not, because of their husbands' personal and political feelings, stand forth and say what they feel on the subject. Some had said that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was now forgotten; but it should be mentioned that 60,000 copies of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin" were sold in three days. The practical question was: What can be done to forward this great work? She looked first to God; but man also could do something. Sympathy must continue to be expressed. British subjects in Canada must be educated. The use of the free-grown cotton must be encouraged; and there were other ways in which this great work may be aided by the people of England, remembering that, after all, the issue is in the hands of Him that ordereth all things,

The company began to disperse soon after five o'clock, every one appearing to be thoroughly gratified with the interesting proceedings of the day. Mrs. Stowe and her friends were among the last to leave, and were accompanied to the entrance hall by the Duchess of Sutherland, who there took leave of her guests.

tutions on account of our "Inhumanity to Man," as Burns has it, we felt that now, when we risked all for the liberation of the slave, that we had a right to, at least, neutrality and sympathy from the British Empire. We therefore explained the whole movement to the Minister; to which he listened politely, but with reserve. The sequel is known to all the world: England, of all the earth, proved the most uncompromising enemy of the Union Cause! The reasons are equally obvious: She never allows a sentiment to overthrow her policy of universal dominion; and especially is she jealous of all rivalry on the sea. They all understood that America, then, was her only contestant on that element, and a dissolution of the Union would ruin our possible supremacy.* So, during all the Civil War, every-where, the English were as inimical to us as the Slave power itself.

Besides Motley and Fremont, there were other eminent Americans in London, including several foreign Ministers; and it was generally agreed that an appeal to the British public should be made at once, without awaiting the slow and limited influence of our Minister, Mr. Adams; and I was thought to be the man most fit to do it. To this I objected; but at length performed that duty by a letter, known afterward as my "*Times* Letter," as it was published in that leading journal. This letter was submitted

* It remains to be seen how far the introduction of steam-ships and iron-clads will effect the naval power of the British Empire. Europe is preparing, as never before, to contest English superiority. England seems to appreciate the situation; for she is still building, by an enormous outlay, more ships. One thing is certain. Her prestige at sea being lost, all is lost. She must then lose her subject colonies, and her independence even, or sink into an unimportant power. The United States only can, in such case, save her, as I foretold in my "*Times* Letter." Her rulers now seem to appreciate our future power; and are now more than anxious to propitiate us. Perhaps she may succeed. As the "*Times* Letter" has been much commented on, I regret that I have not been able to get a copy for republication here. — C., 1885.

to others and approved, especially by Motley, who, being well informed regarding British feeling and literary criticism, went carefully over my letter, and corrected some clauses. This letter, I have reason to believe, did much to hold the British people from the hazardous alliance with France and the Mexican Invasion. But there it stands, and I stand by it.*

*This letter attracted the attention of all Europe. Archibald Alison, the distinguished historian, in consequence of it and the Harriet Beecher Stowe demonstration, opened a friendly correspondence with me upon Morals, Religion, and Politics. Some of this coming to the eyes of the public, the New York *Tribune*, in the Bayard Taylor intrigue to supersede me in office, instead of complimenting me, denounced me,—I was not sent to Russia to discuss Religion and Morals! When I treated the same subjects in the Liberal movement at home, Greeley saw much to commend,—it was in unison with the *Tribune*; but when one of its editors wanted my place, it was monstrous assumption! Yet Taylor proposed, as a reason why I should give way to him, that he wanted to study and write up Russian history! So it is well said, in the old adage: “One man may steal a horse with impunity, whilst another is hung for looking through the palings!”—C., 1885.

LETTER OF JOHN BRIGHT.

ROCHEDALE, *January 9, 1862.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I received your kind letter with much pleasure. The events and dangers of the last month have pressed so much upon me, that I have postponed my answer to it from day to day. Last night we received news which, if true, indicates that the immediate danger is over. Your Government has acted with moderation and a *true courage*; and I fear that we have been wanting in that generosity and forbearance to which you were entitled. Our ruling class does not like you, or your institutions, or your success; and our people have not yet so far merged from submission to it, as to be able to form a judgment of their own, separate from the lies and delusions which have been offered them. I hope now that this danger is surmounted, that all who care for peace will labor for it; for in peace, so far as Europe is

This letter was complained of by Adams; for what reason I can not imagine, unless it seemed that I invaded his dominion. But, as the press is now far above all the red tape of diplomacy, I do not see what ground he had to object, as the whole letter was friendly and highly complimentary to the British Nation.

Going to Paris, the Americans there thought some demonstration was advisable; and a breakfast was gotten up in a formal manner, at which many speeches were made, in a delicate way complimentary to the antecedents of the French Nation and people, in connection with the great Republic of the West. I knew very well that in the internal affairs of the French there was vast opposition to the ruling power; but my purpose was to enlist the sympathies of the people, knowing that, as in England, the monarchical element would inevitably be against us. Now all confess that it was the people in both concerned, rests your chance of restoring your Union, and your power, now or hereafter, to deal with the slave question.

There is a danger in the blockade. The cotton question has not yet assumed, but it may assume, a formidable shape; and the French and English governments may think it good policy to force the United States to raise the blockade. Nothing would be a greater blunder or crime, in my opinion; but blunders and crimes form the staple of the history of governments. I am in hopes that the evident and growing strength of the North may convince Europe of their ultimate and not distant success; and then I think the temptation to any interference will be lessened.

If New Orleans and Mobile and Savannah could be occupied by the Government, then the blockade might be raised as far as those ports are concerned, and trade in cotton might be opened, if there are men in the interior willing to be saved from the ruin with which the insurrection menaces every owner of property in the South.

You have been justly angry at the apparent want of sympathy among the English people. Our ruling class have, as you know, great influence on the opinion of all below them in the social scale, and they and their press have poisoned the public mind; but a reaction is now observable, and I think opinion is far more favorable

nations which held England and France in check, finally overthrew the combined invasion of Mexico, and ultimately lost Napoleon his throne. These things were not unknown in St. Petersburg; for, of all the governments of the world, the Russians are the best informed of current events in other Empires.

My reception by the Czar was remarkable for its length and cordiality. I gave it in full to the State Department, that Seward might form his own opinions as to the feeling of the Czar toward us. But he published it without my authority, thinking, no doubt, to injure me by the apparent want of dignity in my narration of the incidents. The London *Times* commented on it to my disadvantage; but I am proud to leave it before the public, where Seward put it, that it should disprove the effort afterward made to claim the action of the Czar in our favor as the fruit of the short intervening ministry of Cameron and Taylor.*

to the United States Government than it was some time ago, and that much opinion hitherto silent has been brought into action. The *Times* newspaper in London, and the *Herald* in New York, are responsible for a large portion of the mischief.

The *Times* writes for the ruling class and the military service; and I suppose the *Herald* writes to please somebody or some class in your country. Every thing said by those journals should be doubted, and most of it should be disbelieved.

We will hope for better days. I think we approach a time of sounder views in England; and when once your Union is restored, and the evil of slavery is driven out, or bound in chains and is powerless, the world will have much to be thankful for, even in the terrible calamity which is now shaking your continent.

With many thanks for your most friendly letter, believe me to be yours, very sincerely,

JOHN BRIGHT.

C. M. CLAY, Esq.,

United States' Legation, St. Petersburg.

*During my first mission, the Confederates had emissaries in most of the courts of Europe; and it was reported that L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi, was accredited to St. Petersburg, as the

The rivalry of Russia and England may be said to be hereditary, if not natural. Besides the many life struggles of the two powers, their position as to India, China, and all Eastern Asia, and Japan, are essentially antagonistic; and no third power is likely to intervene in the final settlement, unless it might be the United States, from her western shores, and through the Pacific Ocean.

The Czar had already entered upon the traditional policy of his dynasty, in the overthrow of serfdom or white slavery, and was well-informed as to the movements in America; and I was just as well-known in St. Petersburg as I was in London. But whatever may have been my personal influence, the policy of Russia was well-defined by inevitable events; and the attempt to detract from my public service is not only unjust, but futile.

The profession of diplomacy in the old nations is confined to the regular officials, gradually rising from the lowest grades to the highest, where seniority, as in armies, is generally allowed prominence. The consequence is, that all the forms of etiquette, both official and social, are well understood, and rigidly enforced. An offense against the forms which "hedge a king" are more severely punished than even crimes, for state reasons. Whilst this gives many advantages to the diplomats of other nations, it moulds them socially into one form, as equal and indistinguishable as the pebbles on the sea-shore. An American has, then, one advantage, if he has tact; that is his novelty and individuality. When all

Confederate Minister. One day I asked Gortchacow if he had put in his appearance yet? He replied, with his usual emphasis: "No; he dare not come here." After reconstruction, Mr. Lamar was the first Senator from Mississippi; and at present he is Secretary of the Interior of the United States! "The king has come to his own again." On the Sherman resolution in the Senate, he stood over the prostrate Republic, and declared he would "allow no man to call Jeff. Davis a traitor." Such is the instability of human affairs! Who can solve the mysteries of fate?—C., 1885.

are surrounded with the ever-recurring ceremonies of court-life, this freshness, as I may call it,—“greenness,” as others might say,—is at times agreeable.

The true politeness of universal society is the same—to be agreeable and deferential to others; and should never give way to either impertinence or self-abasement. The centralization of all the wealth, of all the learning, of all military achievements, of all the aristocracy of a great nation in one circle, under the most finished school of refinement, gives the Russian high-life the precedence over all others in the world. The aristocracy of Russia, men and women, are models of form and refinement; and, as an aggregate, excel all others. To one who has the *entrée* into these circles, nothing in the social way can give more agreeable pastime, or “*savoir-vivre*.” I was in the prime of life, not a bad-looking fellow, who had seen much of the world, and who was determined to please. I broke through all etiquette so far as to be affable to all classes alike; and when I made a *gaucherie*, I was the first to laugh at it.

I remember once talking familiarly with the Empress, when I first got to St. Petersburg. She was a woman of good sense, and great sweetness of disposition and features, though of delicate health. I was interested in her conversation, and she was by no means displeased with mine. Now the greatest breach of etiquette in Russia is to address the imperial family without being first spoken to. How could I know? Foreign legations were glad to see me in a false position. The Russians were horrified. I was told afterward that a consultation was held by the immediate suite of the Emperor to break up the *tête-a-tête*, by informing me of my error. They named it to the Emperor; but he smiled, and said: “He will know better after a while.”

The Empress, even after I had “learned better,” seemed to find pleasure in some new ideas and freedom of thought, and frequently renewed our conversations.

So two of the most distinguished ladies of Russian society introduced themselves, at a ball, (each the other) to me. The one was the belle of the times of Nicholas, Madame the Princess Radziwill,* the sister-in-law of Prince Gortchacow. The other was the Princess Kotzoubey, once Belliselski, the mother of the Prince Belliselski, who married the sister of Scobeloff, the noted general of the Turkish war. The Princess Kotzoubey was at the very head of Russian society, and the wealthiest of the nobility, entertaining (but few did so,) the imperial family at her city palace, on the Nevski Street, on great occasions. So I found Russian society very agreeable. My family, as soon as the novelty of the new situation had passed away, not finding the climate very healthy, returned home, leaving me alone.

As Seward had not given me leave of absence, as he did other ministers, and as do all other governments, I had seen but little of Europe; so I set out by railroad for the kingdom of Saxony, as I was anxious to see the land of our reputed ancestors, as well as to gratify my artistic taste by seeing the celebrated paintings, which, at Dresden, on the Elbe, are many of the finest in Europe, although St. Petersburg greatly outnumbers the Dresden gallery. I spent many days in Dresden, visiting the art halls, the palace, and its fine jewels of the crown. But, above all, I was delighted with this the most picturesque city I had ever seen, resting upon the alluvial plains of this beautiful river, and spreading over the terraced hills or mountains, for which Saxony is noted. But the most

*As the Princess was the sister-in-law of Prince Gortchacow, I regard the following letter, among others from personages of high political position, as significant of the "*entente cordiale*" between the two powers,—she being quite a politician. —C., 1885;

La Princesse Radziwill est bien en regret d'avoir été privé du plaisir de voir Monsieur Clay. Elle prie Monsieur le Ministre d'agréer tous ces vœux pour son heureux voyage; et elle espère avoir de ces nouvelles bientôt.

12-24 Juin, St. Pétersbourg, 1862.

agreeable part of the "voyage" was the companionship of several Russians—old friends, who were here spending the summer; and especially was I fortunate in the company of my traveling companions, Madame A. E., and her gallant husband—a general in the Russian army. Madame E. was one of the handsomest women I met in Russia, which is saying much; and we made many excursions with her friends into the country. The trees were in full leaf, interspersed with cultivated flowers and tasteful cottages. The black-heart cherries were found in many successive orchards fully ripe, and the finest I ever saw. The Saxon lads and lassies, with their ruddy faces, full persons, and golden-plaited hair, were seen every-where gathering the cherries, which were sold cheaply in open booths with rustic benches, where all travelers were welcomed with a smile and a kind word, as the luscious fruit was measured and served.

So passed the hours of many days that I lingered in Saxon-land; and, when the time for our parting came, to set out for Baden-Baden—the celebrated springs, where the Russian nobility spend much of their time—I felt annoyed, like when one is aroused from a delicious dream by the noisy footsteps of unwelcome comers. But my friend, Madame A. E., who had very black hair and brown eyes, took me by the hand and said, in her mixed French-Russian (she spoke no English): "Come, Colonel Clay; for your wife's sake, I will not allow you longer time among these golden-haired syrens, who I see are more dangerous than armies set in serried files."

So I called to mind the old distich:

"Where women fly, men will pursue;
Whether their eyes be black or blue!"

And submitted with commendable grace to the inevitable.

At Baden I found more Russians than at Dresden—the gambling-tables forming, no doubt, some attraction, as well as the noted surroundings. Here we made the round

of all the historical places,—the shady groves and impromptu picnics, as at Dresden, being to me the chief attraction. But, on the Elysian fields, as on the battlefield, fate presses us on—on—on, forever! I took, in sadness, leave of my friends, who hoped to see me back in Russia, and hurried on through Paris and London for America; as my patriotism would not allow me to linger again on English soil.

Passing over the sea once more, and which seemed now more in consonance with my troubled thoughts, I kept aloof from every one, absorbed in sober reflections upon my country's ingratitude. I landed in New York, having touched at Halifax, where we found the British as bitter as the worst rebels, and, hurrying on to Washington, I reported to President Lincoln.

CHAPTER XVI.

RECALLED AND COMMISSIONED MAJOR-GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS.—SIMON CAMERON AND BAYARD TAYLOR SUCCEED ME.—RETURN TO WASHINGTON CITY.—OVERTHROW OF THE SLAVE-POWER FORESHADOWED.—PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LETTERS. SALMON P. CHASE.—MY WASHINGTON SPEECH.—INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL HALLECK.—THE PRESIDENT SENDS ME TO KENTUCKY.—THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.—PROF. BLINN'S EULOGY.—HALLECK'S SPECIAL ORDER SET ASIDE BY THE PRESIDENT.—I RESIGN MY MAJOR-GENERAL'S COMMISSION.

SEWARD was too glad to avail himself of my promise to Lincoln, about the generalship, to recall me, and send Simon Cameron, who had got into bad odor as Secretary of War by his business-affairs with the railroads and the Government. He was sent to supersede me, with Bayard Taylor as Secretary of Legation. It was understood that Cameron was to slide down to his old level, using the mission to St. Petersburg as a parachute; and that Taylor, who had great influence as one of the owners and editors of the *New York Tribune*, was to take his place as minister in full. I had made a very full investment of my small salary in beautiful plate, and other articles of *vertu* from Paris, made under my immediate direction; and, by giving a few elegant entertainments, which were not excelled by any one, I gave the Russians an idea of my taste and training. After that they care no more; for they had all that money could buy, or genius invent, for all the pleasures of life. If they liked flowers, I accommodated them; if paintings, I had some of the rarest; if wines, I had every sample of the world's choice; if the *menu* was the object, nothing was there wanting. The flowers could be hired; the paintings were a permanent investment; the wines cost no more of every variety than one choice one; and the eating was not in-

creased, by its variety, in price. So I was in no haste to go back to America; and I determined to return to St. Petersburg again.

I left my furniture and carriages unsold, in the care of my chasseur, John, a freedman, and returned to Washington. Seward, in his recall, had simply thanked me, in the name of the President, for my services, and inclosed me a Major-General's commission, informing me at the same time of Cameron's succession.

Cameron was not at all fitted for this post, in which personal bearing is every thing. He did not belong to "them literary fellows;" and was a coarse man in sentiment, and rude in manners. I was present at his presentation to the Emperor; in fact, I presented him. And when the Emperor made, or, rather, was making, his speech of reception, Cameron interrupted, and disconcerted him. Such rudeness one would have thought would be hardly tolerated in a backwoods-Dutchman's house in Pennsylvania. He received the Russian noblemen, at times, in the legation-rooms; and, on the whole, his like was rarely "seen before, or behind either," as Don Piatt would say.

Bayard Taylor was a traveler, and a man of some learning, but was little more polished than Cameron, and in all the years that I spent in St. Petersburg I never heard any one whatever speak of Cameron or Taylor; whilst of Mr. and Mrs. Pickens, of South Carolina, much was said in complimentary reminiscence. Mr. Appleton, my immediate predecessor, was a retired, quiet gentleman; and I believe had not gone much into society.

Returning through London, I was invited by Mr. Adams to a family-dinner, which I accepted. I was the only guest. But little was said in any way; and that was the last I saw of him. In the interval, from the time of my leaving him at London to my return, hearing rumors of dissatisfaction, I wrote to him from St. Petersburg, asking him about my "*Times* Letter;" and he wrote me a long

vindication of his right to be discontented with my course. So he and Cameron again stood between me and the light.

Arriving in Washington, the Union armies seemed to be every-where worsted. Lincoln, under Seward's influence, had restrained the generals from taking a very necessary war-measure, declaring slaves, as other property, subject to capture and confiscation. And Stanton, from having been an old-line Democrat, though he joined the Republicans when the Democratic Party seemed inevitably ruined, yet cordially hated all earnest anti-slavery men. It was his special pleasure to kill off Frank P. Blair, J. C. Fremont, and such generals, by refusing them proper support, as Secretary of War.

Believing that the war was and ought to be a failure, with the old cancer of slavery left in the Union, I was every-where outspoken in favor of declaring the slaves of all the States in rebellion free, as suggested long since by John Quincy Adams; and I so expressed myself to Lincoln. Henry Wilson seems to think that the emancipation proclamations are the great events, not only of the war, but of the age. They are. But he also seems to be quite in the mist as to the causes and movements in that regard. To show my connection with these great events, and to throw light on their causes and effects, is one of the most potent motives for my writing these Memoirs. For, after I succeeded in carrying Lincoln with me, delicacy forbade my avowals; and afterward the Republican press was closed to me, and it was no way to gain favor with the Democrats to show them how I had ruined them.

So I determined to force this policy, or return to Russia, if possible. I went to Lincoln and told him my distrust of Stanton and Halleck. That it was, I thought, a foolish thing to fight at all, if the same old cancer of slavery was to remain after a peace. That the Democrats never wanted war, and were ready at any time to make a

disgraceful peace. That our party was divided by the uncertain aims of the Unionists. That the autocracy of Europe were ready to destroy the great Republic, which was ever a menace to the crowned-heads. That whilst we fought simply for empire, the people of the advanced powers of England and France were indifferent to our success; but that, in the cause of liberty, we would have a safe check upon their rulers, who would not dare to interfere in behalf of slavery. That, at all events, if fall we must, let us fall with the flag of universal liberty and justice nailed to the mast-head. Then, at least, we should have the help of God, and the sympathies of mankind, for a future struggle, and live in the memory of the good in all time. I told him that I desired to return to St. Petersburg. That the most of my remnant of a once large fortune was expended in my outfit at the Russian court; and that I wished to be sent back. That I had canvassed in his behalf, by his request; and that he had promised me the place of Secretary of War in his own voluntary letter, a promise which he had failed to perform.*

Lincoln listened with great attention, and said: "Who ever heard of a reformer reaping the rewards of his work in his life-time? I was advised that your appointment as Secretary of War would have been considered a dec-

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S LETTERS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *July* 20, 1860.

HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—I see by the papers, and also learn from Mr. Nicolay, who saw you at Terre Haute, that you are filling a list of speaking-appointments in Indiana. I sincerely thank you for this, and I shall be still further obliged if you will, at the close of the tour, drop me a line, giving your impression of our prospects in that State.

Still more will you oblige me, if you will allow me to make a list of appointments in our State, commencing, say, at Marshall, in Clark County, and thence south and west along over Wabash and Ohio River border.

In passing, let me say, that at Rockport you will be in the

laration of war upon the South. I have no objections to your return to St. Petersburg. I thought that you had desired to return home; at least, Seward so stated it to me."

I here saw the sentiments of Seward and Weed, and the work of the Whigs of Kentucky, whom I had defeated in honorable warfare. I replied: "It is true that I had said, in 1861, when pressed to take command as Major-General, that I would return if it was deemed best, on account of so much treason in the regular army. But now, after more than a year's struggle, no such motives remain; and what I might have undertaken then would be out of place now, when all but myself have had the experience of more than a year's service. It is untrue that I have given Seward the least intimation that I desired to return home." And with this our interview ended.

county within which I was brought up, from my eighth year; having left Kentucky at that point of my life. Yours, very truly,
A. LINCOLN.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, *August 10, 1860.*

HON. C. M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very kind letter of the 6th was received yesterday. It so happened that our State Central Committee was in session here at the time; and, thinking it proper to do so, I submitted the letter to them. They were delighted with the assurance of having your assistance. For what appears good reasons, they, however, propose a change in the programme, starting you at the same place (Marshall, in Clark County), and thence northward. This change, I suppose, will be agreeable to you; as it will give you larger audiences, and much easier travel—nearly all being by railroad. They will be governed by your *time*; and when they shall have fully designated the places, you will be duly notified. As to the inaugural, I have not yet commenced getting it up; while it affords me great pleasure to be able to say the cliques have not yet commenced upon me. Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

NOTE.—See A. Lincoln's letter offering Secretaryship of War, in possession of the Kentucky Historical Society, Frankfort, Ky.—C., 1885.

Soon afterward I received the following letter:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *August 12, 1862.*

HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—I learn that you would not dislike returning to Russia, as Minister Plenipotentiary. You were not recalled for any fault of yours; but, as understood, it was done at your request. Of course, there is no personal objection to your re-appointment. Still, General Cameron can not be recalled except by his request. Some conversation passing between him and myself, renders it due that he should not resign without full notice of my intention to re-appoint you. If he resigns with such full knowledge and understanding, I shall be quite willing, and even gratified, to send you to Russia. Your obedient servant,

A. LINCOLN.

Of all the men of my time, I was most intimate with Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury. As I said before, I preferred him to all persons for President in 1860; but Benj. F. Wade killed him off. I had been intimate with him from very early manhood, in 1835; and I was now his guest at Washington, in 1862. When I set out from Russia, as before said, I intended to return there; but, when I got to Washington, and saw how the war was going on, I began to think that, if I could carry on the war by declaring the slaves free, we could win; if not, we should fail. With these sentiments avowed, Chase was extremely anxious that I should at once take a command; but I told him Stanton and Halleck had killed off all the anti-slavery generals, and would sacrifice me also. That I had so told Lincoln; and had asked to return to St. Petersburg. He said he thought I was mistaken; and he would go with me and see Halleck himself, and urge my having an independent command. To this I assented. We went to Halleck's office, and, in private, had a long conversation with him, Chase doing most of the talking. Mr. Chase said that, as I had a Major-General's commission in my pocket, I should receive the western command, where Fremont had been first placed. Halleck was very reserved, and at length showed so much ill-nature that we

left him. Chase then said: "Clay, I can no longer urge you to stay; I do not think you could have fair play, and, of course, could not help us."

In the meantime, after leaving Lincoln, I made a speech in Washington which excited the widest comment. As I have not preserved any report of it, it having been made, as usual, extemporaneously, I give the following verbatim account of its spirit from the *Louisville Journal*, August 19, 1862:

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

We take the following passage from a letter of the regular Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*:

WASHINGTON, August 13, 1862.—The speech of Mr. C. M. Clay at Odd Fellows' Hall last night gave sufficient evidence that the statement of the *Evening Post* a day or two since in reference to him (and which has been doubted in some quarters here,) was absolutely correct. Mr. Clay said repeatedly and distinctly in his speech, that he would never draw his sword so long as slavery was protected by the Government. The tone of his remarks on this head was not very encouraging. That I may not be accused of misrepresentation, let me quote a paragraph from the *Republican's* report of the speech:

"Mr. Clay then spoke of our efforts at home. He was not fully satisfied with the drift of affairs. He believed the President to be an honest man, and the officers in the main desired to do right; but we are trying to conquer the rebellion with the sword in one hand and the shackles in the other. We are fighting as though we were anxious that neither side should win. You have been eighteen months carrying on this war on peace principles, and what have you gained? I am told by men high in authority that the capital is yet in danger. You allow four millions of good Union men in the South, who are your natural allies, to cut your own throats, because you can not lay aside a sickly prejudice. *He (Mr. Clay) would never use the sword while slavery is protected in rebel States.* [Loud applause and cheers. A lady near us indignantly asserted that she did not come to hear Abolition speeches.] Far better acknowledge the Confederacy, and let Mr. Davis and his people go by themselves, than attempt to defeat the designs of God in regard to the great question of universal liberty. You must give to every man the same liberty you desire for yourself.

[Applause.] *When I draw a sword, it shall be for the liberation and not the enslavement of mankind.* [Wild enthusiasm and applause.] He would not have the Constitution disobeyed or altered in a line or a letter. He stood now where he always stood, for the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws."

If this report is correct, and it is taken from the *Washington Republican*, in which it appeared under Mr. Clay's eyes without contradiction from him, Mr. Clay is a conditional Unionist of the most odious description; or, rather, he is a rebel, about as good or bad as can be found any where in this country. If this is, indeed, Mr. Clay's position, there can be no truth in the rumor that he is to receive an important military command west of the Mississippi. There can be no truth, even, in the rumor that he is to go back to St. Petersburg as the representative of this country at the Court of Russia. The only place to which a citizen, entertaining such views and promulgating them, can be sent, consistent with a recent order of the War Department, is Fort Warren, or some other military prison of the nation.

We did hope that Mr. Clay would return from abroad with higher and more temperate views of our national troubles than he carried away with him, or that at least he would return no more extreme than he went. We certainly never dreamed that he would not come back an unconditional Union man. Yet, we fear our expectations touching him have come to naught. He seems to have kept pace on the banks of the Neva with the most swift-footed and hot-headed Abolitionists in the Lyceums of New England, or the halls of the Capitol. He has outstripped himself. He is ahead of Lovejoy. He is neck by neck with Garrison and Phillips.

We respectfully submit his position to the attention of the President. If he is correctly represented, he has clearly deprived himself of all powers of usefulness to his country in this day of her trial. He is as little able to serve her as he is willing.

From the Cincinnati Gazette, August 19, 1862.

Speech of Cassius M. Clay—He denounces England, thinks France is well-disposed, Eulogizes Russia, and Lays Down his Views of Conducting the War.

As already announced in our dispatches, Cassius M. Clay made a speech at Washington on Tuesday evening. As its principal points were telegraphed by our correspondent, it is only necessary

to quote a few passages, to which justice could not be done in his abstract:

“I now assure you that you found your hopes of British friendship, amity, and non-interference upon a false basis, if you suppose there is any anti-slavery sentiment in the British dominions that is going to keep England from laying violent hands upon this great Republic when she dares. [Cries of “That is so.”] Fear is the only thing that deters her from interfering in behalf of the South, for the purpose of prostrating and forever blotting out from the insignia of nations the Star-Spangled Banner, which is the pride of our nation, and the mighty representative of our principles. [Loud applause.] I give you my word of honor that, after the closest observation, and most thorough intercourse with Englishmen in every part of Europe, I have scarcely met one man who did not sincerely desire the overthrow of the American Republic, and believe such would be the ultimate result—Mr. Forster, in the House of Parliament, and Messrs. Cobden and Bright, being honorable exceptions; but they are merely sectional men, and do but represent the British people, who are honestly and fearlessly on our side, because they love the principles which that flag represents; but their influence is, as I before remarked, only limited. I think I hazard nothing in saying that there is no public sentiment whatever, and no potent people, in England, who are on our side, against those who would lay violent hands upon the insignia of our nationality.

“I believe that the French people and the French Emperor are now, and have been from the beginning, just as the Emperor of the French has again and again avowed himself to be, a firm and fixed friend of the American Republic. Let us not take England as a source of information as to the disposition and design of the Emperor. We all know, when it was loudly and universally proclaimed in France, that the French Emperor had declared his determination to interfere, how the Government, through its authenticated journal, the *Moniteur*, treated the matter. The Emperor, too, in his address to the French Chambers, told them that, so far from proposing to interfere by his action with the blockade which the American Republic had established, he never would interfere, unless just cause of interference should occur. [Loud and prolonged applause.] Now, gentlemen, there is an avowal. Those words are on record, and the world knows it. Neither you nor I, the newspaper press nor any set of men, have

the right to question the integrity of this avowal until some act shall occur which would give the lie to it. [Cheers.] I think—I say it from the best information which I can get—followed up by this letter, which was written while the difficulty attending the arrest of Mason and Slidell was pending, that the French nation has been and still is the friend of the American Republic.* [Applause.] Let us, then, give him our faith and our confidence, that he means what he says; that he will do and act as he means. [Loud applause.]

“I think I can say, without implication of profanity or want of deference, that, since the days of Christ himself, such a happy and glorious privilege has not been reserved to any other man to do that amount of good; and no man has ever more gallantly or nobly done it than Alexander II., the Czar of Russia. I refer to the emancipation of the 23,000,000 of serfs.† [Vociferous cheering.] Here, then, fellow-citizens, was the place to look for an ally. [Renewed applause.] Here, fellow-citizens, you have found an ally. [Cheers.] Trust him; for your trust will not be misplaced. [Applause.] Stand by him, and he will—as he has often declared to me he will—stand by you. [The speaker was here interrupted by a long, continuous outburst of applause, which lasted some time.] Not only Alexander, but his whole family are with you. [Renewed applause.] Men, women, and children. [Continued applause.] None of them eat the bread of idleness. Those that belong to the royal house are acting an important part in the administration of the Government. One takes the head of the navy, another the army, another agriculture, etc.—all men with temperate habits, cultivated intellects, and fine address, devoting all their energies in co-operating with the Czar for the elevation of his people. A more lovely, intelligent, virtuous, and noble family never occupied or surrounded a throne before. Whilst I spent days and weeks in moving around, gazing at and admiring the people, I was surprised; for I had read in English journals of the Russian people being but little better than beasts of the field, but I have found that the Russians are a great race.

* It is true Napoleon subsequently proved false to his avowals up to this time; but the French people showed, by their subsequent action, that I was right about them.—C., 1885.

† The initial steps toward emancipation were taken in 1861; but the details took several years more to complete the emancipation of the serfs of Russia.—C., 1885.

"Well, now, you are going to conquer the South. How? By my friend Seward taking dinners and drinks? [Laughter and applause.] You are going to conquer the South by taking the sword in one hand and slave-shackles in the other. You are going to conquer the South with one portion of your force, while the other is detailed to guard rebel property. You are so magnanimous that you are going to put down this gigantic effort at our national life, in the language of Jim Lane, "by fighting their battles and your own." [Applause.] How long have you tried it? For nearly eighteen months. Some of the best men in this country have gone down to their graves. Two hundred and fifty thousand of the loyal troops of the United States have died on the battle-field, or been disabled by sickness. How many millions have you expended? Why, a sum rolling up to one thousand millions—almost one-fourth of the national debt of England, that has been accumulating for ages—and still you have been carrying on the war. Upon such principles as those you can not stand upright in the eyes of the world. On these principles you never can conquer; and I am told by men high in authority that the capitol is still in danger. Gentlemen, how much longer is this thing to continue?

"Fight this war on the principle of common-sense. As for myself, never, so help me God, will I draw a sword to keep the chains upon another fellow-being. [Tremendous applause.] Suppose, gentlemen, that you succeed upon the present policy; what have you gained? Better recognize the Southern Confederacy at once, and stop this effusion of blood, than to continue in this present ruinous policy, or have even a restoration of the Union as it was. Change your policy, and show that you are in earnest. Send an ambassador—me, if you will, much as the slave-holders hate me, and I them—to Jeff. Davis with a message that, if he will consent to have the rebels lay down their arms, and come again under the protection of the old flag and the Constitution, that protection will be granted to him; but, if not, warn him of the consequence, and then go to work in real earnest, and, if necessary, desolate the whole South.

"As regards the disposition of the negro, I am opposed to colonization, because it will be the means of delaying emancipation; in fact, only tending to perpetuate the institution of slavery, and the difficulties of its overthrow, by raising the value of slaves."

Soon Lincoln sent for me, and said: "I have been thinking of what you said to me, but I fear if such proclamation of emancipation was made Kentucky would go against us; and we have now as much as we can carry."

I replied: "You are mistaken. The Kentuckians have heard this question discussed by me *for a quarter of a century*; and have all made up their minds. Those who intend to stand by slavery have already joined the rebel army; and those who remain will stand by the Union at all events. Not a man of intelligence will change his ground."

Lincoln then said: "The Kentucky Legislature is now in session. Go down, and see how they stand, and report to me."

So at once I set out; making a diversion by speaking a few times, in the North, as a paid lecturer, thus to raise money for my expenses which I really needed, and to cover the purpose of my tour.

When I reached Lexington, Kirby Smith was marching upon my county town, Richmond; and General Lew. Wallace was in command of the Union forces. I suggested that the defense against those veteran troops should be made on the bluffs of the Kentucky River; that the passes were few, and easy of defense. This I knew from long observation in fishing in that river, from the three forks to the mouth. Wallace then asked me to take charge of the troops—infantry and artillery—and make the defense as I thought best. To this I consented; and the result is best shown by the following letter:

Cassius M. Clay—Interesting Communication Relative to his Connection with General Nelson.

To the Editor of the Courier-Journal—

WHITE HALL P. O., MADISON COUNTY, KY., *April 9, 1878.*—In your journal of the 6th instant is a letter of General M. D. Manson, about the battle of Richmond, in which my name is mentioned; and, to avoid misconstruction, I beg leave to say a few words in regard to my connection with General Nelson's com-

mand. Whilst a Major-General of Volunteers of the United States, I had been ordered by President Lincoln on a secret mission to Kentucky, the Legislature being then in session, to sound the public sentiment of this State in regard to a proclamation of the freedom of all the slaves captured in war, or escaped from the belligerent armies of the South, as well as to use my discretion on the subject of slavery generally. I reached Lexington on the 23d of August, 1862 (following General Manson's data), where I found General L. Wallace in command, as I supposed, of the *corps d'armée* intended to repel the advance of Gen. Kirby Smith, then reported to be approaching Richmond, my county town, by way of the eastern border—the "Big Hill." General Wallace asked me to take command, being my senior, in his stead, as I was better posted with regard to the locality than he. To this I promptly acceded. I borrowed a sword and pistols, and at once, on Sunday, took command of the infantry and a small battery of artillery, marched them till near nightfall toward Richmond, and encamped near Robert Wickliffe's farm, about three miles from Lexington. The troops were very raw, and not yet subjected to rigid military order; but the next day, the 25th, the weather being extremely warm, I moved the troops very cautiously, often resting them, and taking up the foot-sore on the cannon-carriages and wagons. Near night, as I was about posting the troops for the night, and making a defense of the north bank of the Kentucky River, where the passes were few and unknown to the enemy, and where I could have made raw troops as effective as veterans, and, as I now believe, could have repulsed the force of Smith, General Nelson rode up and relieved me from the command. So I went home that night, and next day, the 25th, reported myself to General Nelson, at his head-quarters at Richmond, expecting, as we were old, intimate friends, to be invited to a position, at least, upon his staff; but, disappointed in this, I returned home, and started for Frankfort on the 27th of August, where, addressing the Legislature in the Hall of the House of Representatives, I urged the views which I had pressed upon the President with almost unanimous success. My speech was reported by the stenographer of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and published in full in that journal in 1862.

I know nothing of the controversy between the parties about General Nelson's conduct on the battle-ground. I was told, on my return from Europe in 1869, by Major Green Clay, that he took

General Nelson, after he was wounded, on horseback through by-ways to Jessamine County.

In justice to General Nelson, I want to say that I believe he was a brave, and not a bad-hearted man. His schooling in the navy unfitted him for the command of volunteers, where persuasion and kindness must be used in connection with firmness. Let us all cast the mantle of charity over the faults of a man whose patriotism and courage have never been questioned. Truly,

C. M. CLAY.

Smith having defeated Nelson (August 30), I returned by way of Cincinnati to Washington, handed a copy of my speech to Lincoln, and made a verbal report of my visit to the State of Kentucky and the Kentucky Legislature. Lincoln said but little; but, on the 22d day of September, 1862, issued his immortal Proclamation of Freedom for the slaves in all the rebel States.

Thus my good star stood high in the heavens; and whilst my enemies sought by unworthy means my ruin, I seemed by Providence to have been called for the culminating act of my life's aspirations.

A letter, written and published about this time by Prof. A. W. Blinn, (with myself and others, my friends, the subjects,) may with propriety be introduced here:

Political Recollections by Professor A. W. Blinn.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

The character and deeds of the noble are the heritage of the world. The race is wiser and nobler for the heroism of Leonidas, the patriotism of Algernon Sidney, and the incorruptible integrity of Washington. In counting over the heroes of the nineteenth century, posterity will not forget the name of Cassius M. Clay. Born in affluence, surrounded by the prejudices of slavery, reared amid its perverting and blinding influences, with every worldly motive pressing him to follow the popular tide; yet, in spite of all these, in young manhood he laid all upon the altar of duty and patriotism, and consecrated his life to freedom.

He graduated early at Yale College. How much of his love of freedom and hatred of slavery he derived from his free associa-

tions there, I do not know. Certainly he had the germ of nobility in him—the free air of New England may have had some influence in developing its power. Certain it is that he entered upon active life with all the holy fervor of a Wilberforce, and the martyr intrepidity of a Sidney and a Lovejoy. He declared for freedom, for Kentucky, and the Nation.

A very hasty survey will show that this was a position of great daring—emphatically a position that “tried men’s souls.” Slavery was strongly intrenched in Kentucky, and in nearly half the States of the Union. It was intrenched in some of the “Compromises of the Constitution,” in some of the laws of Congress, in the statutes of many of the States, and more in the property interest, and the political influence which it exercised in the government. It was thus a utilizing interest, uniting a class into a powerful oligarchy—so powerful as to control the Government, State and National. Thus we had a powerful and proud aristocracy in this Republic, bound together by common interests and conventionalities.

Mr. Clay rose up against this aristocracy; broke from, and defied all its conventionalities. And it was no small thing. He broke the laws of Caste. He took his life in his hand. His foes were they of his own household. Almost every earthly friend forsook him. He stood, like Luther, amid the surging storms of fanaticism and madness; like Algernon Sidney, against the leagued powers of despotism, and, for long years, he stood alone. Well he learned the meaning of the poet:

“But thou who enterest on the sterner strife
For truths which men receive not now,
Thy warfare only ends with life.
A fearful warfare, raging long,
Through weary day and weary year;
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hangs on thy front, and flank, and rear.”

He informed me that, for more than thirty years, there was scarcely a night that he did not expect an attack,—that he did not expect violence, and, perhaps, death. He grew familiar with danger. The fastidious critic may say that he too often provoked it. Perhaps so did Luther. He did not always measure, with nice exactness, his words. His noble sense of right, and indignation at wrong, flowed out in burning words, like the pent-up fires of Vesuvius. If they kindled a conflagration, the responsibility

was with those who had built up systems of wrong upon hay and stubble. Such impetuous souls are necessary in such times.

The gentle spirit of Melancthon and Erasmus would never have achieved the reformation. William Lloyd Garrison performed the same noble function in the Free States. Clay's and Garrison's noble rage brought the Slave-Power to bay, and aroused the energies of freedom. Well I hear the clear ring of Mr. Clay's voice, amid that fearful din of battle: "For God and the Right!" Well I recall the noble words of counsel and warning through his *True American*; and the shame and sorrow that filled millions of hearts on hearing that a mob had destroyed that free press. Truth seemed to be crushed to earth, but it soon rose again; and the same brave voice continued to ring through the State and the Nation. His name was thence a synonym for heroism.

Mr. Clay's course in the Mexican War surprised most of his admirers; yet, I believe, few questioned the integrity of his motives. His subsequent course attested his unwavering adhesion to principle. I believe that Mr. Clay was among the foremost to urge upon Mr. Lincoln the measure of Emancipation.

One particular incident in Mr. Clay's later life I have marked as illustrating the fearlessness of his character, and his readiness to go where duty called.

During the exciting canvass of 1860, he spoke from the steps of the State-House, in Frankfort, amid the darkness of night—a mark for many who had sought his life. But Kentuckians are too brave to shoot a man in the dark. I believe he spoke afterward in the State-House to both branches of the Legislature, by their invitation.

In brilliance of eloquence and power to command men, he was not equal to his illustrious relative, Henry Clay; but in breadth of views and statesmanship, he was his superior. He had too wide a discernment of moral causes and effects to be deceived with the sophistry that a compromise with slavery would restore harmony between the sections of the Union.

This allusion to my advocacy of freedom, and my influence with Lincoln, is valuable, as I have not been able to get a copy of my speech of August, 1862, before the Legislature in session at Frankfort, Kentucky.

On the 13th of September, 1862, I received the following:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, *Sept. 12, 1862.*

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 235 (Extract).

* * * * *

3. Major-General Cassius M. Clay, U. S. Volunteers, is assigned to duty in the Department of the Gulf, and will report to Major-General Butler.

* * * * *

By command of Major-General Halleck.

Gen. CLAY. E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

This order I took next day to Lincoln, who immediately sat down and wrote the following counter order:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *Sept. 14, 1862.*

MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. CLAY —

DEAR SIR:—You need not proceed to New Orleans until you hear from me again. I have an understanding with the Secretary of War and General Halleck on this subject. Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Finally I sent in my resignation, as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 29, 1862.*

His Excellency, A. LINCOLN, President —

SIR:—I hereby resign my commission as Major-General of Volunteers in the United States service, to take effect upon the resignation of Simon Cameron, Esq., as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia.

I do this to avail myself of your promise to send me back to my former mission at the court of St. Petersburg, where, I flatter myself, I can better serve my country than in the field, under General Halleck, who can not repress his hatred of liberal men into the ordinary courtesies of life.

I am truly, your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

Thus it will be seen that Lincoln promptly upset the scheme of sending me to New Orleans, where the yellow

fever was prevailing, in the heat of September; and where, no doubt, I, who had wintered in the cold climate of Russia, would have fallen a victim to that epidemic. Besides, all my friends thought me a better general than my old friend, General Butler, who showed so much genius in other respects. I was not advised what I was to do; and the whole proceeding was so unfriendly that no one thought I could ever have a fair field under Stanton and Halleck's rule. So, thus timely relieved, I waited patiently till Lincoln could advise with Cameron, and determine definitely about my return to Russia.

CHAPTER XVII.

POLICY OF RECONSTRUCTION DENOUNCED.—LETTER TO GEO. D. PRENTICE TO THAT EFFECT.—INTERVIEW WITH STANTON.—LETTER FROM W. W. SEATON.—LETTER FROM STANTON.—I MEET JAMES A. GARFIELD.—LETTERS FROM S. P. CHASE.—HENRY BERGH AS MY SECRETARY OF LEGATION.—I SPEAK, ON INVITATION, AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.—MY SPEECH, REFUSED PUBLICATION IN THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS, I PUBLISH IT AS A PAMPHLET.—I RETURN TO RUSSIA. LETTER FROM BAYARD TAYLOR.—BISMARCK.—THE DUKE OF MONTEBELLO.—LORD NAPIER.—NIHILISM.—ALEXANDER II.—T. MORRIS CHESTER.—RECEIVED A GUEST AT GATCHINA PALACE.—MY ESTIMATE OF THE EMPEROR, ALEXANDER II.—HIS PORTRAIT.—LETTERS FROM PRINCE GORTCHACOW.

NOW, for the first time, it began to be discussed—as the tide of battle, after the Proclamation, turned in our favor—what shall be done with the conquered States? Sumner, Stevens, and others, were for that fatal policy which brought us ten years of peace more disastrous, if possible, than the four years of war. I held, with Washington, that, the rebellion being put down, the States survived. As I put it, “If one loyal man survived, he was the State.” This was the sentiment of Lincoln, also; as well as of John J. Crittenden, who had been twice Attorney-General of the United States. (See his unpublished resolutions in “Life,” etc., Vol. II.)

The same sentiment was expressed in my letter,* in 1866, from St. Petersburg, to the *Louisville Journal*; and

* LETTER OF CASSIUS M. CLAY.

ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA, *March* 13, 1866.

DEAR SIR:—I deem it my duty to denounce the course of Sumner and Stevens. *If one man remains loyal, he is the State.*

I stand by the President's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill. Let the States give the freedmen all civil rights, and by degrees

the same year the Republican Convention in Frankfort, Kentucky, re-asserted the same principles.

The result of the Sumner policy was the intensifying the feeling of hatred between the South and the North, and the two races every-where. The sequence was that, whereas there was only eleven States against the Union at the peace, there are now, as I foretold, sixteen States solid against the Republican Party.

The breach between me and Sumner was yet more widened by this divergence of Southern policy. As the sessions of the Senate were secret, I do not know whether he opposed my confirmation or not, but I have reason to believe that he did, as some New England members voted against me; whilst the *New York Times*, Seward's paper, the *Tribune*, and the *National Intelligencer*, all opposed me. So my nomination was secured by the votes of Garrett Davis, Andrew Johnson, and other Southern Union Senators. Hon. James S. Rollins, then member of Congress from Missouri, aided me much: Mr. Seward and Thurlow Weed entered the lobby of the Senate against me, but I had the pleasure of defeating* their

extend to them the right of suffrage. Or else let an amendment of the Constitution make one rule of suffrage for all the States. This attempt of Congress to interfere with the right of the States, after the war-power ceases, is an usurpation of power unknown to the Constitution, and subversive of the whole theory of Republicanism, as based on the old Constitution of the United States.†

Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

GEO. D. PRENTICE, Esq.,
Louisville, Ky.

† These sentiments and policy were, to the letter, asserted in a Convention of the Republicans of Kentucky in Frankfort. See resolutions published in the *Commonwealth*, 1866. — C., 1885.

* Among many letters of congratulation on my triumph, I publish this one from a long-standing opponent. Seaton had published, in the *National Intelligencer*, a severe editorial against my

enmity; the border States supplying any votes lost to me from the North.

I had no reason to like Stanton; and the feeling between us finally came to words. There was a Southerner taken in New York by Stanton's secret police, and brought to Washington a prisoner. Many of my friends, without regard to party, interceded for the man, and asked my influence in his behalf. They thought, as there seemed to be no proof of his having committed any legal offense, that he should be set at liberty. I went reluctantly to Stanton, and laid the case before him. He, in an insolent tone, said: "It is a pretty state of affairs, when men of your position, with the commission of a Foreign Minister in your pocket, should be found interceding for the liberation of traitors."

I said: "I will let you know that I am your equal, and care no more for your opinions than those of any other citizen. There are ten millions of men in rebellion. Do you expect to execute them all? Or, rather, is not the war to be put down by judicious clemency, as well as force?" And, so saying, I took up my hat, and retired.

re-appointment to Russia. In calling on him to have my reply inserted, a pleasant conversation ensued, and a box of Havanas was lost by me on a wager; and the sending of the same was the cause of this note:

WASHINGTON, *March 15, 1863.*

MY DEAR GENERAL CLAY:—I have had the pleasure to receive, with your kind note, the box of superb cigars which you have sent me to make good your wager. General, during my long life, I have always felt, whenever I have been fortunate enough to conceive a fresh esteem, that a flower had been cast in my path; and, as you and I shall never see each other, probably, again, I wish to say to you, that as much as we differ on some things, your deportment during the last ten days has won my esteem. Whenever I smoke one of your regalias, I shall doubtless think of you; and with many a whiff, believe me, will go up a sincere wish for your honor and happiness.

W. W. SEATON.

In a few days, having occasion to call his attention to the case of Edward McMurdy, who caused me to lose so much money, in New York, in 1869-'70, I re-asserted my idea of public policy, but expressed regret at any personal difference between us; as I believed he was, at least, patriotic, and I appreciated the difficulties of his position. He responded in the subjoined letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, *Feb.* 25, 1863.

GENERAL:—I do not think there is any material difference between us in respect to the duty of the Government, on the subject referred to in your note just received. The only point of difference, perhaps, is as to the point of time and the manner of application.

For your confidence and support I am thankful, and the sentiment is fully reciprocated. Of my failings and short-comings I am conscious, and deeply regret them when they give offense to friends whose regard I esteem.

The case of McMurdy, referred to, I do not remember; and will be happy to have any information concerning it you may be pleased to communicate, and will be happy to correct any injustice that may have been done.

It will give me pleasure to see you at any time, and trust you will give me an opportunity of doing so before you leave the country. With great respect, I am, yours truly,

EDWARD M. STANTON.

This was manly. I saw no more of Stanton. Other citizens, whose good faith I could count upon, from Kentucky, were liberated from prison by me, through direct appeal to Lincoln. Among these were Jacob Hostetter, John George, and Chis. Gouge. For such was the humanity of the President, that he was ever pleased when he could find a case for justifiable clemency.*

* When I spoke at Cleveland, Ohio, in the canvass of 1884, in favor of Blaine and Logan, John Hay, Mr. Lincoln's former private secretary, who had married there, presided over the vast Republican meeting. Next day, with some friends, we were naturally talking over Mr. Lincoln's personal character, when Mr. Hay told the following characteristic anecdote:

Mrs. Lincoln, who was the daughter of my old and tried friend, Robert Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky, told me that they had no confidence whatever in Mr. Seward's friendship, and that I need not fear his influence against me; that Mr. Lincoln only tolerated him for political reasons. I visited Lincoln often, at the White House, and the Soldiers' Home; and left him in much better spirits than when I first arrived in Washington.

Whilst at Chase's home, as his guest, General James A. Garfield was there, also, a few days. I found him a very agreeable companion, and formed a favorable opinion of his abilities.

It need fairly be said that I believed Chase to be, on the whole, the ablest and most patriotic of Lincoln's cabinet; and to him, next to the President, the country is indebted for the salvation of the Republic. But his talents were not more important than his unquestioned integrity, which enabled him to hold the entire confidence of the United States, and of the world, in all his financial measures.

Before I left New York, a gentleman, who had much cultivated my acquaintance on a convivial occasion, ventured to do me the poor compliment of saying: "Clay, you and Chase are life-long friends; and we all know your intimate relations with him. Now, you can do me a great favor, which would not hurt the public interest, if you could communicate to me when the Secretary will make some new move in the money-market." I replied:

"One day a school-fellow of mine got into a bad scrape, and was condemned to death. I appealed to Mr. Lincoln for a pardon, and told him of my early associations with the unfortunate man. Mr. Lincoln, without a word, sat down to his desk, and began writing, and then said: 'You say, Mr. Hay, that your friend was a good fellow?' 'No,' said I, 'Mr. Lincoln, I must say, in all truth, that he was quite the contrary.' 'Well,' said Lincoln, 'then he is too bad to die!' and so he went on and wrote the pardon."—C., 1885.

"You are right in the estimate of my friendship for the Secretary of the Treasury; but I can not agree with you in your idea that divulging his financial secrets would not be injurious to the public interests; and I assure you that any suggestion in that direction would be an insult to Chase, which would make us enemies for life."

The following letters, from Salmon P. Chase, I loaned to a friend some years ago; and only now (November, 1885,) have been able to recover them. The intrinsic value and patriotic spirit of the man who was second only to Lincoln in the salvation of the Union, more than its complimentary appreciation of myself, induces me now to insert them, out of their proper sequence in time:

COLUMBUS, *May* 30, 1860.

MY DEAR CLAY:—You were not more surprised than I was that you received no votes at Chicago from the Ohio delegation. It was not, however, the only respect in which that delegation disappointed my expectations, as well as those of a large majority of the Republicans of Ohio. Having received, myself, an unusually unanimous and emphatic preference from the Republican State Convention, when called to appoint delegates to the National Convention, I desired, of course, the earnest support of the Ohio delegation. It would have been gratifying to me, had that support been given; and had it, at any time, become evident that a majority of the Convention could not be brought to harmonize, in judgment and action, with our delegation, I should have been pleased if you could have received the suffrages previously given to me. For, while I supposed that Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln, as well as yourself, had friends in the delegation, who would prefer one or the other, according to individual judgment, in case of the withdrawal of my name, it did seem to me that you united elements of character, ability, and popularity which would make you an available candidate; whilst your early, continued, and devoted service to the cause gave you claims over the preference of your old co-laborers, which no true-hearted man could fail to appreciate.

But our delegation, because of some incurable intolerance of a very few, but chiefly in consequence of the bringing forward Mr. Wade's name in conflict with mine, in disregard of the action of

our Convention, was divided and powerless from the start, and nothing was done as it should have been done. It is a wonder to me that any delegates from other States gave me support after our own delegation exhibited its incompetency to lead as it should have led in my behalf; and I am exceedingly grateful to the noble and generous men from Kentucky, who made good in part their default.

While I should have rejoiced in your nomination to the first office, however, I confess I cared little to see you named for the second at this time. The Vice-Presidency is a post of little influence, or responsibility, and not the post for you, if a better could be had; but a better can be had, if we succeed, for I doubt not you will be called to take part in the administration, as a member of the cabinet.

As for myself, I shall make it my business hereafter to repress aspiration. It would have been entirely satisfactory to me to see my political life closed with my gubernatorial term. I made no canvass for election to the Senate, but left that matter, as well as every other concerning myself, to the unprompted action of the Republicans. As they have thought fit to place me in the Senate, I shall, if my life is continued, take my seat there to fulfill my duty. I desire no other fate, and shall seek no other, unless circumstances fully change.

As to your own future, it can not be brighter than I wish it. It has never been my desire that your name should not be brought forward for nomination, because my own chanced to be; nor did I suppose, until I received your letter, that you felt any obligation to give preference either to Mr. Seward or myself. I know nothing which could create such obligation. It is hardly likely that my name will ever be mentioned again in connection with the Presidency. If it should be so mentioned, and yours should be also proposed, and the preference awarded to it, be assured, my friend, I shall rejoice in the honor awarded as if it were given to a brother.

Our present duty is with the present. The Convention, if it has disappointed some hopes, has given us an excellent candidate and an excellent platform. Let us do our uttermost to sustain both. Ohio will, I think, do her duty, as usual; and I hope that Kentucky will give us, if not her electoral suffrage, yet such a popular vote that it will be clear to all men that the spell of the Slave-Power is broken forever. Write me often. Faithfully, your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

COLUMBUS, *January 26, 1861.*

DEAR CLAY:—For the sake of our organization, for the sake of our cause, for the sake of your own future, for the sake of our country, give no sanction to the scheme for the admission of New Mexico as a slave State, as the amendment to the Constitution makes its future amendment, in respect to slaves, dependent on the unanimous consent of all the States. We want no compromises now, and no compromisers. The Constitution is outraged, the Union defied and broken, the laws despised and disregarded. Let these wrongs be remedied before one tittle of adjustment. Let us wait, at least, until Mr. Lincoln is inaugurated and surrounded by a Republican administration, before we attempt to bring forward measures which will commit and divide the Republican Party.

I wrote you at White Hall, in reply to your last letter. What I said of you to Mr. Lincoln, as stated in that letter, was based on my belief that you, last of all men, would recommend the surrender, by compromises, of the victory we had won even before the organization of the administration which it called to power.

Faithfully, your friend,

Col. C. M. CLAY.

S. P. CHASE.

Whilst I was willing to be spoken of as a possible candidate for the Presidency, I sought neither the first nor second office. To me the final triumph of my principles was of more worth than elevation to office; and I thought Lincoln and Chase, and, at one time, Seward, could rally a large organized party of personal and political followers, which was not probable with my name at the head. For I had begun already to feel what Lincoln said in 1862, that reformers incurred enmities which were too strong for life-time elevation. And enmities, alas! are more potent in human affairs than friendships and gratitude.

It was the policy of my enemies, of the "Bluff Ben. Wade" type, to cry out against me "*compromise*," and of my Southern foes "*ultraism*." Fortunately for me, my speech at this time, herein reported, shows my true position. Those who care to read it will find that, whilst *apparently* conceding some rights, it claimed concessions

from the South, which no man knew, so well as I, would never be made. Events had placed me in the leadership, and I challenge criticism as to the lofty and impregnable grounds upon which I placed the battle for the life of the Republic. The rush of events prevented any reply to this letter; and indorsed on the back in my name I find—
“*No Compromise!*”

Seward, defeated in his personal enmity (by calling T. Weed to Washington to lobby against me), and, which was more, defeated in his pro-slavery policy, continued his malice against me, and refused to advance any part of my salary; so I had to borrow money of private citizens to get off once more to Russia. It is true that the law does not allow such advance; but I was told that, nevertheless, such advance was often made.

Henry Bergh (my nephew, Green Clay, preferring southern Europe), was made Secretary of Legation, but, being soon dissatisfied, he returned to the United States; and is noted since for his humanitarian labors, though his Society was begun for the prevention of “Cruelty to Animals,”—in itself, in truth, humanizing.

My speeches at Frankfort, Ky., and New York City, and especially at Albany, N. Y., on February 3, 1863, attracted general attention and comment in the press. The speech at Frankfort went, through the *Cincinnati Gazette*, over all the Union. As Seward and Weed were against the policy, my friends in Albany, Weed’s residence, through the Law-Class of the University of that city, invited me to deliver my Frankfort speech there also, avowedly to counteract their unpatriotic influence. I cheerfully yielded, and made the speech, which will be published in Volume II. of this work.

I was ahead of my party, as usual; and neither the *Herald*, *Post*, *Tribune*, or the *Times* would publish my speech for love or money. As Bayard Taylor, of the *Tribune*, was *Chargé d’Affaires* at St. Petersburg, my old friend Greeley, though earnestly asked, refused to publish

it. So I went to a job-printer, and had it printed at my own expense, and distributed to all the leading newspapers in the United States. I sent a copy to Lord Palmerston, the reception of which he politely acknowledged. And in Russia it was translated into their language, and distributed by thousands all over the Empire; for the Czar was engaged in the same cause at home, and the arguments were good in both nations.*

Disgusted with England's enmity to our cause, I took a Bremen steamer; and, without incident, arrived safely at St. Petersburg once more.

As Cameron, finding that he could not beat me before the Senate on his return home, had resigned, Taylor was *Chargé d'Affaires* at the imperial city when I arrived. The intrigues of these gentlemen to beat me would afford an interesting chapter in these Memoirs; but, as I find my material growing too large, I pass on.

* As I have given the congratulatory letter of Seaton, I venture to publish one (among many received from other sources,) by a patriotic lady:

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., *March* 21, 1863.

MY DEAR MR. CLAY:—Your most kind letter was forwarded to me from New York, and was, I need scarcely say, received with great pleasure. I write to thank you for it, and to say how much I regret that our sudden departure from New York should have prevented my seeing you again, perhaps, in a less formal way than as an entire stranger. My father came from his tiresome duties in Congress ill, and continued so, that for his sake we were compelled to seek a friendly atmosphere, which we hoped would break the daily access of fever. It has done so, thank God.

I congratulate you most heartily on your late triumph. Need I assure you I watched with anxiety the result of all the opposition which assailed your late appointment, and greatly rejoiced, not only for yourself, but because I am glad, for my poor country's sake, when an out-spoken man gets a place of honor and power. We have, alas! so many who are cowards at heart, and get places meanly by being non-committal.

Your dear words I shall cherish; and when you are far away over the great deep sea, and among people of another and a

Cameron and Taylor, on my leaving St. Petersburg, never had any expectation of ever seeing me there again; so, without leave, they had taken possession of my two carriages, which I had left with my chasseur, John, and used up one of them; and this, added to my other grievances, left me in no very good humor when I called upon the Secretary. But Taylor accepted his defeat with good grace; and paid me at once full value for my carriage, as

strange tongue, I shall think of you in your new duties, and pray for your success and happiness. May you never know, in that far-off land, "the heart of a stranger."

My parents join me in most cordial compliments. I beg, dear Mr. Clay, to write myself,

Your young friend,

M. S. D.

Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY.

I call this quite a good lesson in patriotism from one so young. My lady readers will want to know something more about this romantic affair. Yes? Well, whilst I was awaiting orders in New York City—the instructions from Seward, which never came—I was a guest at the St. Nicholas Hotel. In the ladies' ordinary, where I always ate, of course, I happened to sit near an intelligent middle-aged lady, with a beautiful girl at her side, apparently not sixteen. I being a politician, the mother—for so she was—began a common-place conversation with me, which grew to me more and more agreeable; for I found the girl was interested with my words also, though too young to suggest an introduction. So thus we met, at all our meals, for many, many days, without a single word from the young patriot. She was a native of Massachusetts, but educated from early girlhood in England, and had just returned home, as I afterward learned. As I came to be more and more interested in these people, coming in one day, as usual, I found their seats vacant. So, knowing the address, I wrote a polite note to the mother; and, in a postscript, asked a photograph of the correspondent, which she sent me to Russia. Now, my fair readers will understand the accidental allusion to "the heart of a stranger." We never spoke to each other for long years; and that young face looks down on me from my library-walls as I write, coming through all these years unchanged by time; but, alas! we are changed!

he said, for both himself and Cameron. He had taken a much better house than the one I had left them in; and was, of course, anxious to get it off his hands. So I laid aside my ill-humor, took his house, and entered into cordial relations with him. Mrs. Taylor was a German woman, and had set out for her own home; so I never met her.

As some of Taylor's friends have been desirous of placing him in the attitude of superior service to the Republic, and to crown his brow with laurels which I honestly won, I can say truly that, in all the time I was in St. Petersburg, I never heard his name mentioned in any way; and the reasons are not so much in a want of culture and character on the part of Taylor, as in the Russian ideas of sentiment and policy.

There are but two general classes in Russia: the Nobles and the Military, on one side, and the Commonalty on the other. Taylor, whatever his merit, was ranked with the latter class, and regarded as an adventurer—a style of person most distasteful to Russians. So, when, on Carl Schurz's return from Spain home, it was said that he would probably be sent to Russia, Gortchacow said to me, with some warmth. "We are glad to have you, an American, back again with us; but we do not want Europeans, or men of European connections, to come among us."

This, if it did not embrace Schurz, at least included Taylor, who had married a German wife. And Gortchacow, being of the old Russian birth and party, regarded Germany with great distrust, in spite of his love of his Emperor, who was part German in blood. This is all I have to say about Taylor, or his work.*

* LETTER OF BAYARD TAYLOR.

GOtha, GERMANY, *June* 16, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for the forwarding the dispatch.
All the German papers are publishing the substance of Prince Gortchacow's note to you, in answer to Mr. Seward's

In court circles, dress is of great importance. In that ancient aristocracy, the families had not only distinct "coats of arms," upon which were wrought their insignia, but the whole dress, including the breeches, or pantaloons, were wrought by skilled workmen; so that the dress of the men was as varied in color and ornament as that of the women themselves. One can well imagine, then, how the claw-hammered dress-coat and white cravat would stand out ridiculously eccentric in such an assemblage of gay suits and military trappings. The Russian servants, even, are better dressed; and the black suit was mostly seen in the cafés and private houses of foreigners. To avoid this, as no law governs the subject, I first dressed in my Colonel's uniform, having held that rank in Kentucky. This was well received; but the belt of patent-leather is also used by the rank and file of the Russian regiments. On my return, I wore the uniform of my rank, as Major-General, which the act of Congress allowed, and which every-where is a handsome and tasteful dress; and, on that occasion, I wore the elegant sword given me by the citizens of Kentucky, which was made by the Tiffanys, and handsomely set with jewels. So, when I returned into the social circles of the capital, the opinion prevailed that I had gone to America to increase

repy to France. I am very glad that we are so soon able to repay Russia so promptly and consistently. This note of the prince will have an excellent effect. . . . I am convinced that you are right about Halleck; and that he is the principal stumbling-block in the way of our rapid triumph. . . . To show you that you are not the only one whom the newspapers at home abuse unjustly, I quote the following from the *Philadelphia Press*: "Bayard Taylor has been removed from the post of Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg in consequence of having allowed his name to go before the Senate in opposition to Mr. Clay." . . .

Very truly yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Hon. C. M. CLAY, etc.,
St. Petersburg, Russia.

my rank; and which was considered evidence of the greater confidence of my Government. So Seward, instead of injuring me, had put quite a feather in my cap; which feather I much needed, as my *chasseur*, John, said, Cameron had taken my former ostrich plume! But, as I was fairly paid for the carriage, I claimed nothing more.

The Emperor received me with great warmth; and my Albany speech, translated into Russian, and so widely circulated, proved that he indorsed my views. I was made honorary member of many social clubs and literary and scientific societies in the Empire.

During my first term, Bismarck was the Prussian Minister Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg. He had not then attained fame; but I well remember his large, fine figure, and dignified but polite bearing. He was, even then, regarded as a man of ability. On my return, he had been recalled, and made Premier at Berlin, where he has since so greatly advanced the Prussian dynasty.

The British Empire was represented by Lord Napier as Ambassador, Spain by the Duke d'Osuna, and France by the Duke of Montebello; all the other nations having only Plenipotentiaries.

All European governments, but that of Russia, were inimical to the Union, and were rather cold in their intercourse with me. They thought the great Republic was lost, and they could not conceal their satisfaction. This brought me more in contact with the Russian nation, and greatly aided me in that friendly sympathy which saved the Republic.

Before I left for America the first time, although his duchess had entertained Mrs. Clay and family, and returned her call, the Duke of Montebello failed, through thoughtlessness, or discourtesy, to return my call. I did not intend to pass such neglect without resenting it. So, after waiting a sufficient time for the action of the French Ambassador, on the occasion of the state dinner given

at the residence of Khalil Bey, the Turkish Minister, at which all the diplomatic corps and the leading Russian officials were present—when the wine began to flow freely—I asked to have the glasses filled, and proposed “The friendship of the English races and the Russian Empire.” This was out of order; but something must be done to cure the other slight, which was out of order, also.

This toast included Napier, though he was, of course, our enemy; but it was Montebello to whom I directed my slight, and my eyes. Napier sat to my left, where I could hardly see his movements; but I think he raised his glass only to his lips, and set it down full. Nor did I care for the sensibilities of the other Legations, all being against us. But the Russians, who grasped the situation, were pleased to the heart; and drained their glasses to the bottom.

The next day the Duke of Montebello came with a card (not a challenge) of a return visit. I met his carriage as I rode out, so I did not see him in person. He had concluded, I suppose, that it was easier to be courteous than to have a fight with a western barbarian.

On my return to Russia, the Ambassador of France was Baron de Talleyrand, the descendant of the Prince Talleyrand of Napoleon’s times. And Napier was soon succeeded by Sir Andrew Buchanan, a fine old Scotchman with royal blood in his veins. He had known Mr. and Mrs. William Preston, of Kentucky, at Madrid, and spoke often of them. Mrs. Preston was Miss M. Wickliffe. During my whole term he was on cordial terms with me; and, just on the eve of my final departure, he dined me at his country-house, with some of the most distinguished Russians, among whom were Prince Barratniski and Mademoiselle the Princess Suwarrow. And, although much may be said of John Bull’s jealousy of America, it can not be denied that, “Of all people,” as Emerson has it, “the English stand squarest in their

shoes." They are slow to form friendships, but are equally tenacious of them; and not at all driven about by foolish gossip, and weak suspicions. They base their esteem more upon character than cleverness; and are generally in all things honest.

All over Europe sour oranges are sold for sweet, if you are not on the alert. At Southampton, our ship touching for a short time to coal and provision, I ran ashore to buy a few oranges, which had to be done quickly, as the steamer was about to be off. There was an Englishman selling oranges. I said to him: "Are they sweet or sour?" "Sour, sir," he replied. "Then," said I, "you are the first salesman I ever saw who would say his oranges are sour; so put me up several dozen, as you truly represent your fruit." This he did; but he hardly comprehended why he should be thus rewarded for simply telling the truth.

T. Morris Chester, an American-born black man came, from the President of Liberia, to the Russian court, on a temporary mission. He was a well-educated man, with rather Moorish than African features, and of good intellect and intelligence. He was received well by the Emperor, invited to attend a review, and lunched with the Czar and suite. But he did not remain long in St. Petersburg, as I suppose his means were limited. He gave a very unfavorable account of Liberia, and said it was a very hard task to keep the Liberians from becoming themselves slave-holders. If he went back to Liberia, he soon returned again to the United States. Brazil was, for a short time, represented also; and Mexico, during Maximilian's short reign, had a minister, F. S. Mora, at the Russian court. His lady was also with him. I never was introduced to them, except through *cartes de visite*. On one occasion, at a great court ball, a lady called my attention to Madame Mora. Seeing the vast quantity of jewelry worn by the Russian ladies, in addition to her rings, etc., she had some of the finest of them, with

diamond sets, stuck into her hair, cutting the most ridiculous figure possible. I gravely remarked that I thought such pretension came well from the representatives of Maximilian.

The modern improvements and inventions in steam, applied to railroads and travel and commercial transportation, as well as the great manufacture and use of cotton goods, made serfdom poor pay. To keep pace with the more advanced nations, the Russian Government felt the necessity of emancipation and education. Besides, the nobles in these large slave-holding estates were too powerful and refractory for autocracy. So, when the Czar liberated the serfs, they said: "Well, if the spirit of the age requires liberation, it also requires a division of political power." To this the autocrat would not assent, at once, at least. But what could the nobles do about it? The army was, in its officers, with the Government, as all standing armies are. The rank and file were of the serf-class. There was no motive, therefore, for the nobles to operate with, as the soldiers naturally sympathized with the Czar.

There was, in 1863, an immense fire in all the combustible part of St. Petersburg, the work of incendiaries. Men, with gold, set their hirelings to fire houses, and throw incendiary documents into many dwellings,—there was a reign of terror. The object, no doubt, was to get up a desperate mob for revolutionary purposes. But the Emperor and his staff, and the Czarowitz, rode among the people without fear, and assisted in checking the fires. So the discontented nobles were left without other resort than assassination and intimidation. This is the cause, I believe, of the origin of Nihilism. And its success would not save, but sink, the nation. For no progression can rest upon such basis of the sum of all crimes. The upshot of such a forcible overthrow of the central power would be universal anarchy, and the dissolution of the Empire back into petty governments, and

old-time barbarism. Were I a Russian, I should certainly be on the side of absolutism, and await such progress as came of general enlightenment and slow civilization.

Nihilism—human language has not invented a term of greater infamy. Murder is terrible enough; war sufficiently horrible; but what shall be said of those who reduce crime to a system, which perpetuates revenge, carries the evils of war from the military tent into every household, and makes the bloodshed and destruction of the passing battle-field an eternal woe to every living soul? Nihilists are sowing dragons' teeth, and soon they will spring up into legions of armed men. This is that fatal disease under various symptoms and many names—faction, ostracism, treason, Jacobinism, anarchy, revolution, Cæsarism—which comes at last to every nation, and which, if not sternly and heroically resisted, ends in death. For self-government is born of capabilities, and can not be the fruit of any enforced formula.

Whilst autocracy can not be supposed to sympathize with popular government, like that of the United States; yet, as an ally against a common rival—England—it was quite natural that Russia should desire the preservation of the American Union. And this Gortchacow repeatedly avowed—that our naval power, at least, was a necessary element in the world's balance of power, especially against England, the natural enemy of Russia. When we proclaimed liberty to the slaves, we gave an earnest of final consolidation, enlisted the popular heart of England and France upon our side, and made those rulers fear, in a war with Russia behind, impossible progress in the aid of the South by war upon Mexico. When the Russians, therefore, sent their navy into New York harbor, it was generally believed that there was an understanding of mutual aid. The ships could either there be safe, or assist the Americans; whilst Russia could advance toward India by land.

Many attempts were made to sound me upon this sub-

ject; but I looked wise and said nothing. Whatever may have been the ultimate purpose, Russia thus made a masterly exhibition, which broke up the Mexican invasion, and prevented a foreign recognition of the Confederate States.

Such was the state of affairs when the first attempt was made upon the life of the Czar at the summer-garden. The serfs understood the movement against his person; and such demonstrations of love and admiration I never saw before any where. For days and nights the Winter Palace was besieged by thousands of the peasantry; and they were not content till the Czar continually showed himself on the balconies of the palace. My chasseur, who was a freedman, was an intelligent man; and he said to me, if the nobles killed the Emperor, the people would kill the last one of them in revenge.

In acknowledgment of the hospitality shown the Russian fleet in America, I was invited by the Emperor to visit him at Gatchina. This palatial villa lies on a spur of hills and cool valleys, a long day's drive south from St. Petersburg. Much of the court was there. We had trout-fishing and walks in the groves, by day; with dancing by night. The trout were caught in advance, and put into cool pools of running water, with wire screens, so that they could not escape. We could catch as many as we wanted, and what were caught were eaten. Nothing could be finer for sport or for the table. I was reminded of the fishing of Pompey with Cleopatra, who had divers to put fish on the hooks. Many thought the fish were in their native waters; though I, an old fisherman knew better. But I kept my own secret.

In no country in the world are the summers more delightful than in Russia. Round tables were set under the thick-shading trees; and the company was thus broken into agreeable groups of men and women.

The Emperor and I dined at one table alone; which was indicative that I was the honored guest. He was very amiable, and very abstemious in his eating and drink-

ing, not only there, but at all his dinners and balls — a man of industry, and well informed in affairs. He had a summary made of the articles of interest in all foreign and domestic newspapers, so that he could quickly be informed of, and keep pace with, passing events. He was humane, generous, and brave. This he showed, not only at the great burning at St. Petersburg, but when once he was absent, and the Grand Duke Nicholas threw many students into prison, because of a supposed conspiracy and *émeute*. As soon as the Emperor returned, he ordered them all, without trial, to be liberated; thus showing a brave and generous spirit. When he walked, which he did every day when in St. Petersburg, alone on the streets, or in the summer-garden without guards, although it was against etiquette for men of cultivation to speak to him, the poorer people, men and women, often stopped him, and personally made their petitions. This was often seen by me; and understood to be always agreeable to him.

It has been the habit of some foreigners to speak of Alexander II. as a weak prince. This is not true. He was not a brilliant man, being more of the German type than the Russian, with a fine person, and large round face and head, with large blue eyes, and amiable expression; but he was a man of good common-sense. And, if he was not equal to the times in which he lived, it was rather because such great changes are too strong for any man, than that he was not a strong man himself. We must judge an autocrat by his ministers, and his public policy, rather than by any superficial, personal criticism. And, judged by this standard, what government in the world showed more tact, and reaped more success, than the Russian? His prime minister, Gortchacow, was hardly equalled; and his viceroys and generals were very eminent men every-where.

The policy of an autocrat is, of course, great reserve in conversation, and the Czar rarely violated the rule, and

rarely touched on politics. Once, however, when I spoke of the supposed alliance between England and France against the United States, I ventured to say that France, in uniting with Russia's old enemy, England, could not be supposed to be favorable to Russia. The Emperor replied, with decision: "Yes; Napoleon is not to be trusted." So, from many unimportant revelations of character, summed up, I thought the Emperor a man of fine common-sense.

It is not for us to say that Alexander II. was not a man of ability because he fell by the hands of assassins; for two of our presidents died in the same way. Yet who would, for that reason, assert that Lincoln and Garfield were not men of great talents? We get all our ideas of Russia and Russians through English sources, ever colored with implacable rivalry; but I think posterity will rank Alexander II., not only with the good, but the great rulers of the world. Fortunate was he in his life, in the greatest act of humanity allotted to man—the liberation of 23,000,000 of men. And fortunate was he in his death, if to fall a martyr to the vindication of great principles is allowed to be the favor of the gods. For, since all men must die, it is well to so die that posterity shall shed tears of grateful memory for the dead.

I translate and publish the following letters from the Russian Premier to show how far I had well-served my country abroad, and how unjust was my recall:

ST. PETERSBURG, *February 14, 1862.*

SIR:—I have not failed to place under the eyes of the Emperor, my august master, the letter which you were pleased to address to me at the moment of the new duties which recall you to your country.

His Imperial Majesty has been profoundly moved (*touché*) by the sentiments which you express, as well in your own name as in that of the American nation.

His Majesty congratulates himself (*se félicite*) upon the good relations which unite the two countries, and of which neither distance

(*l'éloignement*), nor difference of institutions, nor any antagonism of interest, have been able to diminish the warm sympathy. Their mutual friendship is not only a rational political calculation (*calcul*), it is yet more—a national instinct; and it is this which makes its strength (*force*). His Majesty, the Emperor, has experienced (*épreuve*) a lively satisfaction in finding in your letter the echo of these friendly dispositions.

I need not assure you of those which animate His Majesty, the Emperor, and all Russia (*toute entière*), toward the United States. You know them. Your Government is not ignorant of them. It knows that our aspirations (*vœux*) accompany it in the internal crisis through which it is passing; and how much we desire to see it emerge promptly, by means which consolidate its power, in founding it upon the Union. It is that a like result may be attained, that we have recommended to it warmly the consolidation which “*sied à la force*.”

Your place is needed in the universal equilibrium of nations. She will be great by “*la concorde*.” Russia will hail (*saluera*), with her most vital sympathies, all progress that you accomplish in that way; persuaded that she will find, under all circumstances, in the American nation a cordial reciprocity.

At a moment when you are going to report in your country the impressions which your sojourn among us has left, I am happy to be able to reiterate to you those assurances.

I should not know how to close without thanking you for the co-operation (*concours*) that you have constantly afforded me for the maintenance of the intimate relations between our governments, and without expressing to you the regrets with which I shall witness the cessation of our personal associations, of which I shall retain the liveliest remembrance.

Be pleased, sir, to receive with this assurance, that of my most distinguished consideration.

GORTCHACOW.

CZARSKO SALO, *June 15, 1862.*

DEAR MR. CLAY:—I made an effort of friendship to reply to your confidential letter of yesterday. Suffering with a very violent attack of the gout, I am compelled to be laconic.

The Emperor was well-satisfied with your discourse, and with that of Mr. Cameron. In his response, his majesty has expressed to you his lively (*vivres*), profound, and unalterable sympathies for the American Union, and the earnest desires (*vœux*) which he con-

ceives for the near end of the intestine war which divides you to-day, and for a reconciliation which would restore the Union to its ancient splendor.

You know that this is a permanent aspiration (*vœu*) of the Emperor, with which I am always associated with all my convictions.

My august master has expressed to you his satisfaction for the manner you have acquitted yourself of your diplomatic functions near his person, and has manifested the firm hope that we shall find the same dispositions in your successor.

Receive, dear Mr. Clay, with my sincere regrets for the cessation of relations, which under public associations (*rappports*), as well as under private, leave me memories which I shall cherish (*conservrai*) always with pleasure, the assurance of my most devoted sentiments.

GORTCHACOW.

CZARSKO SALO, *June 23, 1862.*

DEAR MR. CLAY:—The Empress has expressly charged me to say, that the photographs* you have sent her have given her great pleasure. Her majesty thanks you. His highness, the Grand Duke Héritier, expresses to you the same sentiments.

In return for this message, I ask a favor of you in my behalf. It is this: to send me also your "*carte*" for the album of *my friends*. I shall sacredly (*precieusement*) preserve the large photograph which you have sent me; but I wish to fill in my album the place which I have left vacant for your "*carte*." Please believe in the assurance of all my sentiments.

GORTCHACOW.

The reader will remark the refined delicacy which characterizes the style of Russian high life.

ST. PETERSBURG, *October 5, 1862.*

I have received, with infinite pleasure, your letter of the 20th September. My dear Mr. Clay, the impressions which you convey (*dont vous me faites part,*) to me upon the state of affairs in your country have had for me much interest. You know with what profound sympathy we follow the march of those grand events. All that can make even dimly appear (*faire entrevoir*) the near issue of a strife that we deplore, and bring about a reconcilia-

* They were the photographs of my two youngest daughters. —C.

tion which is the object of our prayers (*vœux*), will be always received by us with satisfaction, as a pledge of the power and prosperity in store for a people toward whom the Russian nation professes esteem and friendship.

Till then, let me tell you how sensible I have been of your affectionate remembrance, and how I would rejoice if circumstances should bring you again in our midst.

At the same time, dear Mr. Clay, receive the assurance of all my sentiments.

GORTCHACOW.

This last letter was written to me whilst I was in America, in 1862, in reply to one of mine, when I had reason to believe that Lincoln would soon issue his Emancipation Proclamation, which he did two days after the date of mine. For, whilst I had no confidence in our success, should slavery be sheltered by our army, or our cowardice, I had infinite confidence in our triumph under universal freedom.

These sentiments of the Emperor and the Empress, the Héritier and of Gortchacow, were no doubt intensified by the great injustice of my recall. For, as I said, no government on earth is better posted on foreign affairs than the Russian. I represented the Russian idea of home-policy; and Seward's enmity was well known as to me, and my cause. So Gortchacow showed as much dislike for Seward as I did; as will be seen in these Memoirs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HIGH LIFE IN RUSSIA.—INFANT ASYLUMS AND THE BALLET.—ACTORS AND SINGERS. LUCCA, PATTI, AND RISTORI.—FANNY KEMBLE; HER LETTER.—LETTER OF THE BARONESS LOUISE JOMINI.—HOW I ESCAPED FROM "DEVOURING DOGS."—THE MILITARY.—INVITED, I VISIT THE PRINCESS DALGOROUKI.—ASSOCIATIONS.—THE CLUBS.—THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.—MARRIAGE OF ALEXANDER III.—THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA.—GREAT BRITAIN'S PRINCE OF WALES.—PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK, NOW KING OF GREECE.—THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA.—THE WHITE HALL, ITS CONSERVATORY.—THE HERMITAGE GREAT GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

THERE were extensive graperies at Gatchina; and, gathered by fair hands, they were no small part of the pleasures of this mountain home. The Russian nobility are, men and women, of the finest possible physique. They are not so small as the French, nor so rugged as the English. The women have the highest culture in all that is beautiful and winning in the sex. They are rather fuller in person than the American girls, with a subdued manner, which our country-women so much need. They never assert themselves, having too much tact for that. What is the strangest of all is that these people, with no trace of western blood in their veins, are more like Americans than any of the European nations. The oriental ideas of the seclusion of the sexes remains to a great extent in Russian society. The mother, or some other chaperon, always accompanies the girls to places of assembly of all kinds. When one is invited to a ball or private party, the being there is a sufficient guarantee of respectability; and any man may dance with any lady with or without a formal introduction. They generally make a card-list of appointments in the usual way; and, when the engagement is due, the young man, or other gentleman, bows, takes the lady's hand, and dances, with-

out saying a word. Then, returning her to her seat, bows again; and this is about all the intercourse.

When one is quite intimate in a family, some small liberty of conversation is tolerated; but this is rare in public assemblies. In consequence, marriages are made by the parents, even, at times, before the young couple have ever spoken to each other. As a general thing, their marriages are more fortunate than ours here, where the silly youth are allowed to marry without any judgment of character. And certainly our boasted liberty of the sex is leading to very tragical results.

All the old civilizations are astonished at the freedom of intercourse between the sexes in America. In primitive times, this was all very well, among a people well-off, equal in circumstances, moral and religious, with little of the leisure and the luxuries of the older nations. But now all that is changed. We have the wealth, the leisure, and the luxuries of the old world; whilst the moral ideas are disturbed by the decay of all forms of religion, and the rapid intercourse between the extremes of civilization, in consequence of the railroads, steamships, and all the modern means of communication—the press, the telegraph, and all that. Nature takes care that all animal life shall be preserved; and hence the sexual passion can not be easily controlled. It is the province of the family and the State to restrain the impulses of the sexes till the full maturity of the person is achieved. Then early marriages are the best means of conserving virtue. In the meantime, a philosophical system of education, leading the mind and sentiments and body into agreeable channels of innocent pleasure, is the highest conservative influence.

Especially must we deprecate our foolish children's parties, and the American custom of having children enter society in earliest youth. For of this comes a development of the passions before the intellectual and physical maturity of the person. There are now in some of

these States more divorces than in any other civilized communities on earth. And the Catholic religion has its greatest strength because of its conservative influence upon the family; which is the base of all civilization.

I have had large experience of observation in this regard; and say, without fear of contradiction, that opportunity is the most fatal of all to the virtue of the sexes. Just now the rage in the large cities is for women to marry their coachmen! Well, then, they must not be left alone with their coachmen! Buggy rides are common with lovers; and, lately, a lady was drugged in one of these rides, when her ruin could not be otherwise achieved! But I wander from my narrative.

After marriage in Russia, as elsewhere in Europe, there is more liberty allowed; more than is here. After much experience in the world, among many nations, I am inclined to believe that chastity is very equally shared by all; and that there is more virtue in all than is lightly allowed. Nevertheless, where large armies exist, as in Russia, where marriage would be very precarious in its domestic enjoyment, as troops move often, and without the means of transporting women, *liaisons* are very common; and it is not thought discreditable to have a mistress. All that is required is to keep up the proprieties, and never to have a scene. These girls are often as true, or even more true, than wives themselves. For, in consequence of made-matches, there is an easy excuse for the wandering of the affections of the doomed parties; and they are very tolerant of each other.

In Russian cities there are asylums for infants. The children are put into the hands of the female superintendents and matrons, no questions being asked; and numbers are given, in case the parents should be disposed to recover the child at any time. These infants, from a day old and upward, when taken, are kept at the public expense till they are of a suitable age to put out to service; when they go into the mass of society

again. They generally amount to thousands in St. Petersburg and Moscow. But this is, by no means, an evidence of illegitimacy; for, so far as I could learn, not only the peasants, but women in high life, whose pecuniary circumstances were greatly reduced, avail themselves of the chance to put their burdens upon the state. Lying-in apartments are also provided. After seeing all the effects of this institution, I am clearly of the opinion that it is a wise and charitable remedy in part for one of the greatest evils of civilization. Who can imagine the woe that follows an unhappy frailty, when so many women commit suicide, and throw their newly-born infants into sewers and rivers and the sea! And how many might not live on, and enjoy comparative happiness, if their first indiscretion did not drive them into habitual infamy and despair!

The ballet of Russia belongs to the Department of Theaters, and which is a regular ministry. From these infant asylums the most perfect forms are selected for the ballet; where they receive a very good education, especially in all that improves the taste for the beautiful in dress, flowers, ornamentation, and all that. Any one acquainted with physiognomy will see that many of these ballet-girls and boys are of noble genealogy. The largest theater in St. Petersburg is devoted to the opera, and the ballet, and concerts, at intervals. The ballet is not often attended by the ladies of the higher nobility; but gentlemen of every society are fond of the ballet. The Emperor goes often; though he sits in a private box unobserved. The best instructors in Europe are employed in teaching the dancers. Nothing lascivious in the least is ever allowed; and, with postures which would make an American woman blush to the very hair, a ballet-girl will wear the face of innocence and unconsciousness which might be called angelic. In fact, they are pure; and their education accustoms them to their profession. So a woman, in all countries, will expose her bust in dress-

circles, which she would regard as a disgraceful act at other times. So much are we the creatures of custom and fashion.

The ballet is generally a mimic melo-drama, where the regular plot is advanced by signs and actions, intermingled with dances and poses, as easily understood as words. The ballet-scenery is got up with great expense, and the best artists are employed in the decoration and stage machinery, which costs, at times, as much as 30,000 rubles for a single ballet. The band is equal in excellence to that of the opera, and is generally the same.

The Minister of Theaters goes all over Europe, and selects the best singers and actors; and, whilst I was there, Patti and Lucca, and other noted singers, could all be heard. The best actors and singers are not received in the first social circles in Russia; and, even when engaged for private concerts, they are kept a separate class. But in secondary circles they are often invited; where gentlemen of every rank may also go with propriety. Not even Patti, after she married the Marquis de Caux, was received at court.

I had heard Patti sing "Comin' thro' the rye," and other Scotch ballads, in Cincinnati, whilst she was yet wearing short dresses; and, as all ranks to me were the same in every land, I called upon, and told her of my earlier acquaintance with her, through Strakosch. When the Marquis returned my visit, he entertained me with telling me how Strakosch had cheated him out of Patti's earnings! I was completely disgusted with him; and I was not at all surprised that she finally left him, and got a divorce, having found out to her sorrow that nobleness of soul does not always go with nobility of blood.

I was in Patti's box when she made her first appearance in opera at St. Petersburg. The Russians are a very proud people, and were not willing to take Patti's singing on the decision of others; so they withheld for some time their applause. At last, however, (who could do

otherwise?) they burst out into their usual enthusiasm, when pleased. Patti returned to her box highly excited and gratified. I began to make an explanation of the apparent coldness with which she was at first received, intending by that to exaggerate her success; but she interrupted me by saying: "Oh! you are mistaken. I think they received me grandly!" So I thought she was, at best, but a spoiled child — "*vox, et preterea nihil*" — and did not think further explanation worth the candle.

Ristori, the tragedian, acted at St. Petersburg. I knew many of the first singers, actors, and dancers of my time. The foreigners are generally mechanical, with few exceptions. Ole Bull was but a big boy, but natural. Jenny Lind was not only a fine singer, but a fine woman. Charlotte Cushman was very intellectual, but too homely for any use — and then she drank brandy, when I dined with her, like a dragoon. She said the exhaustion of the stage made it necessary; but the fact remained! The American women now coming forward on the stage as actors and opera-singers are bound to go to the front, because, with equal talent and beauty, they are more natural; and purity of character is now safe in such life. I always enjoyed the society of intellectual women more than that of men. Margaret Fuller pleased me much; though she was quite plain in face and person. I think the friends of Hawthorne will do well to be silent about Margaret; as it may turn out that the Countess d'Ossoli will be remembered when the author of the "Scarlet Letter" is forgotten. Many of the great poets affected to laugh at the Scotch plowman-poet. Burns, however, will live when they are remembered no more.

I found Fanny Kemble a fine woman in person, as well as intellect. I venture to subjoin a characteristic letter, not more personal, perhaps, than generic in woman's tact. I had made her acquaintance in Cincinnati. I append, also, a letter from the Baroness Louise Jomini, the beautiful daughter of Baron Jomini, preceptor to His Imperial High-

ness, the Grand Duke Hérítier, on the reception of my Albany speech, and which answers Fanny Kemble's inquiry of "What shall be done with slavery?"

LETTER OF FANNY KEMBLE.

BOSTON, *Sunday*, 10, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am flattered by your remembering me, and sparing leisure to write to me. I have received the volume of your Writings, which I shall peruse with all the interest due to such subject, treated by one who, like yourself, has undergone martyrdom for the sake of what he held the truth. I was a little surprised at your caring to have the likeness of an entire stranger; but, inasmuch as the daguerrotype portrait-taker had retained one of my likenesses, and could therefore multiply them indefinitely at her pleasure, I do not think it was much of a favor that you asked, or that I granted, in that transaction.

I much incline to your views of the "Rights of beggars;" and, as soon as they are duly admitted, shall set about asking favors to the right and left. At present, I do not much deal in requests; for I quite agree with you that the price of *asking* is a very heavy one to pay for any thing. It is my hope and purpose to visit Cincinnati again before I close my public career in this country, which I intend to do this spring. I was charmed with the place; and more than satisfied, believe me, with the attention and kindness shown me by the inhabitants. I was greatly grieved that my arrangements did not admit of my remaining longer at that time; but look forward to returning, when the beautiful beech woods, and the soft sward beneath them, shall have put on their first fresh suit of green. It will give me pleasure to think that I may then have some seasons of intercourse with you; as you, I am happy to say, have not thought fit to consider me as one of those "very superior" female creatures of whom men should stand in awe. Pray believe me, my dear sir, your much obliged,

FANNY KEMBLE.

P. S. — Won't you please set about devising how to break down the wall to which you and others have fairly driven the Southern planters? I pity them as much as I hate slavery, and that is an infinite quantity. It does not need statesmen to prove that slavery is wrong; but it *does* need statesmen to suggest what shall be done with it.

LETTER OF THE BARONESS LOUISE JOMINI.

ST. PETERSBURG, *March* 31, 1864.

SIR:—I feel bound to acknowledge your amiable attention, and thank you for the pleasure I have found in the perusal of your noble speech. I need not tell you how I have felt the power of such reading to kindle the latent enthusiasm in every human soul.

Let me assure you that it shall ever be a pleasant remembrance to have personally known the author. Yours, gratefully,

LOUISE JOMINI.

The diplomatic corps and the Russian officials are compelled to spend the summer near St. Petersburg, and the Imperial Court. A wealthy German had a large country-residence near the "Point." A portion of his grounds were cut off, and a cottage was built, for rent during the hot months. The grounds came down to the water's edge of the Neva—here a broad and clear stream. It was taken by me; and I built a bath-house, anchored on the clear waters, with a surrounding platform, where I spent much time in fishing. The cottage was well-furnished with flowers from a green-house, and my carriage-horses were stabled with the landlord. Northward, along the river, was quite a village of the humble people of St. Petersburg; and a canal was cut from the river to the bay, to secure the large grounds from depredation, and a high fence built all around my separate grounds; but, at the rear line, a low fence, about five feet high only, separated the property, and allowed me the view of a large park farther west. This fence was made low, no doubt, for two purposes: to allow a more extended view, and also allow the watch-dogs of the German to enter the cottage-grounds, to prevent marauders from getting a lodgment there for further entrance into the premises of the owner.

Dogs have been used as guards from the earliest known times. Homer speaks of them as being at Troy; and all remember the beautiful lines with which the *Iliad* opens, concluding with—

“Whose bones, unburied on the lonely shore,
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore.”

So Plutarch tells of how the Greeks used them for the protection of even armed citadels.

The German had three dogs—a large Newfoundland, a mastiff, and a petulant, watchful terrier—a most formidable force. One evening, in the dim twilight, I started for the rear of my grounds, and was looking over the fence into the park beyond, when suddenly the large Newfoundland laid his fore-feet upon the top rail, and looked me in the face. He was higher, as he stood on his hind-legs, than myself; and about the largest dog I ever saw. He had evidently scented me, and was studying the situation. The next moment I heard the angry terrier growl at a short distance; and I knew, from my long experience with dogs, that, as soon as the terrier came up, the whole trio would mount the fence, and be upon me. I had no weapon whatever. To stand, was death; and to run seemed a like fate. But I made up my mind to run at once, trusting to chance for further help. I was about one hundred yards from the cottage; but had little hope of reaching it. About half way, in a lilac-hedge, I saw a dead stake, and broke it with a giant's effort. It cracked like a pistol. The dogs were nearly upon me, when, swinging my club, with a wild scream I advanced upon them like lightning. It was too much for their courage. They fled; not yet having fully determined who I was, or what ought to be done. In a moment more I was in my cottage, pistol in hand; but I was safe. I saw the dogs no more. And no more at twilight hour did I look upon the park of the canny Dutchman; nor listen to the syren voices of the beautiful women of his household!

The Russian guards, of various arms, about St. Petersburg, are generally about fifty thousand men. These encamp, in the summer, on the high grounds of the Neva, between St. Petersburg and Peterhoff, where there is quite a village (Roptcha and Krasnoé Sélo); and the ballet and

the musical band accompany them. They have also a race-track, and other means of amusement, such as gatherings in the grove, with a platform for dancing at night, when thousands of lamps are hung to the limbs of the trees; thus producing a very picturesque effect.

One night the Emperor was present at the dance, where but little ceremony is observed, and all were gay. The Emperor had been dancing, and was standing in the crowd looking on, when an immense number of couples were, in an old-fashion cotillion, "swinging corners." The dance was animated, the twilight-lamps not giving much distinctness to persons. The Princess Dolgorouki was dancing. I knew her well; and, as she turned to swing, in passing around, she was at a loss to know at once who was her partner. So I, who was not in the dance at all, turned her, and stepped back again. No one but the Emperor observing it, he said to me: "Were you dancing?" I said: "No; but the young lady seemed to be bewildered, and I came to her relief." The Emperor was delighted with my gallantry; and made some pleasant rejoinder. So, after all, I thought Prince and Peasant are ever near together—the same humanity.

The first families of Russia are honored in having their daughters enrolled among the "*dames d'honneur*"—ladies of honor—who compose the suite of the Empress, and live in the palace, as part of the family. Among the most noted of these, for her rank and accomplishments, was the Princess to whom I have above alluded. It is true that some proud old nobles refuse this honor; but they generally live retired on their estates, and care little for the gayeties or honors of the court. I thought my first duty in Russia was to keep the Czar, if possible, on the Union side; and, therefore, my business was to *please*. I was introduced to the Princess; and she invited me to call and see her the next Sunday, naming the hour, at the Winter-Palace. Feeling honored, I said I would call on her. So, at the hour named, I entered, in full uniform; the grand

staircase, near the Hermitage, being the usual place for guests. The Winter-Palace extends, with the Hermitage and some other buildings used by the suite at court, two-thirds of a mile along the Neva. The entrance here was a long distance from the left extremity of the palace, where I discovered that the Princess had her suite of rooms. A half dozen liveried servants, in imperial dress, were in waiting, and took my over-shoes, etc.; whilst the card-bearer, or *fourrier*—a sort of *avant-courier* on all such occasions—with elaborate dress, and immense ostrich-feathers in his head-dress, took my open "*carte de visite*." He was gone a long time; but at length returned, and asked me to follow him. So, leaving my *chasseur* with the servants below, I followed. I was wearing my large gift-sword. The Russians, on most occasions, take pride in conducting one through many apartments, whose use seems to be only display, to see the owner; and, of course, the palace was but an exaggeration of these rooms and custom. So it seemed to me that I passed over acres of apartments. We passed several squads of guards in full uniform who, as I wore military dress, always saluted me as I passed, by presenting arms, and then bringing their muskets, after I had passed, to the floor with a crack of exactest precision. I began to reflect, was I right in accepting her invitation? Might it not be a woman's freak, which she might hazard, but which would be disastrous to me, if I was violating etiquette, of which I was entirely ignorant? Might not all I had gained with the Emperor be more than lost by my ill-timed visit, which might almost be termed an adventure? At all events my sword, which was heavy at first, seemed to increase in weight! At last I arrived at the Princess's rooms, was ushered in by a servant, and received by her with quiet grace.

She was already holding quite a Sunday-levée: the Count de Moira, Minister of Portugal, who had married her aunt, being one; and other acquaintances intimate with the family. It was certainly a relief to me, that I

was not alone, for the first time in my life, with a charming woman! But I never paid any more visits to the maids of honor! The Princess finally married one of the Emperor's staff; and he was made Viceroy of one of the governments of this large Empire.

I was also acquainted with the Princess Marie Dolgorouki, and her younger sister, who were noted beauties at St. Petersburg; and the elder of whom I had the honor of entertaining, with other distinguished Russians, at a ball at my house.

Whilst I made it a rule to see and to study every rank in Russian society, I took pains to associate with the most reputable, at least with the most agreeable, of that class. Among these I remember the Dolgorouki family, male and female. The Prince Vladimir Dolgorouki, Governor-General of Moscow, was one of the most finished gentlemen I ever met in any country. He exercised royal powers in that province and city; and knew well how to make himself agreeable and respected. He, as well as many of his family, were much my friends. I was often with the Davidoffs, the Apraxines, the Koucheleffs, the Count Stroganoff—the brother-in-law of the Emperor, who had made the morganatic marriage with the Grand Duchess Mary—and others. He was the finest-looking man in Russia; and was, together with Counts Apraxine and Koucheleff, fond of having a “good time”—when we would “not go home till morning.” Count Orloff Davidoff was also of fine personal presence—of the oldest families of Russia—always dignified; and for a long time Master of Ceremonies—a very confidential office in Russia.

One night, at a grand ball at Davidoff's, who had a magnificent house, and one of the finest galleries of paintings in St. Petersburg, I was standing near the Count, when I was attracted by the appearance of a woman of great beauty; and I said to the host: “Please tell me who is that fine woman?”—pointing to her unmistakably.

"That," said he, "is my daughter, the Princess Wassilchicoff, of Moscow." "Well," said I, "Count, I beg your pardon, but I am a Kentuckian; and, although I did not suspect that she was one of your family, I will not retract a word I have said." The Count was much pleased; and afterward I asked the photographs of the Prince and Princess, which were given on one card, as is the custom. But I found myself on the best of terms with all the Davidoff-family during my whole residence in Russia. Such is the force of saying pleasant things.

A similar story is told of Lord North, of our Revolutionary times, who had a very plain-looking family. "Who is that ugly woman there?" said a courtier to his lordship. "That is my wife!" "Oh! not she," said the courtier, "but the horrid woman next to her?" "That," replied Lord North, "is my daughter!" I suppose, for history is silent, that *he* hardly got any office under North's administration.

A cousin of mine, who was a very plain woman, but very good, was at a ball, when a friend was asked: "Who is that ugly woman?" That is Miss ——. Has not a woman the right to look ugly?" "Of course," said the other, "I grant you; but does she not a little abuse the privilege?"

The clubs of Russia embrace every class of society, from the highest nobles to the bourgeois and operatives. I was, I believe, an honorary member of every club in St. Petersburg, as well as the Naval Club, at Cronstadt. Being alone in my home, Mrs. Clay having, on account of bad health, returned to America in 1862, I spent much time in these clubs, going from one to another often in the same night; where I could see almost the whole of Russian society, except the ladies of the highest nobility. And one of these, Princess ——, with her lady companion, at a masked ball at —— Club, I introduced, as this was my right, and they seemed to enjoy the novelty. Of course, she was known to no one but myself. These

clubs have rooms in the city in winter, and country-seats in the suburbs in the summer, where dancing, cards, and music, and eating and drinking are indulged; both sexes meeting at all. Two of these clubs entertained Captain Fox and officers whilst in St. Petersburg.

At the Moscow Club and Zoological Institution, of which I was an honorary member, I and Captain Fox planted trees in memory of the event. At Cronstadt, where a dinner was given us, being also an honorary member, to a toast I made a speech in which it was thought that I uttered sentiments too liberal for an autocracy. I was so told by the chief of the secret police in a friendly way. So, when Admiral Farragut, with his officers, were entertained at Prince Gallitzin's dinner, toasts were given, but no speeches. And, in the English Club, after the freedom in which Captain Murray and others indulged on Fox's visit, no more speaking was allowed afterward; though, at that time, Gortchacow himself made a short and pertinent speech, as well as myself and others. To one of the clubs to which I belonged I gave an elegant painting; and, in turn, by permission of the authorities, the United States flag was allowed to be perpetually unfurled—an unusual permit.

The city of St. Petersburg, the present Capital of the Russian Empire, was founded by Peter the Great, the most distinguished of the Czars. His genius taught him that to cope with modern Europe he must use modern methods, and reduce his semi-barbarous subjects to civilization. He not only introduced foreigners of letters and art, but in the absence of railroads he sought such intercourse as could come only of a war and mercantile navy. The outlet to the great oceans through the Dardanelles was blocked by the rival nations; hence he looked to the Neva, the Gulf of Finland, and the Baltic Sea, as a nursery of future naval prowess.

The Neva flows from the great lake Ladoga and its tributaries. A large portion of this vast system of swamps,

rivulets, and lakes comprised ancient Ingria, which Peter had wrested successfully from Sweden by arms. Upon this river, about twenty miles from its union with the bay at Cronstadt, Peter began the present city in 1703. Both sides being flat and swampy, piles were driven for the foundations, and canals were cut every-where for navigation and water for domestic purposes. The city, with the exception of some of the churches, which affect the oriental style, is comparatively modern—made of burnt brick and stuccoed, with a few granite and hard-burnt brick edifices. It now has about 800,000 inhabitants, with parks, open plazas for the troops, wide and well-paved streets, and is no doubt the finest city of the world.

The Neva, after entering the city, branches into the Little Neva and the Nevka, the former running on west, and the latter flowing at nearly right angles to it, thus giving the eye a long stretch over the waters. A large portion of the banks on both sides are walled up even with the descending plains with red granite; and, as the rise and fall of the stream is very little on the unwallled banks, the vegetation grows to the very waters. Thus we have one of the finest river views any where to be seen. At this point, where the divided waters form an island, and where the old Neva widens also into grand proportions, on the south bank stands the Winter-Palace of the Czar of all the Russias. All along the southern bank, on both sides of the Imperial residence, are built the houses of the most notable and wealthy of the titled aristocracy. And on the opposite mainland and island shores are a mass of public and private buildings, parks, trees, shrubbery, and flowers. The palace is eighty feet high, and four stories in elevation; together with the Hermitage, the whole river front is 970 feet, by about 350 in depth. The principal front entrance is on the Neva, leading up a splendid marble stairway; but the most imposing is on the south side of the Hermitage. This is a porch, or vestibule, of great pretensions, being supported by ten male

figures twenty-two feet high, with their pedestals of gray granite, instead of the usual caryatides. In the many galleries of the Hermitage are about 4,000 paintings, with all the usual accompaniments, statues, pottery, medals, vases, jewelry, and all that; the great diamond, the Orloff, being one of them, is said to be the largest and most valuable one known.

The Princess Dagmar (Marie-Sophie-Fred-Dagmar,) was born November 26, 1853, being the fourth child of Christian, King of Denmark. She was at first affianced to Nicholas Alexandrowitz, Czarowitz; but, he dying before the union, she was affianced to Alexander Alexandrowitz, the next heir to the throne, now Alexander III. Of course, the wedding was much talked of, and great preparations were made. The troops in and about St. Petersburg were massed, and about fifty thousand of all arms were afterward reviewed. The most distinguished guests were the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William; the Prince of Wales, of Great Britain; and Prince George, of Denmark, brother of the bride, and afterward succeeding Otto as King of Greece. Subsequently he married the Grand Duchess Olga Constantinowa, said to be the most beautiful woman in all the royal families of Europe; her mother, Alexandra, wife of Grand Duke Constantine, of the Grand Duchy of Baden, having been also a celebrated beauty. Our Minister to Greece was so lavish of her praises that our roundhead Congress, I believe, abolished the mission. Had they seen Olga themselves, I do not think that even they would have done so foolish a thing.

There were present, also, the Embassadors of England, France, and Spain; the Ministers Plenipotentiary from the other first powers, and some representatives of the barbarous nations of Asia. There were other distinguished guests, besides the nobles of Russia. Only to the "kings that were to be" was the diplomatic corps presented.

The ceremony took place in one of the elegant halls of the Winter Palace; the princes entering one by one into the room where the diplomats were arranged in line, according to rank and seniority—Prince Gortchacow officiating. I do not now remember what was said to me, so long time ago; but I have yet vivid impressions of the princes. Frederick, of Germany, was first introduced, I suppose on account of being the heir-apparent to the Empire—Disraeli not having then added the title of Empress of India to the British Crown. He was over six feet high, slight in figure for a German; but firm, healthy, and dignified in his personal pose and bearing. He seemed to be a man of affairs, who had a great work to do, and was prepared for the effort. The Prince of Wales was shorter, stouter, and of full Anglo-Germanic build. They were both blonds. The Prince had, no doubt, often read Shakspeare's "Prince Hal," and studied the character. He looked to be a man who took the world easily—shrewd, but yet full of *bonhomie*, or, rather, good-fellowship. He had been in America; and I imagined that, when he saw me, many scenes of our *naïve* and original life passed across his memory. Prince George was the smallest of the three, of dark complexion, with a pleasant face, and intellectual head. The Prince of Wales was the only one who made any very marked impression on the Russians. For a long time his name was in the mouths of the young nobles and the army officers of St. Petersburg; and "Prince Hal" was a standing toast.

In Russia the whole people are divided into classes: first, the imperial class, then the nobility, then the army, then, I believe, the *petite-noblesse*, then the mercantile guilds, etc. State and imperial balls are given each year, to which all these have the *entrée*, when thousands are suppered, but few of them dance; and, I suppose, etiquette governs here in this as elsewhere.

The number admitted to the marriage ceremony was

few, and only the highest classes invited. The Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, assisted by the higher clergy, officiated; and, after the Russian Church service had tied the irrevocable knot, the Lutheran Church of Denmark, in another apartment, repeated the ceremonial, so as to satisfy the consciences of all parties. The Princess Dagmar, who is beautiful, of rather petite, but full, person, with large, dark eyes and profuse black hair, always amiable and affable as an American girl, seemed very contented and happy. Her husband (the present Czar,) was serious and earnest, as he always was, and seemed to be very much in love, as he had a right to be. She was worthy of all his affection; and it has been said, I doubt not, with truth, that, autocrat as he is, he has always been true to his marriage vows. This he owed, no doubt, to his mother, a woman of rare virtues, whose whole life, more than any one I ever knew, seemed to have but one mission—to live for her family and her people, and not for herself. She had been beautiful in youth, was delicate in health; but the mental and spiritual more than compensated for the charms of earlier days.

Passing over the grand ball, to which every body had the *entrée*, there was a select party in the "White Hall," a very noted room for its graceful colonnade, proportions, and unique arrangements, including an actual garden over the third story, with trees, shrubs, and walks, suitably set with flowers.

This favorite hall, entirely white in all its accompaniments, is lighted, as all Russian houses of wealth are, with candles, without oil or gas; so that the air is always pure, and more brilliancy is nowhere seen. When we consider the noble figure and bearing of the Imperial family; the Russian women—not so much inclined to *embonpoint* as the English, but more so than the French, with more color and weight than even the Americans, their taste and independence in dress, their unequalled grace in movement and in repose, their profusion of pre-

cious stones inherited from even extinct dynasties; the richness and variety of the inherited dress of many princes and nobles, no two of them perhaps alike, where the barbarous "black and claw-hammer" of Western Europe is never seen; they, too, decked out with all the jeweled insignia of their orders; the select music from all Europe; the national dance—the mazurka (from which the German is derived in the West,)—where men and women in great troops, with flying hair and ribbons streaming like battle-flags, sweep down the wide halls with an abandon unknown elsewhere in polished ranks,—truly it is a scene to remind one of the imaginings of dreams.

In the far West, on the bloom-covered prairies, I have seen thousands of wild horses, male and female, come rushing past with fiery eyes and distended nostrils, and long manes and tails streaming in the wind—an odor of crushed flowers exhales from their feet, and the earth trembles under their tread!—thus they went to the private theater in the palace. Here the best singers of Europe congregate.

In the great gallery of the Italian school, flanked by the halls of the Flemish and Spanish painters, where were gathered the greatest works of these greatest artists of all time, were set the supper-tables in two rows. The Imperial Conservatory, if I remember aright, is near three-fourths of a mile in length, containing all the flowers of all the climes and all the continents—from the hyacinth of a few inches in height to the palm of the torrid zone, lifting its graceful trunk fifty feet in the air, with its long, feathery foliage drooping with the waving lines of the willow. The choicest of these plants, with fruit and bloom and scented leaf, were moved in great tubs, and set upon the floors of the palace; around each the round tables were placed, and the cloths deftly laid. The galleries, lighted by immense sky-lights by day, were now in a blaze with candles ingeniously shaded so as to imitate the stars of heaven, so that the paintings of the gallery were

distinctly shown. Thus culminated all the treasures and all the pomp of a great Empire.

The summer nights of Russia are the wonder of all who have been so fortunate as to witness them. They are but an extended twilight, where print can be read all the time by the light of the stars and the refracted rays of the sun, ill-concealed beneath the near horizon. At such times, on the beautiful waters of the clear and placid Neva, light and listless boats are filled with those who are given to poetry and romance—where words of love are breathed in softened tones into willing ears. As the wierd strains of the music died away in the distant theater we entered these halls, where all that was possible in highest achievement in nature and in art were aggregated. It seemed not so much that we were about to renew the fabled banquet of the Babylonian king, as that we were borne by some magic power into the intensified poetry and beauty of a Russian summer night. Let our memories and our imaginations cease with the strains of the distant music, the exhalation of flowers, and the waning tints of paintings and stars; for the past returns no more forever!

CHAPTER XIX.

RUSSIA.—POPULAR PASTIMES.—ICE MOUNTAINS.—PRETTY POOR FRENCH FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES.—THE PERKINS-CLAIM SWINDLE.—SEWARD TELEGRAPHS ME TO PRESS IT.—PRINCE GORTCHACOW'S DECISION.—M. DE CATACAZY'S LETTER TO CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.—CATACAZY'S DEFENSE.—SEWARD REQUESTS ME TO RESIGN.—I DO SO CONDITIONALLY.—THE SENATE REFUSES TO APPOINT MY SUCCESSOR.—FINAL DEFEAT OF SEWARD.—PERKINS-CLAIM SWINDLE REVIVED BY BANCROFT DAVIS, UNDER AUSPICES OF THE IMMORTAL FISH.—CAPTAIN G. B. FOX AND HIS MISSION.—JOHN VAN BUREN.—PRINCE GORTCHACOW ENTERTAINS THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.—ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.—COUNT BERGH AND PRINCE SUWARROW.—COUNT MOURAVIEFF AMOUSKY.—PUBLIC DINNER GIVEN ME AT MOSCOW.—I MAKE A TARIFF SPEECH.—CITY OF MOSCOW.—WILLIAM L. WINANS.—THE ORLOFF BREED OF HORSES.

THE cold in Russia, in consequence of the dryness of the air, is not disagreeable, when one is suitably clothed in furs, or other warm skins. Hence, sleigh-riding is very common with the wealthier classes. Suitable sleighs are used for one, two, or more; the *troika* uses three horses, the center one trots fast, and the other two are taught a gallop, so as to make quite a picturesque turn-out. In these last many are crowded; and, as the "girls and boys" have to sit close together, under the bear or fox-skin lap-rugs, this is quite a favorite amusement for the young.

Ice mountains are made by a frame-work platform and staircase. From the platform, about forty feet high, a chute is built of wood, also in a descending line to the ground, say from fifty to one hundred yards long; and on the bottoms and sides are placed cakes of ice. The ice-sleds are then occupied by one or two; and away they go like a shot. As this sport is somewhat dangerous, at least in appearance, the gentle sex is held excusable in holding on to her more self-possessed companion.

Skating, in latter times, has also become a popular amusement in St. Petersburg; where large tents, with stoves and refreshments, are prepared on the Neva, and the ice artificially kept smooth in open areas. Dancing and music are kept up by some classes, winter and summer, in and near St. Petersburg. The nobility, whose duties keep them in, or the neighborhood of, St. Petersburg, assemble each afternoon at the "Point," which looks out toward Cronstadt, in the imperial grounds of Yelagin Island; where fine horses and carriages are shown, and salutations made between acquaintances, as at the Alameda in Mexico. There are fine walks here, seats, and a band of music; and, in summer, it is one of the most pleasant places in Russia, and is much frequented by the nobility and all well-dressed people.

The "Point" is a cape, where two branches of the Neva unite and widen out into a broad view toward the bay of Cronstadt. The grounds are well-ornamented with walks and fine trees; and the shades are very agreeable all the summer round.

Many of the clubs have their houses and grounds in the suburbs of St. Petersburg; and refreshments and music and dancing are kept up all the warm season.

Notwithstanding my father had taken so much trouble and expense to have me taught French, saying to me I might some day have use for it abroad, by the time I had such use for it, I had almost entirely forgotten it. So, as I had but short and unimportant correspondence with Gortchacow, I wrote in French, trusting, for its correctness, to my *attaché*, Mr. Williams, whom I took from the New York *Evening Post* establishment to accompany me, and teach my younger children, as well as myself, French. He revised all my letters. But, when I came back to the United States, I learned that Mr. Sumner had been reporting that Gortchacow said he understood my English better than my French.

Thus a continual espionage was kept up; and every

incident turned to my disadvantage. The worst part of it, however, was its truth. Gortchacow understood English perfectly, and spoke it as well as I did. So, when I returned to St. Petersburg, I dropped the French, and wrote afterward in English only. As I improved in the language, I observed grave errors in my correspondence; and was very sorry that I trusted in my friend Williams's French scholarship. So there were many calumnies whispered about my business operations in Russia, which, never having been put into writing or print, I never thought worthy of notice.

I, who had spent a large fortune in the Republican cause, and being at one time more than sixty thousand dollars in debt, and who had paid every dollar of this indebtedness, principal and interest, did not, and do not now, think that any dishonesty could ever, living or dying, attach to my name. And I only now say that no man, living or dead, has ever, to my knowledge, at any time, accused me of dishonesty in business; and if they have so done, or shall do so hereafter, I say that all such accusations are as false as those other calumnies which I have so signally disproved.

But I have blows to give as well as to receive; and am very well content with the issue. During the Crimean War it was understood in America that Russia wanted especially powder, and, perhaps, arms; and would pay well for them if delivered there, which could only be done, of course, by running the blockade by sea. One Captain Benj. Perkins, of New England, put up some powder and arms in a vessel, on the pretense that he had a contract with the Russian Minister at Washington, Mr. Stoekl, for the delivery of the same. The sum claimed (after the war had ceased, and the goods no longer wanted,) for damages was, if I remember aright, quite small — not over fifty thousand dollars; for no powder or arms had been delivered.

Perkins, suing Lilienfeldt, the Russian arms-agent in

America, could produce no proof, and was glad to compromise the matter in the New York courts by receiving two hundred dollars. *This, of course, settled the matter forever.* But, as Perkins pretended that he had gone to much expense in getting up the cargo (which was never proved), he induced the Secretary of State, Lewis Cass, to write to our minister at St. Petersburg to lay the case before the Russian Government—"not as a claim" at all, but as a possible ground for a gratuity; as Perkins was insolvent. Of course, it all came to nothing.

In the meantime Perkins died, and his widow gave or sold her claim to Joseph B. Stewart of Washington City, who formed, as Catacazy, the Russian Minister, asserts, a joint-stock company, with a capital of \$800,000. But a very different Secretary of State from Lewis Cass had been put at the head of the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln—a man educated in the corrupt Albany-school of politics; and who, for the first time, imported that execrable system into Washington; and which infested the whole Republican Party with the virus of dishonor and death!—that man was Wm. H. Seward.

The Perkins' swindle was thereupon revamped and enlarged, as was the custom in Washington, till it was strong enough to carry finally the venal Ames party in its favor; and Seward stood god-father to the new-born monster. For the first time it was then urged as a legitimate claim, based on contract, and so presented anew to the Russian Government.

I knew nothing about the matter; and when I was at St. Petersburg ordered, by Secretary Seward, to present it to Gortchacow, I read it carefully, and, finding it, by his own best showing, to be a swindle, made out of whole cloth, I refused to present it; and so wrote to Seward, giving him the reason. The upshot of the matter was that I lost my place, and was recalled, under the false statement to Lincoln that I desired to return home. (See President Lincoln's statement, p. 303.) And, as I have

not room for repetition, I refer my readers to the following statement of the Russian Minister, Catacazy:

THE RUSSIAN MINISTER'S LETTER TO CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

SIR:—Article three, second section of the Constitution of the United States, establishes the competence of the federal Supreme Court “in all cases affecting Embassadors, other public Ministers, and Consuls.”

In virtue of this Constitutional clause I would have the right to claim from the federal Supreme Court justice and reparation for the acts against my honor and my interests committed by Mr. Hamilton Fish in the exercise of his functions of federal Secretary of State at the epoch when I had the honor of being Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias in the United States.

But while I was clothed with that character the duties of my position forbade all such recourse to justice, as well as all public refutation of the arbitrary and outrageous assertions set forth by the federal Secretary of State in official documents given the greatest publicity.

I would have compromised the interests which had been confided to me in thus engaging the imperial government in a personal incident, which could not and ought not to influence in any way the relations between the two countries, which are happily sheltered from every attack of intrigue or of personal ill-will.

The Emperor, my august master, having deigned to very graciously relieve me, at my own request, from my diplomatic functions, I enter again into the possession of the rights inalienable in every man to claim and obtain justice.

I will use this right, however, only within very restricted limits.

I do not intend to begin a formal suit for “malicious slander” against Mr. Hamilton Fish, because the American law pronounces on this head no penalty but a pecuniary compensation to the complainant, and I am not able to face an eventuality of that nature. A functionary who has had the distinguished honor to represent His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, does not accept pecuniary compensation. He is able to claim only moral reparation; and that is what I am about to secure in placing under your equitable auspices, sir, an authentic *exposé* of the facts which have been so profoundly altered by the Secretary of State, H. Fish, in official documents.

The federal Supreme Court has for its mission to watch over the maintenance of the American Constitution. Among the principles serving as the base of that Constitution there is not one more important or more sacred than that establishing that justice must be accessible to all the world, without distinction of origin, of nationality, or of position.

Called, by the esteem and confidence of your fellow-citizens to preside over that court, you are, sir, the supreme magistrate of the Union, and the most authorized interpreter of the letter and the spirit of the laws which rule your country. Under this title you will be very willing, I hope, to take into consideration the exceptional conditions in which was placed a man who, on one side, was powerless to engage in a formal procedure without compromising interests more grave than those of a personal defense; and who, on the other, finds it impossible to vindicate his outraged honor otherwise than in placing under the auspices of the most respected authority in the United States the demonstration of the inanity of the charges produced against him.

I will strive now to expose the acts of which I have so grievously to complain, while avoiding all irritating polemics, and observing the respect due to the eminent functions that Mr. H. Fish formerly filled.

I can not avoid, nevertheless, establishing, right at the outset, that, in a note addressed to Mr. Curtin, Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg, under date of the 16th November, 1871, and in several other documents submitted to Congress the 6th December, 1871, Mr. Hamilton Fish has willfully sent forth erroneous assertions, with the evident purpose of provoking my recall from the post which had been confided to me, and of striking a blow at my character and personal honor.

I am accused in these documents:—

First. Of having abused my diplomatic privileges and immunities in denouncing, with violence and coarseness, persons interested in the *soi-disant* claim of the American citizen, Perkins.

Second. Of having interfered in questions which did not concern me to Senators and members of Congress; and of having bored and importuned them with solicitations fettering the free course of legislation.

Third. Of having attacked the President of the United States and federal functionaries in newspaper articles written at my dictation and bearing corrections in my handwriting, or inspired by me;

and of having falsely affirmed, on my honor as a gentleman, as well as in my quality of Christian and representative of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, that I had not taken any part in those publications.

Fourth. Of having used importunity in demanding to be received by the President at his summer-residence, at Long Branch; and of having given to the Imperial Cabinet an inexact account of my interview with His Excellency.

Fifth. Of having tried to hinder the success of the negotiations between the Federal Government and that of Her Britannic Majesty; and of having shown myself hostile to the Treaty of Washington.

Sixth. Of having committed divers other acts which are not specified is the dispatch of the 16th of November, 1871, but of which Mr. Hamilton Fish has made mention, either in other documents, or in verbal explanations with myself.

Such are in brief the accusations produced against me, and of which I am now about to show the inanity in submitting them, one by one, to the most scrupulous examination; and in producing, in support of my assertions, proofs of which the authenticity may be verified by any one whom you may designate for that purpose, Mr. President of the federal Supreme Court.

FIRST COUNT.

The promoters of the enterprise generally known under the name of the "Perkins' Claim" have exposed their pretended rights in a voluminous compilation, which numbers several hundreds of pages. The affair may be reviewed in a few words:

A merchant captain by the name of Benjamin Perkins associated himself, in 1855, with a Polish Jew by the name of Rakielvitch, a dismissed agent of the secret police of New York, as well as with a Mr. Kidder, a doctor of medicine and a merchant in gas-piping, in order to extort money from my predecessor in the United States, Mr. Stoekl, in proposing to him to furnish powder and arms for the Imperial Government.

Mr. Stoekl declined these offers; while, as to the powder and the arms, he sent Mr. Perkins to our military agent in the United States, Captain Lilienfeldt.

This latter gentleman accepted conditionally the proposition of a contract for 35,000 carbines—that is to say, he accepted it, while reserving expressly the right to annul this preliminary en-

gement. Being assured of the insolvency of Mr. Perkins, and of his inability to fulfill the projected engagement, Captain Lilienfeldt availed himself of this privilege of cancelling the contract by declaring in writing to Mr. Perkins that their preliminary conversations must be considered as null and void.

Not one grain of powder, not one carbine, was ever delivered to the Imperial Government; and in spite of a judgment without appeal of the Supreme Court of New York—a judgment to which Mr. Perkins adhered while receiving, under the name of an amicable compromise, a sum of \$200—his heirs formulated his rights after his death into a claim amounting to \$800,000.

The widow Perkins ceded these pretended rights in consideration of a small compensation to an advocate named J. B. Stewart. In order to assure the success of this enterprise, Mr. J. B. Stewart placed it in shares, which he disposed of at a low rate, in such a manner as to create powerful protectors interested in realizing the nominal amount of their value.

From 1855 to 1869 the Federal Government made, on three different occasions, advances, more or less earnest, in order to support this pretended claim. The Imperial Cabinet responded to it, with all the respect due to the demands of a friendly government, by refusals grounded on the absence of all proof and of all justice.

Soon after the accession of General Grant to the supreme magistracy of the Union, the federal Secretary of State proposed to the Imperial Cabinet to submit the question to an arbitration.

The Emperor, my august master, deigned to name me at this time his representative to the United States. Before furnishing me with my instructions, his majesty ordered an investigation to be instituted in order to thoroughly sound the Perkins' affair. Of this investigation I was named reporter. The Chancellor of the Empire signified to me, in the following terms, the orders of his majesty:

"The Emperor," said he, "wishes that you should proceed in this matter with the most scrupulous impartiality. If, in right, or even in equity, we owe any thing, whether a dollar or a million of dollars, we ought to pay without hesitating; but if this is an attempt at extortion, destitute of any just basis, we must not lend ourselves to it, despite our desire to be agreeable to the federal government."

It was in this disposition that the Commission of Inquiry set to work. I must add that, for my part, I brought to it a sincere desire to find some way of resolving amicably an affair which I foresaw

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would bring about grave difficulties in the accomplishment of my mission.

The labors of the investigation ended in the evident demonstration of the complete inanity of this claim. My instructions prescribed to me in consequence to explain to the Cabinet at Washington, in categorical though friendly terms, the reasons which made it impossible for the Imperial Cabinet to satisfy the pretended Perkins' Claim, or to submit it, in the absence of any just ground for it, to an arbitration.

On my arrival at Washington, Mr. J. B. Stewart and his partner, Mr. L. Tassistro, demanded an interview with me, alleging, as the ground of their request, "their desire to produce new proof in support of their claim," and complaining of having never been understood by my predecessor. I did not believe it my duty to decline this interview with the Perkins' advocates. Mr. Tassistro was the first to present himself, producing full authority from Mr. Stewart, as follows:

"I take the liberty to inform you that Mr. Tassistro, the bearer of this letter, is now my associate in the Perkins' affair, and that he is authorized to bind me and my other associates by whatever he may do, propose, or accept."

It is important to establish the close and undoubted unity of interest existing between Mr. Tassistro, a discharged employé of the State Department, and Mr. Stewart; for one may estimate in consequence the value of the testimony which the said Tassistro has borne in an affair which will be spoken of further on.

This individual began by proposing to me to enter into discussions for a compromise as to the amount of the claim, making me at the same time understand that an agreement could be arrived at in consideration of a few thousand dollars. I declined peremptorily all idea of compromise.

Passing thence to another subject, Mr. Tassistro proposed to me to acquire, at a low price, by his mediation and that of Mr. Stewart, three millions of obligations of the *Crédit Foncier de Pologne*, stolen by a burglary in 1863, upon the Bank of Varsovie, recently imported into America, and which had been thrown upon the market of New York. I declined this offer also, no less peremptorily.

A few days after Mr. Stewart presented himself at my house. Without producing any new proof, he tried to convert me to the idea of a compromise in saying that "the support of the administration was gained to their cause; that Judge Dent, the brother-in-

law of the President, was interested in it; and that, if I made too much opposition, they would find means to break my neck."

I received, with the same indifference, these offers of compromise and these menaces. The day after, Mr. J. B. Stewart sent me a so-called affidavit of the interview, in which he attributed to me proposals that I had not made; and by which, if made, I would have recognized the validity of the Perkins' Claim.

Knowing with whom I had business, I had taken precautions. A person placed in the next room had taken a note of the conversation; and Mr. Stewart, forced to submit to the truth, saw fit to withdraw his false affidavit. After this I forbade to the advocates of the widow Perkins access to my house, and I answered none of their written communications.

Five months after—that is to say the 14th of March, 1870—I had a confidential interview with Mr. Hamilton Fish, of which I have rendered an account to the Chancellor of the Empire, Prince Gortchacow, in a report of the 21st of March, given below in the appendix.

It appears from this report:

That Mr. Stewart had sent back to the President, by the mediation of Mr. Dent, brother-in-law of General Grant, dispatches which had been attributed to me.

That, in the faith of a false telegraphic rumor, spread at this time in the United States, announcing the retirement of Prince Gortchacow and his replacement by General Ignatief, these pretended dispatches, of an inadmissible tenor, and which had been exchanged between the Minister of Foreign Affairs and myself, were placed under the eyes of the President, with the end of prejudicing him against the Minister of Russia; and, in short,

That the Secretary of State, while recognizing the apocryphal character of these dispatches, was not willing to begin suit against the authors of these wrongs, "in order to avoid scandal," and under the pretext of the legal impossibility of being severe upon them.

At last Mr. Fish told me, some days after, that he had had Messrs. Stewart and Tassistro before him, in order to interrogate them on the manner in which the dispatches had been procured, and that they had affirmed that they held them from the First Secretary of the Imperial Russian Legation.

I protested energetically against an assertion so calumnious. I said to Mr. Hamilton Fish, that it seemed to me impossible that people, even of that character, should dare to attribute to an em-

ployé, whose honor had always been undisputed, such an act. I demanded of him, indeed, if he had not made a mistake, and if it was not some other individual bearing the same name that had been designated.

"No, no," replied Mr. Fish, "it is very certainly of the First Secretary of your Legation that they have spoken; for they have said that it has been in order to succeed you that he has betrayed you."

Informed immediately by myself of the fact of this odious imputation, the First Secretary of the Imperial Legation presented himself with two lawyers at the house of Mr. Tassistro, and obtained from him a formal retraction. A similar step was taken, with the same result, with Mr. J. B. Stewart.

I transmitted the affidavits of these interviews to the Secretary of State, while praying him in a letter (a copy of which is given in the appendix,) to severely punish the culprits. Under different pretexts Mr. Fish declined all pursuit and all inquiry.

Encouraged by impunity, the advocates of the widow Perkins and their protectors had these false dispatches printed, after having eliminated from them the most improbable passages, and distributed them among the members of Congress, in order to provoke a sentiment in favor of the enterprise.

I saw myself then under the necessity to ask, by an official note of the 21st of May (copy given in the appendix), a judicial pursuit of the guilty parties. This note remained without reply; and, on my officially pressing the matter on the 11th of June, 1871, inspired by the publication of the false dispatches in the journals, Mr. Fish explained his silence in a note of the 16th of June, 1871, by "one of those negligences which occur sometimes in the administration of a department which conducts a vast correspondence."

I will limit myself to mention, in addition, the anonymous letter containing threats of death, as well as the attacks of every description in the press, of which the advocates of the widow Perkins and their protectors have pursued me, up till what they have stated as their avowed end — my departure from the United States.

If I have felt it my duty to enter into these fatiguing and repugnant details, it is because it is important to establish in an unanswerable manner:

First. That the pretended Perkins' Claim is the real and determining cause of the exceptional animosity of which I have been the object.

Second. That Mr. Fish was not ignorant of the misdeeds of

the promoters of this fraudulent enterprise; and that, in consequence, he had no right to affirm, as he has done in an official document, on the faith of the interested evidence of Mr. Tassistro, "that the advocates of the widow Perkins fell innocently into a trap" that I had planned for them.

Third. That in characterizing Messrs. Stewart and Tassistro in my official communication as "audacious forgers" and "men capable of any thing," I have not abused my diplomatic immunities, but have only exercised an incontestable right to acquit myself of an imperious duty—that of defending the interests which had been confided to me.

SECOND COUNT.*

* * * * *

Having learned that I had been charged to buy in New York a piece of ground for the building of an orthodox church, Mr. H. Fish, who possessed some real-estate property, wished me to bid, which will be seen by the letter given below, for two lots of ground, which he desired to sell for forty odd thousand dollars; and he carried this obliging readiness to the point of suggesting, in the post-script of that letter, "to proceed with the transaction without the intermeddling of agents, in order to save ourselves several hundreds of dollars." It was impossible for me to profit by this proposition, the land in question having been appraised by competent persons at half the price demanded, and another piece of ground, well situated, having been offered for \$20,000. . . .

THIRD COUNT.

In accusing me of having attacked, or caused to be attacked, in the press, some of the federal officials, Mr. H. Fish tersely says: "That on one occasion Mr. Catacazy went so far as to write to the press under his own signature." This assertion has been brought out in such a manner as to make it appear that I published some article in a newspaper under my signature. But, in reality, it is this:

That the *National Republican*, of Washington, which is said to have some *attachés* connected with the administration, having published, February 26, 1870 (it should be remarked this was a few days before the presentation of the false dispatches), an article upon the Perkins' Claim, full of violent attacks against the representative of the Emperor at Washington, General Clay, late Minister of the

* The subject matter of the "Second Count," except the paragraph here given, is omitted, as not proper to be introduced in this work. — C., 1885.

United States at St. Petersburg, spontaneously addressed me the letter (see affix letter E), from which I reproduce the following passage:

"I am persuaded that if the President and the people of the United States could know the facts (concerning the Perkins' Claim,) as they exist, they would unanimously agree to forget that affair, and save the nation from dishonor, injustice, and ingratitude."

I replied to General Clay by the letter herewith (affix letter F), where I said, among other things:

"Whatever may be the sum claimed, Russia would be willing, I assure you, to pay it. As regards American citizens, especially, she is disposed to act with liberality more than otherwise. But this is not a question of money, it is a question of principle. We may not be able to admit that they impose on us, and that they continually harass us with claims which are only based upon assertions of interested persons. Between nations, as between individuals, friendship ought to be the basis for respect and a wise discretion."

I remember chiefly that it was on my own account that this correspondence has been made public; and I think I have but done my duty in profiting by an occasion which was offered by an old Minister of the United States, in order to correct public opinion upon the real points of this affair, of which the official organs have published the most inexact and the most outrageous statements, and in order to maintain the good relations between the two countries.

. . . . I made of these unmerited suspicions an absolute and explicit denial in a private letter dated December 1, 1870, which was produced among the documents submitted to Congress, but with the omission of the most significant passages. Twenty-four hours afterward the Secretary of State expressed to me, in the annexed letter, the "entire satisfaction of the President," and his own satisfaction with my assurances. This letter of the Secretary of State was inserted in the collection of documents submitted to Congress. In general, the collection was compiled in a manner calculated to conceal the truth completely. The most important papers have been omitted; others have been garbled.

On May 25, 1871, Mr. Hamilton Fish thought proper to recall the subject, in spite of this exchange of explanations and his written assurances that they had been entirely satisfactory to the President. He told me again that he believed me to be the author of the article in the *World* of November 29, 1870. I could only oppose

a still more energetic denial to this arbitrary assertion, and warn the Secretary of State against the intrigues of persons interested in raising difficulties between us. Having received, a few days before, an anonymous letter, in which I was notified, with threats and insults, that a numerous association had been formed to accomplish, at any price, my expulsion from America, I showed it to the Secretary of State, telling him at the same time that he was enabled to convince himself of the means to which my calumniators had taken recourse. Mr. Fish read this letter, and returned it to me, saying: "Indeed, this is not polite; but do you know what I am persistently told? It is that you address anonymous letters to yourself, in order to discredit, in my opinion, the Perkins' counsel."

It was impossible to continue a conversation which my interlocutor led on such a ground. I was necessarily reduced to ask myself whether I was in the presence of one afflicted with mental aberration, or bent on provocation. In this doubt I thought it prudent to retire, after having told Mr. Fish that my dignity did not permit me to reply to such imputations.

Four days later, on May 30, 1871, all the official press organs were led to publish very violent articles against me—articles which had been communicated by the State Department to the Associated Press in Washington.

On three different occasions did I address myself to the Secretary of State in order to induce him to adopt a more equitable conduct. Far from complying, Mr. Fish persisted in his system of arbitrary and insulting accusations. A journalist named Piatt having sent to a Cincinnati paper a letter which was very hostile to the President, the Secretary of State had nothing more pressing to do than to attribute it to me. He charged me, moreover, with being hostile to the negotiations opened between the Federal Government and the government of Her Britannic Majesty. After having exhausted all the means of persuasion and conciliation, I addressed to Mr. Fish the annexed letter, dated June 13, 1871:

"If I had only consulted," I said in this letter, "my own legitimate susceptibilities, I should give up the hope of inducing you to act with more justice and benevolence with regard to me. But the private individual must, under certain circumstances, sacrifice his self-respect to the official. I am a Minister to the Emperor, sir; and, as such, I must exhaust all the means of conciliation before taking resolutions which might compromise the friendly relations existing between the two countries."

This appeal to the loyalty of the Secretary of State remained without effect. Since then, until the time of my departure, the journals, inspired by the administration, attacked me most violently in articles of which it was impossible to mistake the official origin; for several of them coincided literally with the official communications of the Secretary of State.

On June 16, 1871, Mr. Hamilton Fish addressed to me an official note on the Perkins' affair, in which he attempted to free the counsel for that case of all responsibility for the fabrication of the forged dispatches which had been attributed to me. He concluded thus:

"No one knows better than you, sir, the license practiced by a part of the press of this country in speaking of individuals occupying official positions, and the means adopted by those who institute sensational articles of a personal nature, which appear only too often, as you are well aware, also. Many of them contain insulting attacks against the President of the United States; and they have been the subject of my conversations with you."

Accusations so ill-disguised could not remain without an answer. In the annexed letter I replied, asking the Secretary of State "permission, not to place myself upon the ground of inuendoes, but on that of frank cordiality, from which I am enjoined by my august master not to depart in my relations with the Federal Government."

In spite of my formal assurances and the preceding explanations, Mr. Fish wanted, at any price, to attribute to me the paternity of the article of the *World* of November 29, 1870. It appears, from the collection of American documents submitted to Congress, that the Secretary of State addressed a letter, on the 25th of October, 1871, to a certain Mr. G. Adams, in which he charges him, "in the name of the duties of honor and patriotism, to depose in writing when and under what circumstances M. Catacazy has participated in the publication of the article in the *World*." Mr. G. Adams yielded with great zeal to this fervent exhortation. Two days afterward he deposed in writing, by a letter addressed to the Secretary of State, "that the article in question had been written under the dictation of M. Catacazy; had been kept by him for a few days and returned, with notes and corrections in the handwriting of the Minister of Russia."

I had never had relations of any kind, neither direct nor indirect, with Mr. G. Adams.

A few days before my departure from Washington, I sent him,

through an honorable lawyer, Mr. Chandler, the annexed letter, by which I invited him to be confronted with me in the presence of witnesses, in order to establish when and where he had seen me, or had had relations with me. I notified him at the same time, that I would deposit with my banker the sum of \$3,000, to be distributed among the poor in Washington, if any article was produced which bore notes and corrections in my handwriting. Mr. G. Adams declined this interview by informing me, through Mr. Chandler, "That he was too sure of the facts alleged by him to need verifying them; that he had not been at my house himself, and that, in truth, he had never seen me; but that one of his friends, at present in South America, had served as intermediary, and that, moreover, the manuscript corrected by my own hand had been lost or destroyed."

The second witness, who, as it appears from the collection of American documents, had deposed, in compliance with the repeated and pressing requests of the Secretary of State, is a Mr. Turk, who is related to the family of Mr. Hamilton Fish, and who has been employed for more than two years as counsel at the Imperial Legation. This Mr. Turk has deposed that I had avowed to him my participation in the article of a Cincinnati journal containing attacks against the President of the United States.

By a lucky chance I have preserved the minutes of a letter to Mr. Hamilton Fish, written entirely in the handwriting of this same Mr. F. Turk, under my dictation, and in which I affirmed precisely the reverse of what he had deposed he had been told by me.

The following fact proves the little confidence these depositions inspire in Mr. Fish himself, drawn out though they have been by his exhortations to the sentiments of "honor and patriotism" of Messrs. Adams and Turk.

At the moment when I was about to leave Washington, the Secretary of State let me know that if I did not take the formal engagement not to prosecute Messrs. Adams and Turk, and not to justify myself before the Imperial Cabinet, he would suspend my diplomatic immunities, and authorize the Perkins' lawyers to arrest me.

In reply to the observation made to him that this would be a violation of international law, the Secretary of State said: "International law is very elastic; and, besides, these men have testified at my request. I must protect them against the prosecution of M. de Catacazy."

Having no attention to prosecute individuals who have only acted as tools to those who have employed them, I declared that I did not want to bring an action for false testimony against Messrs. Adams and Turk; but I reserved for myself the right of exposing to the Imperial Cabinet, and to the American people, the proceedings of Mr. Hamilton Fish.

The Secretary of State also charged me, on several occasions, with having inspired articles of the journalist named Piatt, as well as articles published by the editor of the *Herald*, the *Sun*, and the *Tribune* of New York. I herewith annex the letters of Messrs. Piatt, Bennett, Greeley, and Dana, in which these gentlemen testify to the contrary. It is evident from these letters that I have never had any relations with Messrs. Piatt and Dana, and that in the intercourse which I have had the pleasure of holding with Mr. Horace Greeley and Mr. James Gordon Bennett, I have never departed from the reserve and discretion which are befitting a diplomatic functionary. I would, moreover, have replied to the arbitrary imputations of Mr. Hamilton Fish by the positive proof that he himself, and his subordinate, Mr. Bancroft Davis, had taken part in the writing and the circulation of the outrageous articles which have been published against me during six months, and to which I have only replied by the silence of contempt. I have in my possession eighty-three articles of this kind, bearing evident traces of their official origin; but their reproduction would be both too voluminous and too repulsive. I should, moreover, fail in the respect due to you, Mr. President of the Supreme Court, were I to inflict upon you the reading of these contemptible animadversions.

FOURTH COUNT.

On July 31, 1871, Mr. Fish thought proper to address a note to me concerning the Perkins' affair. The tenor of this communication was absolutely unacceptable, for it contained a denial which was both discourteous and unmerited. I could not, without failing in my duty, preserve such a document in the archives of the Imperial Legation. As this note was subsequently withdrawn, I have no right to reproduce it; but I am compelled to mention it to justify the step which I took with regard to the President of the United States. It became more and more evident that, in the face of such persistent provocations, the interests of the government of the Emperor, as well as my personal dignity, permitted me no longer to remain in the United States. I had begun in

the diplomatic career as Second Secretary of Legation at Washington. President Grant himself stated, when he received my credentials, that "I had left there pleasant recollections." On my part, I had carried with me sentiments of the most profound respect for the American people, as well as the conviction that there is a similarity between the interests of Russia and America. During the whole course of my diplomatic career I have not missed a single opportunity to assert this conviction.

When the great majority of European governments doubted the issue of the War of the Union; when men of high political position called it "The Disunited States of America," I wrote in a document, in 1860, that the Union will come out triumphant. Such were the sentiments and opinions which recommended me to the choice of the Emperor, my august master, as Minister to the United States. I could not, unless I failed to do my duty and contradicted myself, pursue any other object than the consolidation of the ties of friendship established between the two countries, which—I repeat it—can not be disturbed by the intrigues and the malevolence of individuals.

A fraudulent enterprise, and the intrigues which I have described, were the rocks on which these good intentions were wrecked. Already, in the month of July, 1871, I requested of the Imperial Cabinet to be relieved of a post where I could be no longer of any utility, because of the personal hostility of the Secretary of State. Before I could be relieved of my post there remained, however, an important duty for me to perform. His Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis, was about to arrive in the United States. I was firmly convinced that the American people would give the son of the Emperor a reception, the cordiality of which would largely compensate for the personal rudeness of Mr. Fish.

The Secretary of State foresaw it also, and he did all in his power to prevent these demonstrations of gratitude and national sympathy. While his organs attempted to obstruct the preparations for the reception made by the citizens of New York and Boston, Mr. Fish informed me by an official note that if I was not recalled immediately he would send me my passports. An act so unjustifiable might have exercised a bad influence upon the relations of the two countries. It might have prevented the visit of his Imperial Highness. I was consequently obliged to do all in my power to prevent such an emergency. For the very reason

that Mr. Fish doubled his provocations, I was obliged to thwart his efforts by an increase of moderation, which would have been excessive and undignified if the interests of Russia had not been in question. I imposed silence on my susceptibilities, and postponed the vindication of my personal dignity to another period. I asked an interview of the Secretary of State by the annexed letter, which has not been placed among the collection of American documents.

The interview I requested took place on August 16th, 1871. I began by telling Mr. Fish that, considering the point at which matters had arrived, I had thought it best to request the Emperor to relieve me of my post.

"Your purpose," I said, "is attained. You will soon be relieved of my presence. I can assure you I am as much in haste to leave the United States as you are to see me depart. But you may well understand that on the eve of the arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis the Minister of the Emperor can not leave his post. It seems to me, in the meantime, you might observe the outward respect due between gentlemen. The Indians themselves bury their tomahawks at the arrival of a national guest. Since you will not have peace, let us have at least an armistice. Do not address to me any more notes which I can not receive, and cease the daily insults in your official organs."

The Secretary of State replied to this loyal and pressing appeal by excessive rudeness. He declared to me in plain language that if I was not relieved immediately he would send me my passports.

"You can act as you please," I replied; "but I repudiate all responsibility for the consequences. Be assured that the American people, who are your sovereign, will disapprove of this gratuitous provocation when they will know the truth. For my part, I do not want to have any thing to reproach to myself before the Emperor, my master. I shall go as far as possible—farther even than I, perhaps, ought to go—in the path of reconciliation by making you the following proposition: You ground your action with regard to me on the belief that I had attacked the President in the press, and sought to obstruct the negotiations with England. I have positively repelled these accusations. You persist in sustaining them without a single proof. I offer to submit the differences to a jury of honor, composed of impartial persons, enjoying the confidence of the President, and chosen among your

own fellow-citizens. If the jury sustains the charges brought against me, I engage myself in advance to present my resignation by telegraph. If, however, the jury finds that you are in error, I ask no other reparation than the loyal acknowledgment of this error, and the withdrawal of your last note."

Mr. Fish drily repelled this proposition, saying that "no jury could prove that he was in the wrong." I can not produce a written proof of this interview; but Senator Cameron, to whom I addressed myself a few days afterward, in his capacity of President of the Committee on Foreign Relations, will testify that I had spoken to him of this proposition, and the refusal of Mr. Fish. Mr. Cameron expressed to me in a letter his regret at the failure of the steps I had taken. In the face of the obstinate malevolence of Mr. Fish there remained to me no other resource than to appeal to the President. I proceeded to Long Branch, where His Excellency resided. I addressed myself to General Porter, the Secretary of the President. I described to him the situation, saying: "I will not make use of the right I have to ask an audience of the President; but, if His Excellency could be informed of my arrival, if he expressed the desire to see me, I should be happy to present myself before him."

Two hours later General Porter came to my hotel to inform me that the President would be happy to see me at his cottage between four and five o'clock. "Only," said the General, "make no formal complaint against the Secretary of State; for it would place the President in an embarrassing position."

Diplomatic reserve and the respect due to the Chief Magistrate, to whom I have had the honor of being accredited, do not permit me to report the interview with His Excellency.

Mr. Fish has thought proper to affirm in his dispatch of November 16, 1871, that the President had begun by refusing the interview; that His Excellency had peremptorily interrupted me when I attempted to speak of my relations with the Secretary of State, and that the General had treated me with coolness, without even replying to my salutation.

I can not silently acquiesce in assertions calculated to give the impression that the President of the United States had failed in the respect due to the representative of the Emperor. I affirm that General Grant was perfectly courteous and attentive to all I said to him. The result proves that the aim I pursued has been attained. In spite of all the efforts of Mr. Fish, the journey of the Grand

Duke has been accomplished in the most satisfactory manner. His Imperial Highness, whom I have had the honor of accompanying, has received from the American people, if not from all the federal functionaries, a reception which has signally demonstrated the natural sympathies existing between the two nations, and thwarted all intrigues. The incident has been kept within the bounds of a personal conflict, and the direct or indirect damages which Mr. Fish supposes to have caused me are amply compensated by the consciousness that I have well served my sovereign and my country, without allowing myself to be swayed by considerations of wounded pride or personal interest.

FIFTH COUNT.

I have in my hands a letter from one of the most honorable citizens of the American Union, which attests that, toward the end of 1870, the lawyer, J. B. Stewart, told him that, in consequence of the opposition offered by Mr. Catacazy to the Perkins' Claim, that minister would be obliged to leave America; that by one means or another he would be forced to go away, and that a number of interests had coalesced to arrive at this result at any cost.

The signer of this letter, fearing the vengeance of these coalesced influences, requested me not to make use of his name except to the Imperial Cabinet. In consequence, I am unable to make it public.

It is not less true that a coterie, ready to resort to any means, was at work in October, 1870, to create difficulties for me with the Federal Government. It only succeeded imperfectly, by the combination of false dispatches. It renewed its attempts, in taking advantage of the negotiations opened at this epoch between the Cabinet of Washington and that of St. James, to create an impression that I sought to prevent a friendly settlement of the differences between the United States and Great Britain. Narrow and suspicious minds, who are unable to comprehend the breadth and nobleness of the political principles of the Emperor, my august master, persist in believing that the Imperial Cabinet speculates on international dissensions, and even that he sometimes strives to encourage and to embitter them. These aberrations have especial reference to Anglo-American differences.

Mr. H. Fish having judged it proper to raise this question, it is of importance to clear it up. I believe that I am not wanting in fitting reserve in revealing, by the narration of the following facts,

the magnanimity and elevation of the political thought of which the representatives of the Emperor Alexander can only be the obedient interpreters:

The day when I set out from St. Petersburg to go to Washington, Prince Gortchacow told me what follows on the subject of the relations between England and the United States:

"Do not lose sight of the fact that we are not sowers of discord. You will abstain carefully from encouraging the misunderstandings which exist between England and the United States. The Emperor does not desire a contemptible or hateful course of political action. What he wants is peace and general repose."

By a remarkable coincidence I met, in leaving the cabinet of the Chancellor of the Empire, M. Rumboldt, directing at that time the English Embassy at St. Petersburg. As he did me the honor to stop me to wish me a safe journey, I repeated to him literally what Prince Gortchacow had just told me. I can, if necessary, refer to the testimony of this diplomatist.

Less than a year afterward, the President of the United States having addressed to Congress a hostile and almost menacing letter in relation to England, I had, with an American statesman, whose name I shall withhold from motives of discretion, a conversation, faithfully reproduced in a report addressed to Prince Gortchacow the 2d of December, 1869.

I think I am able to give a copy of it in what follows:

"Well," said Mr. X—— to me, "what do you think of the message concerning England? We have not stroked superb Albion with any gentle hand. I hope they will be glad at St. Petersburg, where they ought to hate England as much as we do."

In effect I answered: You have not acted over gently. Since you do me the honor to ask me my opinion, I shall tell it to you without any beating about the bush. I think that, in enlarging too much the range of the Alabama affair, you weaken your title to the compensations which are in reality due to you. The most impartial persons, and those the best disposed toward you, will be obliged to recognize that it is a quarrel that you seek, and not a legitimate compensation that you demand. You wish to place to the charge of England the expense of more than a year of civil war; and, what is still more, the possible benefits you might have been able to realize. This, permit me to say it, is what we call in France making up an apothecary's bill.

"Yes," replied Mr. X——, "the amount of the account that

we are preparing is a little high; but it is good policy to ask too much in order to get enough."

I am not of that opinion, I replied. It appears to me that a great nation like America would refrain from having recourse to these mercantile *finesses*. It ought to count justly, affirm what is due to it, and not lower its demand. It should have the same measure for all—for proud Albion or modest Denmark. This is what we invariably practice at St. Petersburg; and we have grounds to be satisfied with its success. Also, I tell you, because of the active sympathy with which you inspire me, that in Russia very probably they will abstain from applauding that part of the Presidential Message. We have our preference; but we hate none. Above all, we are not sowers of discord; and we believe that a conflict between you and England would be a universal calamity.

The Chancellor of the Empire was good enough to write to me in an official dispatch, in answer to this report, that the Emperor deigned to honor with his entire approval the language that I had held.

I have not deviated one instant from the way that has been traced for me. While abstaining carefully from putting forward in public my opinion on the practical value of the combination designated under the name of the Treaty of Washington, and of which it was easy to discover the defects in knowing the *arrière pensée* held in reserve by Mr. Fish, I availed myself of every opportunity to express my sympathies in favor of a pacific solution.

The day after the signing of the treaty I went to offer my felicitations to Earl de Grey and to Mr. Fish. I had the honor of receiving at my table the men of the High Commission; and of toasting the happy issue of the negotiations. The American citizen, Cyrus W. Field, having invited me to take part in a banquet which he offered to Earl de Grey and his colleagues, I answered by the letter marked "Q" in the appendix, which was read at that banquet, and in which I offer for a toast the words of Holy Writ: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

In fine, I acknowledged the receipt from the official messenger of two copies of the Washington Treaty in the following note of July 14, 1871, which Mr. Fish has not thought well to insert in his collection of documents:

"SIR:—The State Department has been good enough to send me two printed copies of the treaty concluded between the United

States and Great Britain May 8, 1871. In thanking you for this interesting communication, I believe it my duty to express to you the cordial sympathy with which every thing that can contribute to the general repose, as well as to the prosperity and glory, of the United States will be received in Russia."

It is in the face of facts so positive, so undeniable, that he could not be ignorant of them, that Mr. Fish, without producing any proof, thought himself justified in affirming, in an official document, that "Mr. Catacazy has made, and makes daily, efforts to embarrass and defeat the Treaty of Washington,"—an accusation the more strange and contradictory that it emanates from the retractive author of the indirect damages.

SIXTH COUNT.

Among the miscellaneous accusations of Mr. Fish, there is but one that he has specified, in saying that "Mr. Catacazy has made in his conversations offensive remarks against the President and some of the federal functionaries."

In a conversation, on the 25th of May, 1871, the Secretary of State was still more explicit. He told me that it had come to his ears that, at a dinner given in my house, I had made remarks on the President and on himself that the respect due to the chief of a great State does not permit me to reproduce here.

I answered Mr. Fish that nothing authorized him to attribute to me so complete a forgetfulness of every *convenience* and every duty; that I had striven on all occasions to evidence my profound respect for the President, as well as my high consideration for the Secretary of State; and, finally, that I deeply regretted being accessible to idle reports which no doubt came from the same source as the false dispatches of the previous year.

"No," said the Secretary of State, "it is not alone Perkins, the lawyers, who say so; but one of your colleagues affirms it."

"In that case will you be good enough to name the colleague, and bring him face to face with me, that I may be able to confront him?"

Mr. Fish refused, saying that he could not betray confidence.

"Then," said I, "you can ask this gentleman if he has the courage to repeat before me what he has told you; and, if he refuses, you ought in all justice to consider him a calumniator, and withdraw the painful imputation that you have thought it your duty to cast on me."

The Secretary of State has never seen fit to confront me with his authority, nor to retract his arbitrary imputations.

In his dispatch of the 16th of November he accuses me of different social delinquencies. Notwithstanding all my desire to discover what could have caused an accusation of this nature, I can remember only one circumstance relative to my social relations incriminated by the federal Secretary of State in one of his conversations with me.

Some time after the discussion which took place in the Senate in relation to the project of annexing the island of St. Domingo, a Washington journal, which served as a mouthpiece for the lawyers of the Perkins' Claim, published an article saying that I had encouraged Mr. Sumner to oppose the views of the President. Notwithstanding the absurdity of this imputation, I felt called upon to point out this article to the Secretary of State by a confidential letter, in which I repudiated all fellowship with the opposition of the purchase of St. Domingo; and I forewarned Mr. Fish against the use which the lawyers of the Perkins' Claim proposed to make of this new calumny.

The Secretary of State told me a few days afterward that he had not believed in my interference in the St. Domingo affair; but that he saw with regret that I continued to maintain relations with Mr. Sumner, after the attitude he had taken in regard to the President.

I answered that, having had the honor of knowing Mr. Sumner for more than twenty years, and appreciating the eminent qualities of that statesman, I had no reason to break with him because a difference of opinion had occurred in the administration about an affair that in no way interested Russia.

"My instructions," I added, "prevent me from interfering in any of your home questions; but tell me to retain good relations with all the notabilities of the country, without distinction of parties or opinions. Besides, Mr. Sumner is President of the Executive Committee of Foreign Relations; and I must pay him all the respect that is due to him on this account, as well as on many others."

"He will not be long president of that committee," Mr. Fish quickly replied. "He is a bad and a mad man, and has no longer any credit with the country."

I retired, asking permission of the Secretary of State to be of entirely opposite opinion; and expressing my regrets at not being

able to act on his suggestions. Such is the only "infracton of social *convenance*" that has been pointed out to me by Mr. Fish.

It is repugnant to every serious and respectable man to be obliged to descend into the lowest depths of gossip in order to dissipate its unhealthy emanations. I believe I have gone as far as my dignity will permit in repelling the charges made against me.

In compensation I acquit myself of a very agreeable duty in bearing witness before closing my letter that, notwithstanding the defamatory articles published in some organs of the press during almost a consecutive year, and notwithstanding the accusations so grave formulated against me in official documents, the American people have discerned, with the good sense which characterizes them, the end and the value of these attacks.

It would be too long to enumerate all the evidences of esteem and of sympathy with which I was honored up to the last moment of my stay in the United States.

It suffices to say that seven governors of States, eleven mayors of grand towns of the Union, and a multitude of other persons belonging to different classes of society, have expressed to me, personally and by letter, their benevolent interest; and have had at heart to repudiate, in the name of the American people, all connection with the proceedings of my adversaries.

Even now I daily receive letters full of expressions of sympathy. In one of them I am written to as follows: "It is above all to-day that your sagacity and good faith, which you displayed, are appreciated in discerning the schemes of Mr. Fish, and refusing to commit Russia to them."

"One thing will result from these proceedings," said an American statesman to me; "it is the demonstration of the indissolubility of the bonds of esteem and friendship which unite our two nations."

Permit me, Mr. President of the Supreme Court, to cite one of the most touching evidences of sympathy which I received a few days before my departure from the United States. A Methodist pastor from Oregon, whom I have never known, was pleased to send me a letter couched in the following terms:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have followed with interest, in the public sheets, the bitter struggle which has been made against you by intrigue. I appreciate the calmness and serenity that you oppose to the outrages that have been offered to you. I will pray God that He will give you the strength to walk worthily to the end."

This good prayer has been heard. Boldly, and with the conscience of duty accomplished, I come to claim the place which belongs to me in the esteem of all the honest and enlightened minds of a country that the bonds of living sympathy unite to Russia.

You are, sir, the President of the Supreme Court, in the ranks of American loyalty and intelligence. As a man of honor, and as a magistrate, you will permit me to place this *exposé* under your benevolent auspices. Accept the homage of my profound respect.

CATACAZY.

The Minister supported the foregoing letter with the following documents in defense:

CATACAZY TO GORTCHACOW.

WASHINGTON, *March 21, 1870.*

PRINCE:—On visiting the Department of State a few days ago, I was surprised to hear from Mr. Hamilton Fish that certain documents that compromised me very much had been sent to the President.

I requested him to tell me the nature of these documents, on which he took out of his pocket a number of papers, and read them to me privately, not officially. The first of these papers was a letter from J. B. Stewart, the counsel of the widow of Mr. Perkins, addressed to Mr. Dent, brother-in-law of the President. In it he said that, having obtained possession, by certain means, of a dispatch from the new Minister of Foreign Affairs in Russia to M. Catacazy, and also the answer, he requested Mr. Dent to submit the document to the President, in order that His Excellency might judge for himself on the conduct of the Minister of Russia, and the urgent necessity of his immediate recall.

The second paper had this title: "Translation from the original of a dispatch from General Ignatief to M. Catacazy."

It ran something in this manner: "On my joining the council of ministers, I find by your reports to my predecessor that you have had the assurance not to pay the widow of Mr. Perkins the money sent to you for her; that, in place of that, you have taken measures in order to oppose this just claim with legal cunning and trickery. I have reported your conduct to the Emperor. His Majesty is indignant; and desires me to tell you that you will be immediately expelled from the service if you persist in this case.

You should not forget that it was solely for Prince Gortchacow's sake you were sent to America. You are presuming too much on his kindness."

The third paper, which was addressed by me to General Ignatief, St. Petersburg, replied to the above in the following terms:

"I am profoundly grieved at having incurred the displeasure of our Czar (*sic*) for trying to save His Majesty a large sum of money. Having gained over Mr. Hamilton Fish by some bribes to his son-in-law, the lawyer Webster, I was confident of success. What is the use of generosity or honesty in a country where thieves have the upper hand? Why, General Grant himself sells justice, and does a brisk trade in public offices. The Secretary of State, Fish, wealthy though he be, robs with both hands. Being convinced that I could save \$800,000 by the judicious placing of less than a twentieth of that sum in private, I ventured, despite the very strict orders of your Excellency, to ask permission to continue to act according to the secret instructions of your illustrious predecessor."

At the bottom of each document was written: "L. Tassistro, sworn interpreter, certifies that the translation made by him from the French is exact and correct."

Having read these documents, one after the other, without making the slightest comment, I placed them on the table, and said to Mr. Fish that (fearing lest I might not be able to master my indignation and disgust,) I wished to defer until a future time what I had to say on this subject.

The Secretary of State proposed that I should call on him at his house the following evening, where we could talk the matter over quietly. I did so, and expressed to Mr. Fish my gratitude for the confidence he reposed in me.

"There is no necessity," I added, "to denounce the falsehoods in these documents. It would be impossible to concoct grosser lies. General Ignatief not having been for an hour Minister of Foreign Affairs, no communications have passed between us. It appears from the dates attached that they were forged about the time that the cable astonished the American public by the announcement of the pretended resignation of Prince Gortchacow. It is fortunate that you have let me know about these things in a confidential manner. As Minister of the Emperor, my duty would be to suspend immediately all relations with the Secretary of State of the United States, and report to my gov-

ernment that some malicious persons have sent documents reflecting most injuriously on the Imperial Legation to the President; and that His Excellency has not thought proper to punish such a flagrant violation of diplomatic rights. Officially I ignore, and will as long as I can, this miserable occurrence. Besides," I added, "not only as an attack upon a foreign Minister, but it is a direct insult to the President himself to dare present him with a mess of lies and ugly insinuations against you, his Secretary of State."

Mr. Fish replied that the law could only reach falsehood-mongers when they attempt to extort money, and that such was not the case in this instance. He could not, therefore, sue Stewart except for slander, and all he would gain would be to recover pecuniary damages.

I saw at once the truth of his remarks; and, without insisting upon legal measures, I expressed a hope to Mr. Fish that, after this experience, he would no longer defend a cause of which the parties were such rascals. I have the honor to be, with profound respect,

C. CATACAZY.

M. CATACAZY TO MR. FISH.

WASHINGTON, *April 11, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. FISH:—I have the honor of sending you an account of an interview, word for word, which took place yesterday between Signor L. Tassistro and M. Waldemar Bodisco, First Secretary of the Imperial Legation, with Messrs. Hugh Carpenter and F. Turk, two honorable American citizens, as witnesses:

Questioned by M. Bodisco about the infamous calumny he was the means of spreading, Signor Tassistro positively denied having had any share in the matter, and declared that neither directly nor indirectly had M. W. Bodisco given him the pretended documents, nor furnished the slightest information about them.

Mr. J. B. Stewart, questioned on the same subject, made the same declaration, and his statement was taken down in writing.

In view of this double falsehood, and of the extreme importance of the fact, I would request of you to make Messrs. Tassistro and Stewart tell immediately where they got those infamous papers, in which a foreign representative is so wickedly slandered, so as to insure the success of the Perkins' swindle. I ask you this as a personal favor, my dear Mr. Fish.

As Minister to the Emperor I still ignore the existence of this

outrageous affair; for the dignity of the character with which I am invested imposes upon me such weighty obligations that I would rather avoid them in this instance, in order to preserve the good feeling existing between both countries. C. CATACAZY.

WASHINGTON, *May 9, 1870.*

MR. HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State —

Mr. J. B. Stewart, lawyer of the widow Perkins, has printed and distributed copies of the letter inclosed addressed to you. It appears that this individual pretends that he had the presumption to send to His Excellency, the President of the United States, two documents which, he says himself, he stole from the Imperial Legation.

I can not allow myself to believe that such a flagrant insult to the sacred rights of an Ambassador, which all nations respect, can be given without the President of the Federal Union delivering up the guilty parties to the punishment of the law.

It is not to refute a charge so groundless, nor to protest against the impunity with which such criminals can carry out their nefarious schemes, that I have the honor to address you, Mr. Secretary of State.

I am pleased to think, also, that it is entirely unnecessary for me to show the false character of the document that Mr. Stewart and his partner, Tassistro, had the impudence to attribute to me, and which from beginning to end is but a tissue of lies and absurdities.

The tenor of this note shows that it is a falsehood worse than criminal. A statesman of your ability and experience, Monsieur, must know at once that the representative of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias could not express himself in such terms as are attributed to me in speaking of the American nation and her high representatives.

It is evident, too, that I could not so mention the "illustrious predecessor" of a Minister who has been at the head of the Imperial Cabinet for fourteen years without interruption.

The malicious insinuation that these liars attribute to me in regard to the relations which you wished to establish between me and your son-in-law, Mr. Webster, also shows the extent of their wickedness.

If I solicit your interference, Mr. Secretary of State, it is because I have heard that J. B. Stewart and L. Tassistro have circu-

lated this document among the members of Congress, and that in view of the friendly relations existing between our two countries it is necessary to refute such slanders; but they might influence the minds of the representatives of the American people against the imperial government.

The fact, too, of the forged dispatches by the lawyers of the widow Perkins fully justifies what I had the honor to say to you in my note of March 31, by reason of the absolute impossibility of my ever holding any communication with persons of such type.

In requesting you to return the printed document inclosed, I would also ask, Mr. Secretary of State, for the other papers which J. B. Stewart mentions in his letter.

It is necessary to refute this falsehood; and I feel compelled to submit both documents to the Imperial Cabinet, and ask what course I shall pursue in case J. B. Stewart and his partners continue their insults with impunity. CATACAZY.

MR. FISH TO M. CATACAZY.

NEW YORK, *April* 30, 1870.

MY DEAR M. CATACAZY:—I inclose a map representing some lots of mine on Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, between Second and Third avenues, in the neighborhood you mentioned, and near the block where my house is.

The lots A, B, C, on Fifteenth Street, are mine. The adjoining lot, W, was sold by me a year or two since, but has not been built upon, and I have no doubt but that the owner would be glad to sell; at least, he expressed himself so to parties who spoke to me about buying the property. The four lots together are 100 feet front by 103½ feet deep. I do not think you can find more desirable property for the price. The lots D, E, F, and G, on Fourteenth Street, belong to me also. If any of them suit, I shall only be too happy to arrange with you before you leave for New York City. Yours truly, HAMILTON FISH.

MR. C. M. CLAY TO M. CATACAZY.

NEW YORK, *March* 1, 1870.

M. CATACAZY:—I read in the *National Republican* an article entitled "Our Relations with Russia," in which the Perkins' case is dragged forward. My name being connected with this affair, silence on my part might be construed into an agreement with the opinions of the writer of the article; and I do not think that it is

indiscreet on my part to say that I examined the Perkins' case carefully, it having been brought before me officially while I was Minister of the United States at St. Petersburg.

While admitting that all the parties in this case might be entitled to the consideration of the Emperor of Russia, yet it is my opinion that there was not the slightest grounds for an action against the Imperial Government in behalf of Captain Perkins.

I do not hesitate to say that the manner in which this affair was managed for eight years by Ex-Secretary Seward and his representatives was any thing but creditable to American honor. I gave my own opinions in my official dispatches. Every citizen should guard the honor of the Republic, as well as do justice to all; and for that reason I do not wish to hide my opinions.

I am satisfied that if the President and the people of the United States knew the facts of the case they would dismiss it at once, and spare the nation the stigma of insult and injustice toward the Emperor of Russia — the sovereign who alone stood by us in our national conflict, when others wanted to remove a rival and exterminate a people.

As for what is due to Russia on the sum voted for the cession of Alaska, all honest men can have but one opinion. Nations, like individuals, should fulfill their obligations. The idea of making the strict observance of a treaty subordinate to the vague interpretations of an affair like that of Perkins, can not meet the approval of the American people.

I authorize you to use this letter as far as it may serve to vindicate justice and guard national honor. I trust that the friendship between America and Russia will be eternal. C. M. CLAY.

M. CATACAZY'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON, *March 8, 1870.*

MY DEAR MR. CLAY: — I am very much obliged for your letter of the 1st inst., in which you speak frankly about the Perkins' case.

Your testimony is important, inasmuch as, being an old representative of the United States at St. Petersburg, you had official charge of the affair, and, consequently, you must know what it amounts to.

You know with what scrupulous care and impartiality the Imperial Government made this investigation, with the firm intention of paying to the last cent the claim, should it be found a just one.

When the investigating committee reported that there was not the slightest legal grounds for the claims made by the parties inter-

ested in this false demand of the widow Perkins, you were informed that the Imperial Cabinet was determined to decline, courteously, but firmly, the question of arbitration in the matter. Perhaps you do not know the reason of this determination.

As for the amount, believe me, Russia would cheerfully pay it, if it was according to justice. With American citizens in particular she is disposed to act quite liberally. But it is not a question of money, but of principle. We could not bear a burden imposed and charges constantly dinned into our ears, based upon the assertions of interested parties. If we yielded once, we would be flooded with similar demands from all parts of the United States.

Only a few days ago I received a letter from a person pretending that my government owed him for ten thousand artificial limbs, because a Russian physician, traveling in the United States, examined them, and told him that in time of war he could sell them in Europe. Another, a widow—one likes to put the widows forward on occasions like these—demanded \$300,000 for a torpedo invented by her deceased husband, a design of which had been shown to an officer of the imperial marine.

It is unreasonable to suppose that a government like that of Russia can consent to submit demands of this kind to arbitration. I must add, also, that if, on one side, there are individuals who will lend themselves to such swindles, there are, on the other hand, many distinguished and honorable people who repudiate entirely such things, and entertain a very different opinion about them.

And in regard to your letter, so kind and characteristic, I have also received one from a Massachusetts gentleman, who voluntarily comes forward to prove that the claim, now grown up to \$800,000, was placed in his hands by Perkins himself to be sold for \$100,000, and even less; that Perkins was addicted to intemperance, and that he boasted at times of having written letters as “snares for Russian agents.”

These facts and others of like nature are all in my possession. Unfortunately, these circumstances are not known; and in private circles this question is understood and judged according to the *ex parte* statements of the concoctors of this audacious conspiracy.

As you justly observed, Russia has ever been the sincere and fast friend of America. Her sympathies have been shown in small as well as great things; by deeds and not by words alone.

But, my dear sir, between nations, as well as with individuals, friendship should be founded on discretion. My government ab-

stains carefully from joining in the general clamor against the United States, although it had demands on the part of Russian subjects of better foundation than that of this Perkins. We deserve a like return, and I trust we shall gain it.

Regarding the interest on the price of the cession of Alaska, which you referred to, the only answer I can make is that the press is in error in saying that I made a demand for the money. I made no demand; I only called the attention of your Secretary of State to that clause in our accounts, expressing my conviction that a simple suggestion would be sufficient for such a high-minded government as that of the United States to obtain the payment of a just claim.

I must, in conclusion, say that I can not coincide in your views regarding Mr. Seward's management of this affair. A statesman of his reputation, who conducted for so many years such an important office as that of Secretary of State, might have been deceived for once about a claim; but I doubt not that his intentions were good, and I must express my respects for so distinguished a statesman.

CATACAZY.

MR. FISH TO M. CATACAZY.

WASHINGTON, *December 2, 1870.*

M. CATACAZY—

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your private and personal letter of the 1st inst., on the subject of certain newspaper articles, and I am satisfied to find an emphatic denial of any connivance on your part in such articles—connivance which would be calculated to lead to disagreeable consequences.

I am happy, in accordance with your request, to be able to submit your letter to the President, who will not be less pleased than I am at the assurances contained therein.

HAMILTON FISH.

M. CATACAZY TO MR. FISH.

WASHINGTON, *June 13, 1871.*

MR. HAMILTON FISH—

Permit me to accompany my official communication to-day with some personal explanations.

The last official letter which you thought fit to write to me is not, indeed, encouraging to me. You have expressed doubts, sir, thinly disguised, of the veracity of my assertions, in saying that you can not assume the responsibility of their correctness.

I must perhaps conclude that interested parties have succeeded entirely in turning you against me; and, if I consulted only my

just feelings, I would renounce all hope of finding in you justice and friendship for me.

But an individual should, under certain circumstances, sacrifice his self-respect for his official duty. I am the Minister of the Emperor, sir, and out of respect for that position I should exhaust all means of conciliation before the friendly relations existing between our countries should be compromised.

You are too fair and too intelligent, sir, not to remember, despite the feelings with which they have inspired you against me, that the recent publication of the dispatches, forged by the Perkins' lawyers; the suit commenced against Baron Osten Sacken by their associates, the accomplices and receivers of the robbery of the Bank of Warsaw, and the many injurious things said about me in the daily journals, show a plan of combined action for the double purpose of driving me from this country, and bringing around a coolness between both governments.

If my departure was sufficient, I assure you I would cheerfully resign; but it is my duty to prevent the fulfillment of their second purpose.

It rests with you, sir, to stop those rumors and to defeat this intrigue, in granting the request contained in my official note. You can not believe that these dispatches are true which have been attributed to me; therefore it is not fair to give credence to the slanders contained in them.

I can not take any action myself unless in violation of diplomatic rules; and I think it shall be a matter of great regret to allow such things to prevail to the point of putting the Imperial Cabinet to the necessity of stating, by the publication of the papers, that persistent refusals have been given to the just claims of the representative of the Emperor.

As far as I am personally concerned, allow me, sir, to refer, for the last time, in a few words, to the charges brought against me which you have thought fit to entertain.

I am accused of having inspired an article signed "Don Piatt," containing attacks against the administration, and published in a Cincinnati journal.

I have told you, and I tell you again on my honor, that never in my life have I had any relation, direct or indirect, with this "Don Piatt," and that I knew nothing whatever about the article until you showed it to me.

You told me, sir, that you were assured of the fact by a mem-

ber of the diplomatic corps. I begged of you to place this slanderer face to face with me, or even to name him. You refused, saying that you could not betray confidence.

You were also told that I expressed myself in very hostile terms against the Washington Treaty and its negotiations. To such vague charges or child's talk I oppose positive facts—the congratulations addressed by me to Lord Grey in General Schenck's presence; the compliments addressed to Mr. Bancroft Davis, the day after the signature of the treaty, and, lastly, my letter to Mr. Cyrus Field. I will merely allude to the ridiculous charge of having written malicious articles in journals and anonymous threats to injure the Perkins' lawyers, in your opinion.

In fine, this is all that can be brought against me; and, if there is any value in my proofs of good will, consideration, and friendship that I have forced myself to give since I came to the United States, I do not think charges of such slight foundation should be maintained for an instant.

I venture to hope, sir, that, putting all obstacles aside, you will give the preceding remarks fair consideration. I also would desire, through you, to gain the good opinion of His Excellency the President himself.

I can not believe that certain unscrupulous blackmailers can succeed in creating a coolness between two governments that have interchanged so many proofs of esteem and friendship.

I would also venture to hope, sir, that you will appreciate the frankness of my language, and that you will consent to the reëstablishment of the friendly personal relations which existed between us.

CATACAZY.

MR. FISH TO M. CATACAZY.

WASHINGTON, *June* 14, 1871.

M. CATACAZY—

SIR:—I had the honor to receive your letter of June 11, 1871. You refer to a letter of the date of May 9-21, 1870, that you did me the honor to write to me, and annex a copy of this letter, stating that there had been no answer to it.

It can not have escaped your memory that on June 2, 1870, you called upon me to inform me of your intention of spending the summer season in New York or its suburbs, and during this interview you propounded the question whether I had any intention of answering your letter of May 9-21.

You were told then that it was not considered judicious nor

necessary to prolong the correspondence in question. I remained under the impression that you adhered to the motives assigned, and that you were perfectly satisfied.

It is due to the representative of His Imperial Majesty that I refer to this interview in order to dispel the possibility of suspicion of a want of respect for you personally, or as representative of His Imperial Majesty, by the absence of a written answer to the letter in question.

I find in the notes made at the time, that at the same interview you requested me to return you the printed copy which accompanied your note of May 9-21. I thought, up to the time I received your last note, that this copy had been returned; and I regret to learn that through some negligence, which must necessarily occur at times in an administration of vast correspondence, that such was not the case. I inclose the printed copy in question.

I believe I am justified in saying that the article published in the New York *Evening Post* of the 10th, of which a copy was annexed to your note of the 11th, is fully as offensive to me as it can be to you. It brings forward a letter which you addressed to me on March 13, 1870, to falsify and criticise expressions attributed to you in pretended extracts published in the *Post*.

There is no need in recalling to your mind that, as soon as the pretended correspondence between you and your government came to my knowledge, I made you acquainted with it, March, 1870; and after I heard your denial of its authenticity I gave you my assurance more than once that neither the President nor myself entertained the least idea that such a correspondence ever passed between you and your government.

You have always attributed the origin and the publication of these pretended dispatches, as well as several other publications, to the agents of the Perkins' Claim; but you never brought forward any proof for this charge beyond your own suspicions and conclusions.

Even admitting, which I never supposed, that these letters had really been exchanged between you and your government, it has never been clear to me that these printed copies emanated from those persons you mention.

I can not but acknowledge that these persons displayed considerable intelligence and energy in the defense of their cause. It is so plainly to their interest not to quarrel or to create additional

trouble with the representative of Russia that no one would ever suppose they would provoke such a controversy.

I can not accept, consequently, the suggestion so frequently made by you—that the various articles about you in the newspapers emanated from this source. These publications remain an inexplicable mystery, quite in keeping with your pretended correspondence.

No one knows better than you the liberty exercised by a portion of the press of this country in speaking of individuals occupying official positions, as well as the means resorted to by those who contribute sensational personal articles to the press, and which appear too frequently, as you know. Many of them contain injurious articles against the President of the United States, and they have a point of some of my conversations with you. I take the opportunity of renewing the assurance of my distinguished consideration.

HAMILTON FISH.

M. CATACAZY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, *June 15, 1871.*

MR. HAMILTON FISH—

SIR:—I had the honor to receive your note of June 14th. I beg you will receive my thanks for the explanation you have given, also for the printed copy of my letter of March 13, 1870.

I remember, indeed, at an interview of June 2, 1870, your assurance that you had no doubt as to the apocryphal character of the forged dispatches presented by the lawyer, J. B. Stewart; and I agreed with you that it would be better not to prolong the official correspondence on so scandalous a subject.

But permit me, Mr. Secretary of State, to recall to your recollection that at the same interview I requested you to institute immediately an examination to discover the authors of this audacious forgery; and that I showed by the copies in my hand that the lawyer, J. B. Stewart, and his partner, L. Tassistro, had made false assertions in affirming to you, as you told me, that these pretended dispatches had been obtained through an employé of the Imperial Legation.

You seem to have arrived at the conviction that the lawyer, J. B. Stewart, is innocent of these intrigues. With all due deference to your opinion, I can prove to you that my suggestions and deductions are amply grounded. The document annexed to my note of May 9-21, 1870, which you have had the kindness to

return to me, is signed "J. B. Stewart." It appears to me that this lawyer himself acknowledges to have sent the forged dispatches in question to His Excellency the President on March 1 or 2, 1870; that he asserts to have received them from a Signor Tassistro, and that, in spite of my denials, he sustains the authenticity of these papers

In a letter which the lawyer, J. B. Stewart, has addressed to me, dated Washington, November 20, 1869, and of which I can produce the original, he expresses himself in the following terms with regard to Signor Tassistro:

"I shall also take the liberty to inform you that the bearer of this letter is my associate in this case, and that he is authorized to make all engagements on my behalf."

Besides this declaration which establishes the copartnership existing between these two individuals, there is the principal and uncontested part of the transmission of the forged dispatches by J. B. Stewart to His Excellency the President. As to the participation of this lawyer in the publication of these papers, and in the attacks directed against me by the press, it seems to me to have been proven with no less evidence.

I can only attribute, Mr. Secretary, the transparent allusions by which your note of June 14th terminates to the equitable intention to enable me to contradict in an official manner the calumnious imputations made against me. I am confirmed in this supposition by the assurances which you have given me, Mr. Secretary, concerning your disposition not to fail in the respect due to the representative of His Majesty the Emperor, my august master, and towards me personally. I shall, therefore, take advantage of the opportunity you offer me to repel such imputations. I shall only beg leave not to place myself on the ground of innuendoes, but on that of frank cordiality, from which I am instructed by the Emperor, my august master, not to depart in my relations with the Federal Government. You told me, Mr. Secretary, during the interview of May 25, to which you refer, "that you are absolved from rendering what is due to me," informing me at the same time that it is stated to you from different sides that I had written or inspired press articles containing violent attacks against the administration and against the President himself. When I inquired of you who dared utter such calumnies, you told me that the fact had been reported to you by a person worthy of belief, and living in the same social sphere as I do. To my request to

be confronted with this person, or at least to name him, you replied that you could not betray confidence. I opposed to these imputations the most complete denial. I expressed my profound respect for His Excellency the President, and my esteem for the members of his administration. I repelled with indignation the supposition that the representative of His Majesty the Emperor could so fail in his duty as to attack the Supreme Chief of the government to which he has the honor of being accredited. I repeat these assurances, Mr. Secretary, in the most formal manner; and I beg of you to communicate them to His Excellency the President. Accept the assurance, etc. CATACAZY.

M. CATACAZY TO HON. Z. CHANDLER.

WASHINGTON, *January 1, 1872.*

HON. Z. CHANDLER—

DEAR SIR:—I have expressed to you the desire to have an interview with Mr. G. W. Adams for the purpose of learning how and by whom he could have been so completely led into error as to make the incorrect statements to the Secretary of State in his letter of October 28, 1871. I also request you to inform me for what reason Mr. Adams has declined an interview, and to declare to him that I challenge him, in the first place, to produce the manuscript of the article of which he makes mention in his letter to Mr. Fish, and which he affirms bears corrections in my handwriting. In the second place, to explain how and by whom the article above mentioned had been handed to him at the Russian Legation, by order of M. Catacazy, as he has affirmed. You may add that I am ready to deposit with my banker a sum of \$3,000, to be distributed among the poor in Washington, whenever the *World* article in question, which it is pretended bears signs of correction emanating from me, will be produced, and recognized by competent and impartial judges. I remain, etc.

CATACAZY.

MR. PIATT TO M. CATACAZY.

WASHINGTON, *October 12, 1871.*

MR. DE CATACAZY:—I have the honor to reply to your following four questions:

1. Have I had the honor of seeing you until this day, or have I had any relations with you?

2. Have I furnished you, directly or indirectly, any article on any subject?

3. Have I directly, or indirectly, taken part in the editing of the article of the Cincinnati *Commercial* regarding the Treaty of Washington?

4. Do you see me to-day for the first time?

I reply "No" to all your questions. Though it may seem strange, I have the honor of telling you that it is for the first time I see you to-day. In the hope that this reply will be satisfactory, I have the honor, etc.,

D. PIATT.

J. GORDON BENNETT TO M. CATACAZY.

NEW YORK, *January 11, 1872.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter, dated Boston, December 13, 1870. On account of my absence from New York I have not been able to reply to it until now. You say it has been published in different journals, and that it has even been officially stated that you have sent me articles attacking the Federal Government and its high functionaries, and that you are therefore under the obligation of asking me to reply to the following questions:

1. "Since I have had the pleasure to make your acquaintance as Commodore of the Yacht Club, and as a distinguished member of New York society, have I ever uttered a word in your presence against the President of the United States?"

Our conversations never having had reference to politics, I am unable to remember that you have ever expressed yourself in a manner unfavorable to the President or any other functionary.

2. "In chatting with you about the Perkins' affair did I not say to you that I firmly believed that the Secretary of State had been led into error; and that, in spite of his violent attacks upon me, I considered him as a perfect gentleman—an opinion that I naïvely entertained at that time?"

I remember that, on one occasion, the Perkins' Claim was incidentally mentioned; but I am not able to remember to-day in what sense you expressed yourself in reference to the Secretary of State.

3. "Have I ever tried by corruption to influence your opinion with regard to political questions, as has been calumniously stated?"

As I have already said, our conversations never had a political character; they principally had reference to the reception of His Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis, by the Yacht Club.

Consequently, you have never had the opportunity to seek to

influence me; and, as to the accusations of corruption, I consider them so absurd that they do not seem to me to deserve refutation. Yours, etc.,

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, JR.

ANNEX N.

LETTER FROM HORACE GREELEY TO M. CATAAZY.

NEW YORK, *January 15, 1872.*

M. CATAAZY—

DEAR SIR:—I have received your letter concerning actions with the press that have been imputed to you, and I reply to them as follows:

1. As far as my recollection and information serve me, not a line, written or dictated by you, has appeared in the columns of the *Tribune*, except official documents bearing your signature.

2. On two, or, perhaps, on three occasions, you have furnished me contributions of which I have made use in the editing of articles for the *Tribune*. It need not be said that no criticism against my Government has been published by me upon suggestions from you.

3. One time only you have communicated with me in writing about the Perkins' Claim in a fashion that might be interpreted as having reference to my Government, especially in presence of the notorious support accorded by this Government to the said claim.

4. I have never heard it said, and I am unable to believe that you have sought to profit by the *Tribune*, by means of its correspondents at Washington or other cities.

I believe I have replied very explicitly to all your questions. I have the honor, etc.,

H. GREELEY.

ANNEX O.

LETTER FROM MR. DANA TO M. CATAAZY.

NEW YORK, *January 17, 1872.*

M. CATAAZY—

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of this date, putting certain questions. To make the matter simpler, I will copy these questions and append to them my answers. The first question is as follows:

1. "Have I ever seen you; or have I had direct, or indirect, relations, whether with you personally, or with your correspondents or reporters?"

To this I reply: I have never seen you, and do not even know you by sight. I have never had any relations with you, directly or

indirectly. I have no reason to suppose that a correspondent, or even a reporter, of this journal has had relations with you. Further, I have no reason to believe that any article published in the *Sun* has emanated from you, or has been inspired by you.

Your second question is as follows:

2. "Have I ever tried to influence you on a political or personal question?"

To which I answer: Never.

Your third question is as follows:

3. "One of your reporters having questioned me on the staircase of the Clarendon Hotel, and insisting upon obtaining information, under the pretext that the *Sun* had always taken my defense, have I not replied to him that I do not desire to give any explanation, and that I could form but one wish and that was that the *Sun* should abstain from all commentary upon my relations with the Department of State?"

I reply to this that I have substantially received from one of my reporters, the day after his meeting with you, a relation agreeable to the fact as stated by you in your question.

It is true, sir, that I have sometimes defended you when I have believed you to be unjustly attacked; but I have also criticised your conduct as a public functionary when I believed it blamable. On all occasions I have acted according to the needs of the public, and not according to those of any individual interest. I have the honor, etc:

CHARLES A. DANA.

ANNEX P.

PRIVATE LETTER FROM M. CATACAZY TO MR. HAMILTON FISH.

STATEN ISLAND, *July 24, 1871.*

MR. HAMILTON FISH—

SIR:—I determine to show once more that I know how to make a sacrifice of my personal sentiments for the sake of the interests which have been confided to me.

I like to believe that the same principle will guide you, in spite of all the prejudices that one has succeeded in inspiring you with against me. It is in this hope that, before replying officially to the note that you have felt it your duty to address to me the 31st of July, I now ask you to accord me an interview.

In this note, sir, you give to the Minister of Russia the lie conceived in the coarsest terms—"it is not true;" and you accuse him, by insinuation, of having maliciously abused his diplomatic

immunities in order to make false accusations with impunity, and being animated by sentiments of personal interest.

I permit myself to appeal one more, sir, to your impartial equity. Is it in the interest and for the dignity of our respective governments to exchange correspondences of this nature because a divergence of opinion has been produced on a private claim? Are there not, in short, many other means of obtaining the displacement of a diplomatic individuality against which one has conceived insurmountable repugnances than to address him a note so offensive?

For my part, sir, since I have the honor to be Minister of the Emperor, I will go to the end in the painful accomplishment of my duty; and as I am persuaded that a loyal explanation may place a term to a situation too strained not to end in a scandal, I now pray you to accord me an interview, in such place and on such a day as may be convenient to you.

I have the honor to be, with a high consideration, your very humble servant,

C. CATACAZY.

Correspondence of the New York Sun.

Perkins' Claim against Russia—Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker after a Share—The Dirtiest Diplomacy on Record—Effort to oust the Russian Minister.

WASHINGTON, August 12, 1871.—We have had going on here for some time a charmingly illustrative instance of dishonest greed, mean deceit, and dirty diplomacy, in which Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker, figures as the head-center in a way so common that it has ceased to create surprise. If Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker, has a friend in Washington, I do not know of him. His most familiar associates, who frequent his house and drink his wines, shrug their shoulders or nod their heads significantly at the mention of his ill-flavored name.

It seems that there has been a long-pending and unsatisfied claim of one Perkins, an American citizen, against the Russian Government. This claim the present Minister, Catacazy, representing his Government, has contested with great vigor. It is asserted and generally believed that Perkins' attorneys have driven a bargain with Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker, to give him a large slice of the Perkins' Claim if he, the Bribe-Taker, would procure a legal recognition of it from the Russian Government.

Here is the motive for the Assistant Secretary's action, and this is the way he went about it. Approaching Mr. Bodisco, son of the

former Minister, and connected with the legation, he proposed to bring the weight of our Government to bear upon that of Russia, and get Catacazy displaced by Bodisco, if he, Bodisco, would allow the claim of Perkins. To this the ambitious diplomatic neophyte consented, and Davis set about as dirty an intrigue as ever disgraced our national capital. He got the Administration, which means, of course, Ulysses S. Grant, to instruct our Minister at St. Petersburg, to press the recall of M. Catacazy, upon the ground that the Russian diplomatic agent here had made himself offensive by his intermeddling with our affairs, and because Madame Catacazy's career had been of such a character that the families of our officials were embarrassed by her presence.*

Upon all this Bancroft Davis, the Bribe-Taker, seized; and Curtin, at St. Petersburg, pressed it in a formal manner upon the Imperial Government. The fact came to the ears of Mr. Catacazy, and he went to work. He is a shrewd, active, experienced diplomat, and proved too much for our sickly Mazarin, Davis, the Bribe-Taker. The war grew hot and furious. The press was called in to the aid of the conspirators. All sorts of lies were put in circulation, and for a while it looked as if Catacazy were to be recalled and disgraced. Davis, the Bribe-Taker, at first cared nothing about the disgrace. He only wished to get the Minister out of the way; but the wily diplomat had such a way of sneering at our American poor devil that it nearly drove him mad. And, so excited, he made it a point to get Catacazy recalled before the Grand Duke Alexis should arrive. To this end he moved all his machinery; and to no purpose. The Russian Government not only refused to recall the old gentleman, but in a marked manner expressed its confidence in him. He remains full minister. One of the conspirators, Mr. Bodisco, has been rebuked by a transfer to the consular service; and the Bribe-Taker's slice of the Perkins' Claim gets smaller by degrees and beautifully less.

And now comes the Grand Duke Alexis, and through him Madame Catacazy's triumph. He will occupy their house. There he will receive and entertain such guests as Madame Catacazy may designate. They who have turned up their chaste noses at the fair divorcée, and lost no opportunity to insult and trample upon her, will now be ready to break their worthless necks in a struggle for her smiling recognition. The pavement will be covered with visiting instead of playing cards; and the fashionable world about

* Madame Catacazy stood high in Russian society. — C., 1885.

Washington will be as mean and truckling as it was lately cruel and arrogant.

TIMON.

After this ring fought me at Washington, in conjunction with the Bayard Taylor clique, and I was triumphantly returned to Russia, Seward, Stewart, Weed, and their organs, the *Times*, *National Intelligencer*, etc., opposing me, they allowed the Perkins' swindle to rest. But, about 1867, they got Congress, or, rather, the House, to indorse the claim, and sent it on to me, with a more elaborately written paper in its support; and Seward ordered me to press the claim. He had this time, no doubt, prepared it for Gortchacow's eye.

In the meantime the claim had grown from thousands to hundreds of thousands, much to my astonishment, and I was in less humor now for its presentment than before; but, as I was now left without remedy, or such recalcitration as might cause Lincoln to recall me, I took the document and handed it to Gortchacow.

He read the whole long argument with great patience. I observed him closely. After awhile the veins upon his forehead began to swell; and, as he finished, he rose up, his eyes flashing with that peculiar glance which belongs exclusively to the Slavic race, and making several quick steps toward me, said: "I will go to war before I will pay a single copeck!" He handed the documents back, and said no more; nor was more necessary.*

* LETTER OF W. H. SEWARD.

(Private.)

WASHINGTON, August 8, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. CLAY:—A necessity for an occasional respite from the labors of the Department for the recovery of my own health, and my efforts to bring back this blessing to my bereaved and sorely-stricken children, produces in return an inevitable accumulation of business essential to the restoration of peace, and many thoughts for the country. In this condition of things, I am obliged to ask my friends to accept intimations of my gratitude and sensibility, rather than full expressions of those sentiments, as they are

When Seward attempted to calumniate me afterward, in the Chautems' affair, Gortchacow showed his contempt for the Secretary of State, and his warm sympathy in my defense. And it is a gratification to me to this day that, whilst my own countrymen treated me so infamously, the representatives of the two nations, who alone were concerned in the matters alleged—Prince Gortchacow and Sir Andrew Buchanan, who knew all the parties and all the facts—were my warm and efficient defenders.

Just before Seward telegraphed me, through the cipher which he had given me, that I would "be allowed to resign," Joseph B. Stewart wrote to me to compromise on one half the amount, if I remember aright, and to urge the Perkins' Claim again; and he intimated that there were movements against me in Washington, and that I would be recalled if I did not. This letter was sent to the State Department.

Now, I never knew, nor do I know to this day, why Johnson allowed Seward to attempt to recall me. In the cipher he gave no reason. But, owing to Johnson's defection from the Republican Party, Congress had passed a law requiring that no officer who had to be confirmed by the Senate should be dismissed without its consent. So I wrote an indignant answer to Seward, saying I would meet him on more equal grounds hereafter, and I resigned my Ministry; not unconditionally, but to take effect on the arrival of my successor.

awakened by letters so full of generosity and affection, as those which you and all our representatives abroad have written to me. Be assured, my dear sir, that every line of those letters sinks deep into my heart, and will there remain forever.

Faithfully your friend, WM. H. SEWARD.
CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq., etc., St. Petersburg, Russia.

Notwithstanding Mr. Seward's "unflinching enmity" toward me, when he was struck down in the cause of my country, it was my cause also. Alas! for human frailty; when restored to health he forgot his better feelings and justice even, and wronged me more than ever.—C., 1885.

So here I was too much for the Albany man. If I had resigned unconditionally, as he no doubt hoped I would, it would have been necessary to send some one to succeed me; but, as the new-comer had to receive the indorsement of the Senate, they would very naturally ask why not retain Clay?

Before I left St. Petersburg, Mr. Smythe, the Ex-Collector of the Port of New York, and the Senator from Florida, J. W. Osborne, came to St. Petersburg, and dined with me. The Senator told me, in Mr. Smythe's presence, that the Senate held a caucus, and resolved that Seward should not replace me. Seward offered several men as my successor, and, failing in all, he nominated Mr. Smythe, who, as collector, had more patronage than any man in America; but the Senate stood by me, and Smythe, as he told me himself, was rejected. So, under Providence, all the arts of my shameless and cowardly enemy were defeated; and I held office three years after his telegram, and after he retired to the privacy of his home in New York.

After his trip around the world, which was intended as a Presidential "boom," I happened to be in New York when Seward returned. His friends got the aldermen of the city to invite him to a banquet, to which he assented; but, when they were advised that they had to pay the bills, not out of the city-treasury, but from their own pockets, they recalled their invitation to the banquet, and asked the Secretary to take his stand in the City-Hall, and shake hands with "the boys."

There was an old fox-hunter from Kentucky in New York, and I sent him around to see how Seward came out with his "boom." By that time he was "neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring." His Johnson straddle had left him without the confidence of either the Democrats or of the Republicans. He had no follower of force but Thurlow Weed, and a few beneficiaries, so far as I could learn.

"Well," said I, to my fox-hunter, "what did you see?"

"You know," said he, "I never did like Seward; but, upon my word, I was sorry for him. Such a whiskey-drinking, tobacco-chewing set of dead-beats and loafers were never before seen in one assembly. Seward was placed upon a sort of platform, where few even of that foul crowd cared to go up to shake his hand. Clay, I never saw any thing like it. Did you ever see a fox up a black-jack sapling, and the hounds baying him on all sides? Well, that was like Seward. He looked very much out of place; and very like the poor fox, who was set upon by devouring dogs. Oh, Clay! it was sad!"

Some wag got up, that night, a caricature representing the "City Hospitality." I think it must have been Thomas Nast. It represented the Falstaff-looking aldermen rising from a well-stored table in the back-ground, approaching the little fellow who had a hungry, care-worn look, and giving him a *single finger*. The legend was: "Welcome to New York!"

I sent these caricatures to all the places in St. Petersburg where the Chautems' pamphlet had, by his friends, the banditti, been distributed. Thus perished the political aspirations of my ablest, meanest, and most cowardly enemy, W. H. Seward.

After the attempt to assassinate the Emperor at the summer-garden, I wrote to Mr. Seward suggesting the propriety of sending an embassy to congratulate him upon his escape from his enemies. This I thought would be justly an evidence of our gratitude for his friendly support of the Union cause, and give evidence to the people of Russia that we were in sympathy with their great liberator. It will be remembered that the Emperor was saved by a serf who had come a great way to see his benefactor; and I have elsewhere shown how the great people appreciated him.

In pursuance of this suggestion, Congress passed resolutions of sympathy, and sent Captain G. V. Fox, late of

the United States Navy, and Ex-Assistant Secretary of the same, to bear these resolutions to the Czar. A monitor and two wooden ships brought the party.

I received due notice of his coming, and issued tickets of invitation to distinguished Russians, the diplomatic corps, and the Russian naval officers, to meet him at the legation, where I prepared a collation. I termed him Captain Fox. To this he took exception. He preferred the title of Assistant Secretary of the Navy. My object was to honor him; the mission was at my suggestion; I had no intention whatever to underrate him. So I had a new set of tickets struck with the preferred title. Again a question arose of *precedency*, Jeremiah Curtin, Secretary of Legation, Seward's tool, contending that Fox, being a special bearer of the dispatches of Congress, should hold the place of honor. All of this was absurd. He had but a special mission; and, after the delivery of his papers, whatever that rank gave him closed.

I mention these things to show how Seward had evidently intended, as far as possible, to embarrass me; and had, no doubt, inspired into Fox sentiments unfriendly to myself.

The Emperor soon settled this matter; for, when we dined together on his yacht, near Cronstadt, he of course gave me the usual post of honor.

John Van Buren, the son of the Ex-President, with whom I had dined in the times of Andrew Jackson's Presidency, was also in St. Petersburg, with an interesting daughter and niece. He was quite on good terms with me; and ridiculed Fox's assumed dignity and pretensions. However, as Fox and I got better acquainted, the first unpleasant impressions wore off; and we ultimately became quite good friends. The Americans were welcomed in Russia with great enthusiasm by all ranks, and received many distinguished expressions of regard. The officers were dined with the Emperor and imperial family; and balls and other *fêtes* given. A vessel was

launched on the Neva; and Miss Van Buren was awarded the honor of breaking the accustomed bottle of wine on that vessel. Entertainments were given at the Navy Department, at Cronstadt; and the party was sent, at the government expense, to Moscow and Nizhnee-Novgorod, and other places of interest.

The Governor-General of Moscow, Prince Vladimir Dolgorouki, gave a grand dinner. Here Curtin, my discontented secretary, allowed himself, no doubt by previous concert with a few vulgar fellows, to be thrown up during the dinner—a thing unheard of before in a grave company of gentlemen; though it was admissible when men were on a “spree,” or a “bender,” as we would say. This so much disgusted the Governor-General that, when the Americans were invited to witness the fire-works by night on the Moskwa River, Curtin was omitted; and, when the officers were invited to the Governor-General’s box at the theater, Curtin was again ignored.

The largest crowd I ever saw together any where, even greater than that at Rochester, in 1844, was gathered at night in a grove near Moscow, in which was made an immense platform for the Americans and distinguished Russians. The shouts, as the guests were ushered in through a lane made in the vast audience, were like the roar of a stormy sea. Many other stands and bands of music were provided in the groves. There had been so much said about precedence, that I only went to Moscow on the urgent invitation of the city and Mr. Fox; and from there I returned to St. Petersburg.

In St. Petersburg, Gortchacow gave an elegant dinner to the diplomatic corps, then in the city, and to Mr. Fox. I was given the post of honor on his right, and Mr. Fox on his left. After the wine was well-flowing, the Chancellor gave Mr. Fox an elegant box with splendid diamonds from the Emperor, which was handed around and admired by all the guests.

At Moscow, some excellent engravings of buildings,

etc., were given all the officers, and some sent to me, which, though contrary to the rule for ministers to receive presents at foreign courts, as they were articles of art, and the occasion unusual, I accepted. The whole affair, in a word, was every way a success; and both nations were placed upon the most pleasant footing.

On the whole, Fox acquitted himself successfully in this delicate affair; and, being a man of fine physique, and good, regular features, left a very favorable impression upon the men and women of Russia.

Poor Van Buren died at sea on his way home. His daughter, who had given me a photograph of her father, on her return asked me to give it back, as it was the only one she had of him in late years. Of course, I complied with her wishes. But, fortunately, I had two of him; and I am glad to have such a memento of one who had at several times in life shown me courtesies. He was well received in St. Petersburg, not only because he was the son of an Ex-President of the United States, which counts much in aristocratic countries, but because of his fine manners and ready wit, in which he much surpassed his father, who was quite grave and reserved at all times; for I met him, not only at Washington, but at Lexington, Kentucky, later in life.

Admiral David G. Farragut, with his wife, visited St. Petersburg later, and was received with like honors. I entertained him and his suite at a lunch; and was much pleased with the old hero, who was a fine person of large stature, with quite a military look and a large Roman nose. His wife was a very vivacious lady, younger than the admiral, and quite pleased with the honors which her husband every-where received. Coming by sea, he was thus enabled to reciprocate the courtesies received, by entertaining the Russians on his ship. He or Captain Fox had on board Lieutenant McKee, a Kentuckian, the son of my friend, Col. W. R. McKee, who fell gloriously at Buena Vista, at the head of his regiment. This true son of his

father was killed in the Corean invasion; being the first to mount the walls of a fort, and to spring into the midst of the enemy, where he met certain death.

When the attempt was made upon the life of the Emperor, Prince Suwarrow, the son of the General Suwarrow of the first Napoleon's time, was Governor-General of St. Petersburg. He was a man of great stature, and very amiable and popular. But it was thought that he was not up to the occasion; for the assassin escaped for the time being, although finally detected and executed. This was no doubt the beginning of the Nihilistic movement. But as little is said about these things in Russia, I was left to conjecture. Count Bergh, General, Field-Marshal, and Governor-General of Poland, was sent for, and I suppose put in charge of bringing the assassin to punishment. I was anxious to see again this eminent man, whose acquaintance I first made in 1861. I called upon him, and he returned my visit. He was entertained by a grand court ball, where thousands were suppered. There was a dais on which the imperial family sat; whilst tables through several apartments were laid for the guests. There was an immense flattened vase of China, which was covered with rare exotic flowers; and other great display was made. The Governor-General had the first place of honor on the occasion, supping with the Czar and the Empress. Such is the policy of Russia, which makes the military the highest rank, next to the sovereign himself and his immediate family. There are several princes and counts Mouravieff,* one of whom was once Governor-General of

* LETTER OF THE COUNT MOURAVIEFF, VICEROY OF POLAND, 1863.

MONSIEUR:—Une indisposition subite me prive du plaisir d'accepter votre amiable invitation pour demain. Je vous prie de croire à mes regrets sinceres, et d'agreer l'assurance d'un parfait estime, et de ma haute consideration. N. MOURAVIEFF-AMOUSKY.*

* This was the Governor-General who said, in giving a friend a letter of introduction to me, that I had more influence with the Emperor than any foreigner in the empire. — C., 1885.

Siberia, and another was distinguished in the Polish revolt.

The Governor-General Bergh, Viceroy of Poland, however, was a man of middle age, with marked, sharp features, intellectual and full of thought, a quick glance, and imposing manner. His office in Poland has subjected him to much odium in Europe. But it was no child's play; and men are not to be pelted down from Æsop's apple-tree with tufts of grass!

Suwarrow was blamed for not throwing a guard at once around the summer-garden, and taking prisoner every man in it. Such was the course which Bergh said, I am told, ought to have been taken. That afterward seemed obvious; but it takes a cool, shrewd man, at such a crisis, to meet the issues. Suwarrow was superseded in his command; but he held, I believe, the nominal leadership, whilst its powers were placed in the hands of General Theodore Trépoff, Bergh's friend, who had also been schooled in Poland. He was, after I left, killed by the Nihilists. But Suwarrow, though retained in the favor, and in the suite of the Emperor, seemed never to recover his spirits; and his daughter, who spoke English perfectly, said to me in a conversation something about her "poor pa," which was a revelation of how these events affected his happiness.

After these occurrences a dinner was given me by the corporate powers of Moscow. My Albany speech of 1863 had been translated, as I said, into the Russian language, and widely distributed over the empire. The World's Fair at London showed the Russians much farther advanced in manufactures than was generally supposed. In silver and gold-work, in jewelry, in iron and steel-work, and many other things, they were equal to, if not ahead of, other nations. In leather-making and manufactures of leather, especially, they were eminent.

A large class of manufacturers was aggregated about Moscow. Now, as England, notwithstanding Charles

Francis Adams's vaunted diplomacy, was our worst enemy in the world, I sought out how I might most injure her. I had all my life been a tariff man, under Henry Clay's lead; and during all my late Democratic schooling have not ventured into the deep waters of free trade. Russia, with her immense lands and resources, and great population, was a fine field for British manufactures; and she had made the most of it. I procured the works of H. C. Carey, of Philadelphia, and presented them to the foreign office, and to the Emperor himself. So that it began to be understood that I was the friend of home-industry—the "Russian system." I encouraged the introduction of American arms, sewing machines, and all that, as far as I could; the mining of petroleum, and its manufacture; and got the United States to form a treaty preventing the violation of trade-marks in the commerce of the two nations. So, when I was invited to Moscow, it was intimated that a tariff speech would be quite acceptable.

They got up a magnificent dinner; and, with the American and Russian flags over my head, I made a regular tariff speech. It was translated into Russian as I spoke, and received immense applause. It was also put in Russian newspapers, and in pamphlet form circulated in thousands all over the empire. This touched England in the tenderest spot; and, whilst Sir Andrew Buchanan and lady were too well bred to speak of it, one of the *attachés* was less discreet, and showed how much I threatened British trade. This dinner was photographed at the time, and several copies given me, one of which now hangs in my homestead. I found out that the arguments which I had made for long years in the South, in favor of free labor and manufactures, as co-factors, was well understood in Russia; and, since emancipation and education have taken a new projectile force, railroads and manufactures have the same propulsion, as is now exhibited in the "Solid South."

Moscow, the ancient capital of the czars, and where they are yet crowned, contains about 600,000 people,

being but little less in population than St. Petersburg, the present seat of government. It lies upon the Moskwa, or Moskva, River, in a fine, undulating, agricultural region, very similar to Central Kentucky, and I think on limestone rock. The city is one of the most picturesque in the world; even the exaggerated burning of 1812 not having changed the streets, which, like some of those of Boston, seemed to have followed the original cow-paths. The streets, so irregular, are yet more noted for their varied architecture, of different ages and different degrees of wealth, and ornamental structure; so unlike St. Petersburg, which, as the City of Mexico, is uniform in its streets and buildings. In addition to the public buildings of a secular kind, there are three hundred and seventy churches of elaborate ornamental style, with tin and copper and gold roofs, and of many colors. But the most interesting part is the Kremlin, where the palace is situated, and other ancient and modern structures.

The city of Moscow was formerly well fortified, with a wall all around; but, since the use of fire-arms, the wall being, as then constructed, no protection, it has been neglected. So there remains only the wall around the Kremlin, which covers a triangular space, resting on the Moskwa River, this wall being seven thousand two hundred and fifty feet in extent. These walls are now kept in their antique form, though of no use against modern artillery.

But the limits of these Memoirs admonishes me to be brief; and I conclude by saying that there is much to be seen and admired here, especially the magnificent palace. The famous cathedral bell is here; and through the broken place a man can enter it walking upright. The whole height of the bell is over seventeen feet. This is a fine agricultural region; and here are bred the famous Russian horses of the Orloff breed, the finest carriage-horses in the world.

W. L. Winans, the American millionaire, who owns a palace at Brighton, England, knowing I was a Kentuckian,

and much used to horses, which are there the finest racers in the world, invited me to go with him to Moscow. As it was a pleasant trip, and I could see something of the people and the country, I accepted his invitation, and saw much of the country-life of the middle classes, among whom we were received with great hospitality. These Orloffs are seen always in St. Petersburg; and a winter sleigh (belonging to me,) with the Emperor, driver and horse, painted from life by their best animal-artist, Swaitchoff, has in it a dapple gray, which, with the black, are the common colors.

They keep a stud-book, and the pedigree is ancient, and well guarded against adulteration. Winans bought five pairs of horses, paying as high as 3,000 rubles a pair. These he drove on the fashionable road from Brighton to London; and he told me they were the finest and swiftest goers on the route, a fact that much astonished John Bull. It is true our fast trotters can beat them; but I think no horses of the same heavy weight can rival them in speed and beauty. The breed should be imported to this country.

CHAPTER XX.

RUSSIAN HABITS. — RELIGION AND HUMANITY. — “RUSSIAN CRUELITIES.” — THE GRAND DUKES CONSTANTINE AND NICHOLAS. — A SCENE AT THE PRIVATE THEATER OF THE PRINCESS D’ITALIE-SUWARROW. — COMPARATIVE COURAGE. — GEN. U. S. GRANT. — LETTER OF GEN. EDWARD M. MCCOOK. — GEN. JOHN A. RAWLINS. — HOW I LOST THE FAVOR OF HER MAJESTY THE EMPRESS. — PRINCE ALEXANDER DOLGOROUKI ENLIGHTENS ME. — HER IMPERIAL MAJESTY’S PORTRAIT.

THE whole of St. Petersburg, in the winter, as I said, is in clubs. There are clubs of every class of people, rich and poor, in which men and women promenade, play at cards, dance, and eat and drink. The clubs of the first nobility are not so much frequented as those of the medium and poorer classes, as they are so much engaged in the theaters and private and public balls there is little time for club-life. But what is called the minor or *petite* nobility, and the mercantile and laboring classes in most handicrafts, have their clubs full every night.

The higher classes bet high at cards in private houses, and much is lost and won. Some people of high rank invite guests and entertain them handsomely, with a view to win money. So at Baden, formerly no people, men and women, bet higher than the Russians. At all private parties middle-aged men and women play at cards; whilst the younger ones dance. They rarely drink to excess. In public, to be seen drunk is a disgrace; and any drunkard of any class is immediately taken in charge by the police. But in private the best people are fond of a quiet party of similar tastes, where much champagne—the favorite drink—is consumed.

In Moscow I was entertained by the young nobility. The supper was elaborate, and all very dignified till the champagne began to flow freely, when a gentleman (for

the rooms in winter are kept at about 65°,) said to me: "General, would you object to our taking off our coats?" I said: "No, sir;" and, suiting the action to the word, I took off my own. They, all much pleased, then took off their coats. At such times, unlike Americans, they never quarrel; though Russians are quick to resent an insult if it is intended.

The *duello* is forbidden by law, especially in the army, yet fights take place in private; when, if the parties are only wounded, they are supposed to have taken a tour abroad. If they, one or more, are killed, then concealment is not possible. The Russians are inveterate smokers, but they never chew or spit; and I have never seen women, of any class, use tobacco in any form. But the ladies are fond of stimulants, if properly disguised; and, having a large silver bowl, a punch which I introduced was quite a celebrated thing in polite circles, and I was often asked for the recipe.

In the country and the family, the cooking is not very different from our own. Very young pigs, roasted or boiled, are quite a favorite dish; and the small Alderney cattle, poor in winter, but quickly fattened in the long summer days, are very choice beef-makers. They make, also, the old Virginia chicken or beef pies, which are excellent.

In the large cities the bread is as fine as in Paris, made of white-wheat flour. But the best bread I ever ate was in the cities of Mexico and of Moscow, being in both places generally made by Germans. In Moscow and St. Petersburg the Russians are also good bread-makers. The reason of this excellence is, no doubt, the fine wheat, which is raised in both countries.

The Russians, like the Romans, have their *ante-prandium*. In passing to dinner, you come upon a table where are set caviar—the eggs of the sturgeon of the great rivers—sardines, fine cheese, pickles, white and black bread, etc. Dinner among the first classes is French, and the same as in Paris. When oysters are

used, they are set, in the shell, on the plates of each guest, before or after they are seated. Then comes soup, and so on; the courses coming in succession, and more or less elaborate, according to the grandeur of the occasion. At very elegant dinners, vases of natural flowers are set on the table. On one occasion, when I had a dinner of twelve of the most distinguished persons I could get together, I had, in addition to the central flowers, a full-bloomed hyacinth in a fine French-china vase of suitable size at each plate; and for this innovation I received many compliments.

At the same dinner I had a band of thirty musicians in a rear room, which was larger than usual even in the houses of the rich. Of course my limited salary would not allow me to do this thing often; but, to make an Irish bull, to keep up with fashionable society, you must go ahead of them! At other times I lived very economically, as my wants were few and not expensive; and I made much money by speculating in Missouri and United States stocks.

So far as I could learn, I was the first American minister that ever attempted to entertain general society. John Randolph went home in the same ship which bore him to St. Petersburg. The other ministers, either dissatisfied with the climate, or discouraged by the great expense, where there was so much wealth and display, were content to lead a quiet life. When I gave my first general ball, there was quite an effort to get an invitation. I was told afterward that many wanted to go out of curiosity. When they found that I had more wines and drinks than were ever before seen at a party there, as well as oysters, which all like, in great abundance, and other rare things, they were astonished. As I said before, it costs no more to have all the celebrated wines and cordials of the world than to have but one. So much only will be drunk; and what is left over will keep, and be used again. In fact, they all will not cost so much;

for most persons will touch them lightly, and thus spare much expense, whilst, if they enter at once upon champagne, which they like, they drink a great deal.

The Russians may be said to be heavy eaters. The climate allows, and their active habits, winter and summer, leave but little room for indigestion. Hence I think the physique of the Russian nobles, men and women, is the finest in Europe.

On one occasion an officer of the Guards had married a lady of New York. The army was in summer-quarters, near the naval grounds below the city, on the Neva, where good substantial buildings were made for the officers, whilst the soldiers were in tents. I was invited out, but no women were present. The officers were for "a bender;" and several of the imperial family were present. After dining in a common hall, they adjourned to the shade-trees to smoke, and the drinking continued. I asked permission to give a few rubles to the soldiers, which was allowed. I handed over fifty rubles, as it was an international affair. The soldiers came up in mass; and, seizing me, sent me up like the boys would a bull-frog on a board. It seemed as if I never would stop; and, at all events, would be dashed to pieces on the return voyage. But they caught me; and, by closing up ranks, avoided all chances of my being hurt.

After this ordeal was over, I had a harder road to travel. They keep up the habit of ancient times, and have a "Loving Drink-Cup." I have always been a temperate man in eating and drinking. This cup seemed to me to hold at least half a gallon. I had seen the thing done before: as many as can get around fill the cup, and hand it to you; and sing an unintelligible song till you drink the last drop. To drink all this wine, though the best champagne in Europe, threatened not only drunkenness, but death. I had rather have faced a cannon! But what was I to do? No protestations were of any avail. So I drank it down! I was drunk! I was taken

to my room, under a cool shade, and waited upon by general officers. They knew the ropes. There was no more danger in a half-gallon than in a half-pint. We were bound, sooner or later, to part company; and I did not care how soon. Then I went to sleep, and in an hour or so woke up as fresh as ever. But I fought shy of such entertainments after that.

The state religion is the Greek Church; but the powers of the Greek Pope of Constantinople are now centered in the Czar. The forms are similar to the Catholic; but more humanitarian in many respects. The marriage of all but a few of the highest dignitaries of the clergy ameliorates the asceticism of isolation.

The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, certainly good authority in favor of Russia, says: "Generally, however, the Russian clergy, although zealous of their dignity, have not the spiritual pride or priest-craft of the Roman Catholic order; attributable, no doubt, in part, to the *kindly national character*, and, in part, to the humanizing influence of marriage." Again: "There is, however, much genuine piety to be met with; . . . donations, free-gifts, offerings, and alms being liberally bestowed by both rich and poor. There are no entrance-fees, no distinctions for great and little, no pews, no reserved places in Russian churches. The congregation stand. All are equal before God."

I quote this British authority in support of my assertion elsewhere on the humanity of the Russian nation. For these effects, or, rather, teachings, of the Church affect all the relations of the social system. So I stand by my assertion, in the face of so much world-wide calumny, that the Russian is the most humane people in existence.*

* "RUSSIAN CRUELITIES."

Editor Kentucky Herald:—In your journal of December 12th is a paper which is a type of the malignant calumnies of the anti-Russian press for a century or more. I lived in St. Petersburg for nearly nine years, and made Russian life a study; mingling with all classes for that purpose. I dined with the Emperor and imperial

There is one important reform, however, which begins, I learn, to be made, and that is the holidays must be diminished; for there are too many lost days to labor, and idleness too often brings more evil in its train than good intentions from the reverence of the saints. The Russian Government is, however, tolerant of all religions; and conquered peoples are left to their own religions and social habits. All that is required is loyalty to the central power. Hence Russian conquest is a civilizing assimilation, and unlike the British, where the conqueror virtually enslaves the conquered. After so many years the Russians subdued the Circassians, under Grand Duke Michael, the brother of the Emperor, Alexander II. "Schimmel,"

families, and took cabbage soup and black bread with the woodmen who came from the interior on boats and rafts. Perhaps there is no American living or dead who can speak with more authority than I can on the real character of Russia. I believe that there is no more charitable and humane nation on earth than Russia. I give the proof. There are no deaths by absolute poverty in Russia as in the great cities of Paris, London, New York, and other European cities. Besides the charitable associations established by law, the first nobles in Russia, men and women, yearly, by organized societies, collect funds by gifts, needle-work, and other methods, for clothes, soup-houses, and bread, which is distributed all winter in St. Petersburg; and such methods are pursued in other cities. The infants that are drowned and thrown into sewers in Europe and America are taken at a day old, if need be, and brought up at the public expense in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and other cities. These children, when grown up to a suitable age, are put to service, and many make a generous living. Russia liberated her slaves not by war, and gave them lands. America did neither. I dined with the nephew of Prince Dolgorouki, Governor-General of Moscow, Viceroy, and a liberated serf or slave was at the table as a guest, and made the best dinner-speech on the occasion. The Russians open all their pleasure-grounds, beside the public parks, to the whole people. They never bar the gates and close the doors against "the rabble," as in England and America. In the summer the yards are open and the windows without blinds, that the humblest peasants may see and hear the music. On all

which means Samuel, and indicates him to be of Jewish origin, was taken prisoner, with his two sons. He himself was kept nominally in prison bounds, but it was the bounds of the empire; whilst his two sons, both of whom I knew, were put upon the Emperor's staff. All were as happy, no doubt, as if they were in the rude rule of the mountain barbarians. Thus Russia makes her whole population solid in loyalty, and powerful in the civilization of the great Asiatic Continent.

In the natural war for dominion between England and Russia, every lover of humanity, Christianity, and civilization must wish Russia God-speed.

Just outside of the fashionable circle, it is a custom great occasions of a private nature, all the poor are feasted or otherwise entertained by suitable means. In England and America even house-servants are treated with contempt. The Russian noblemen speak kindly always to their inferiors; the English and Americans out of the South rarely ever. The Russian Empire is large and sparsely populated, so that the means of subsistence do not at all press upon the increase of population. In the large cities, as I said, no absolute suffering for the necessities of life is possible.

Now, as to prisons. There was at no time whilst I was in Russia, so far as I know and believe, one equal in its infamy to the Kentucky Penitentiary. And Governor Blackburn deserves not denunciation, but eternal honor, for his manhood and philanthropy, against the barbarous clamors of the press, for his reform. When I was in St. Petersburg the cholera was several times in that city of six hundred thousand, and there was no more sensation than if the measles or whooping-cough prevailed. Every subject of the disease was taken at once to wholesome hospitals, well attended; and then, when convalescent, returned, without charge, to their homes. The streets of St. Petersburg were an hundred times cleaner than the streets, alleys, and back-yards of Richmond. They never burn down the pest-houses in Russia as they did the other day in Madison County, when small-pox prevailed. As to prisons and Siberia, I am glad to have an opportunity to refute some of the world-wide calumnies of the anti-Russian press. Siberia is not so vile a country as the French penal colony of

after meals for each guest to kiss the hand of the hostess, and thank her. And the children, before retiring at night, kiss their parents affectionately. These are beautiful customs, and very humanizing in their effects; and no where is the family more closely united by affection than among the Russians. This custom of kissing the hand prevails to some extent in the highest society, where persons are intimate.

By the Russian system the oldest brother takes command of the army, the first post of power in an autocratic government; the next oldest takes command of the navy. But the Emperor Nicholas, knowing Constantine's ambition, and remembering that he had overthrown his own elder brother, and taken the crown himself, it is said, feared to give him the command of the army, but placed him in the navy, where a revolt against the autocrat would be impotent; and he put his second son, Nicholas, at the head of the whole land-forces of the empire. Constantine was under medium size, spare, and short-sighted, always wear-

Cayenne, nor the original Australia of England. Three Siberian-born ladies married nobles in St. Petersburg—one the Prince Suwarrow, the grandson of the Prince Suwarrow of Napoleon's times. The other sisters married well—one an officer on the staff of the Emperor. I have heard them speak of the "fatherland" as would a German. And these were the descendants of Siberian exiles. I do not hesitate to say that, of all the people I ever knew, the Russians are the most genial and hospitable. It is true the ranks in Russia are very distinct and marked; but the humane spirit of Russia thaws all coldness, breaks all conventional barriers, and fuses the whole into one national feeling, as in no other land. That is the reason that Russians never emigrate. That is the reason of the invincible courage of the Russian army. What calumniators call "stolidity" is unshaken and heroic patriotism. I could fill a book with similar proof, but I hold—

"Wad but some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY., *December 14, 1883.*

ing eye-glasses, which gives any one a sinister look. He took but little interest in the pastimes of society, and was rather a looker-on than a participant. We always form in our imagination some idea of noted characters in history, and the head of the navy seemed the very Cataline himself. His short-sightedness gave greater rigidity to a face already full of discontent and contempt of others; and his isolation in all things, even riding alone in the streets without servant or companion, but increased the public dread and dislike of the man.

Of all the imperial family, he was the only one whom I heard denounced. When the question of liberation of the serfs was under discussion in the council, some one mentioned the "possible discontent of their masters, the nobles; and he said, with great contempt, using the common phrase in Russia: "I spit upon the nobles."

Later, being made Viceroy of Poland, he named some of his children after Polish celebrities, and projected a separate empire, of which he was to be the autocrat. I speak from rumor. Whether the Emperor was consenting to the affair, with a view of getting rid of a troublesome relative, whom his father had distrusted (for it is said he made him take an oath not to conspire against his brother), or not, it is certain a great clamor was quickly raised against him, and he was recalled. For the pride of Russia is especially set against loss of territory; and Constantine was, of all men, the last to whom such favor was likely to be shown.

It was understood that the present Emperor, Alexander III., was not friendly to him; and I hear that, since the latter has been raised to the throne, Constantine has taken up his residence in Paris. He was a man of ability; and, if not of great wit, was the master of great sarcasm, at least—amusing himself at the petty kingdoms of Germany, in one of which he found his wife, who, as well as her daughter, the present Queen of Greece, was noted for her beauty.

The Grand Duke was a great friend of the American cause; and, no doubt, in conjunction with Gortchacow, ably backed up the Emperor in our support. When Lee surrendered near Richmond, his Imperial Highness sent for me, and in great good glee congratulated me upon our triumph, which all saw, of course, re-established the Union upon a firmer ground than ever. As slavery was eliminated, and Russia and America united upon a common basis of emancipation, of which the Grand Duke and I might say, "*Quorum pars magna fui*," I was much elated by this special compliment from the Emperor's chief adviser.

The Grand Duke Nicholas was "a bird of a different feather." He was very tall, and rather handsome in person, with a face of great amiability. He was fond of society; and took all the delight of a school-boy in the dances, and other pastimes in the Russian capital. He was fond of the ballet, of horse-racing at the summer-barracks, and all that. He was deservedly popular. But he lacked the ability of his brothers Constantine and Michael, who was Governor-General of Circassia at Tiflis, as his capital.

Poor Nicholas! he had a sad time during the Turkish war; and his many disasters called my distinguished friend, Ed. de Todleben, of Crimean fame, to the head of the army in Turkey, who made quick work of overthrowing the Turks.

It may be just to say here that it was neither Nicholas, nor one of his sons, about whom some scandals were circulated after I left Russia.

One night, at the private theater of the Princess d'Italie-Suwarrow's palace, a personage of whom I speak more hereafter, most of the élite of St. Petersburg were present. The Emperor, the Grand Dukes Constantine and Nicholas, and other noted Russians, men and women, were guests. I, too, was invited; and I sat just behind the three personages above named, as I did behind Web-

ster, on Boston Common in 1844. The princess had then changed her name, by marriage, from that of her first husband, Count Koucheleff, to Suwarrow her husband, Prince d'Italie and Count du Reminsk, now being on the Emperor's staff. The prince, however, though a gentleman and a good fellow. was but the shadow of his better-half, the princess.

Whilst all were expecting the opening of the amateur melodrama, in which our hostess played the principal part, a sudden noise, like the explosion of small pistols, was heard as if under the stage, where the performers were to appear. All were startled; but the imperial brothers—all three—took to their heels, and disappeared for the time. The audience, however, kept their seats; and thus, by the *nouçhalance* of those who sat nearest the point of supposed danger, among whom I was then about the nearest, the panic subsided, and no rush was made, and no loss of limb or life ensued, as is the ordinary result in such crowds.

For my part I deserved no great credit; for I saw at once what was the matter. Candles are used altogether in the houses of the wealthy in Russia; and the princess, to warm and light so large a building, had used steam and gas, and the condensation in the tubes produced the crackling sound. The Emperor and brothers, however, soon returned; and the play proceeded.

Now, when Webster scolded Prof. Fowler for eulogizing Henry Clay, I thought that he felt unworthy rivalry; and when I found myself superior in courage, or self-sacrifice, to the sovereign heads of a great empire, I could not for the moment but feel some contempt for gentlemen who, for their self-preservation, had jeopardized the lives of many fine women and men. Especially, if the Emperor, the life of the empire, was to be saved at all hazards, I did not see that the head of the army should also take to his heels!

But I afterward changed my opinion, when I learned

that General Grant* retreated within the fire of his gunboats, leaving his shattered regiments to be driven into the Tennessee, as the Federals were at Ball's Bluff, there to be drowned as blind kittens. Fortunately, however, the gallant Buell and Nelson came up, and drove the Confederates back in utter route, after the death of Albert Sidney Johnston (he who so gallantly put a stop to my foolish duel with Wickliffe), and who had proved himself the greatest of the rebel generals. Then Grant, gathering up such fragments of broken regiments as he could

* Those who read this book will see that I have omitted many hard things previously published by me against U. S. Grant. As an honorable man, not to say a greatly injured man, and, more yet, as a patriotic man, I have had to say hard things against Grant. But my feelings toward him have changed. I now believe him to have been, while President of the United States, greatly the victim of baser men; and, therefore, do him the justice to append the following public letter of Edward M. McCook, that, in a spirit of fair play, my readers may have something on the other side. But I regard it as an unhappy thing that, after his death, there appeared in the roll of the "One Hundred"—though low down on that roll—his worst enemy, the Immortal Fish. — C., 1885.

Washington Correspondence of Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

WASHINGTON, *July* 24. — Gen. E. M. McCook, the well-known and distinguished cavalry officer, has always been a near friend of General Grant. He has sent the following communication to a friend:

"The first time I met General Grant was three days before the battle of Shiloh, when he was in the prime of his manhood, and on the threshold of his future greatness; the last time I met him was after a great disaster had brought sorrow to himself and those dearest to him, and when disease had made its first assault upon his iron frame. It was then, when speaking of the glories of the past, the misfortunes of the present, and the darkness of the future, he bowed his noble head, and from his great heart was wrung this cry: 'Ah! General, General, there are some things worse than death.'

"Now that Grant is dead, the world will begin to study his career and appreciate his greatness. Commanding more men than

find, rushed to the front; and, according to his own account (in the *Century Magazine*), when he got within gun-shot range, halted till his troops could pass, and see the coat-tails of the flying rebels.

It is true that Napoleon, at Lodi, thought there was a time when the chief should fight and die, if need be; but Grant and Nicholas thought the chiefs should survive for all time, and at all sacrifices.

any leader of modern times, it can be truly said of him that he never lost a pitched battle; and, though sometimes repulsed or checked, finally fought his way to the results he intended to achieve. Grant's military knowledge and skill have sometimes been questioned by critics more accustomed to unsheath the pen than the sword; but Belmont, Fort Henry, and Donelson proved that the Army of the West had a bold, decided, and fortunate leader, and the Government had at last found a General who could win victories, and bring back to the despairing heart of the Nation courage and hope. Then followed the remarkable campaign in which, in less than twenty days, he fought five battles, defeated two armies, captured eighty-eight pieces of artillery, and killed, wounded, and made prisoners more than thirteen thousand rebels, and concluded it all with the capture of Vicksburg, with its garrisons and munitions of war; then, after Chattanooga, he was made Commander-in-Chief of all the armies, and the wisdom of the 'crushing policy' he adopted was demonstrated when Lee surrendered the wreck of his army at Appomattox, and the fate of the Nation passed from the arms of the soldiers into the hands of the politicians.

"I think that had Grant, who was destitute of political ambition, been permitted by his advisers to inaugurate a policy which his sense of justice and kindness of heart dictated, a thorough and cordial political union between the North and South would have been much less remote than it is now. I have said that I thought him to a great degree destitute of political ambition. The evening before his inauguration Gen. George H. Thomas and myself called at Gen. Grant's house; and, after talking over the war and its incidents, Gen. Thomas, just before leaving, said: 'Well, Grant, how do you feel about leaving the old army, and being inaugurated President to-morrow?' The reply of the President-elect was: 'Just as though I was going into prison for four years.'

When the Emperor returned, the play proceeded; and the princess, in night-dress of mysterious and sacred texture, with her long, rich hair loosened and nearly touching the floor, in the *role* of a somnambulist, was a vision to be remembered,—if not forever, certainly much longer than Charlotte Cushman as Lady Macbeth!

Whilst yet in Russia, before I had any idea that Gen. Grant would be the President of the United States, and

“So many elaborate sketches of the career of General Grant have been published in the press of the country, that I could add nothing except in the way of personal reminiscences. I saw much of him both while he led our armies and after he became President, and I believe history has recorded no character more perfect in its symmetry. Grant has been compared to Napoleon. In his soldierly qualities, yes; but one was an adventurer, who fought for empire, and whose genius crowned his ambition with a success which left the world no better; the other a citizen, who emerged from poverty, and by the magic of his genius, and the might of his sword, cemented a Union which can never again be broken, and freed a race which can never again be enslaved. The most conspicuous figure in the world for a generation, Grant's nature remained simple and modest as a child's. Wielding a greater power over the Nation than any man since the days of Washington, that power was unselfishly used only for the good of the people; and with the vanquished at his feet, and the victors at his call, all he asked of both was ‘Let us have peace.’

“There have been none in this land over whose sickness so many have prayed with the tenderness of a great love. His patience in suffering touched the hearts of all. He faced death as he had faced all things in life, with dignity and courage; and, when at last the end came, he went to sleep like a tired child, and from the summit of those grand and solemn mountains, halloed by the memories of our fathers' struggles for liberty, the great soul of our hero passed into the beyond, believing that, if there has been errors in his life, the tears of a sorrowing Nation would wipe them forever from the memory of men, and blot them out from the book of God.

EDWARD M. MCCOOK.”

therefore before I had been refused the compliment of recognition or rejection of my services to the Nation by him, a friend of mine proposed to send me some of his photographs for myself and family; but I absolutely refused, although the offer was made by a lady. The reason was that I had formed an unfavorable estimate of Grant as a general and as a statesman. I regarded his *aide-de-camp* and chief-of-staff, Rawlins, as his source of success; as well as the known military talent of his lieutenants, Sherman, Thomas, Buell, Wallace, Mead, etc. Time has proved this estimate correct; and now, with his own Memoirs before the public, it must be fully established in the judgment of all competent and impartial men.

The best short account of Gen. John A. Rawlins which I have ever read is given by Gen. James Harrison Wilson, in his "Reminiscences of General Grant," in the October, 1885, *Century Magazine*; and which, supporting as it does my belief that his death, in September, 1869, was a serious loss to General Grant at a most important period in his career, I take the liberty of copying, as follows:

"Rawlins was a man of extraordinary ability and force of character; entirely self-made and self-educated. When he was twenty-three years of age he was burning charcoal for a living. By the meager gains from this humble calling he had paid his way through the academy, where he had acquired most of his education. He had studied and practiced law, rising rapidly in his profession, and acquiring a solid reputation for ability, as a pleader and as a public speaker. He had come to be a leader of the Douglas wing of the Democratic Party, and was a candidate for the Electoral College on that ticket in 1860, before he had reached his thirtieth year. Immediately after the rebels fired upon Sumter, he made an impassioned and eloquent speech at Galena, in which he declared for the doctrine of coercion, and closed with the following stirring peroration:

"I have been a Democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply union or disunion; country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise; but the day for compromise is past. Only one course is left for us. We will stand by the flag of our country, and appeal to the God of Battles!"

“Among the audience was Ulysses S. Grant, late Captain Fourth United States Infantry, but then a clerk in his father’s Galena leather-store. He was not a politician, still less a partisan; but he had hitherto called himself a Democrat, and had cast his only presidential vote four years before for James Buchanan. He had listened attentively to Rawlins’s speech, and had been deeply impressed by it, and by the manly bearing of the orator, with whom he had already formed an acquaintance; and that night, on his way home, he declared himself in favor of the doctrine of coercion, telling a friend that he should at once offer his services to the Government through the Adjutant-General of the army. The story of his fruitless efforts to secure recognition at first, and of his final success in getting into the volunteer army through Governor Yates, who appointed him Colonel of the Twenty-First Illinois Infantry, is well known, and needs no repetition here; but it is not so well known that, the very first day after Grant’s assignment by seniority to the command of a brigade, he wrote to Rawlins, and offered him the place of *aide-de-camp* on his staff; or that, with equal promptitude, after receiving notice, only a few days later, of his appointment as a Brigadier-General, he wrote again to Rawlins, offering him the position of Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain.

“When it is remembered that Rawlins was, at that time, not only entirely ignorant of every thing pertaining to military affairs, but had never even seen a company of artillery, cavalry, or infantry, it will be admitted at once that he must have had other very marked qualities to commend him so strongly to a professional soldier, and this was indeed the case.

“Having been a politician himself, Rawlins knew many of the leading public men from Illinois and the north-west; and, being a lawyer, he had carefully studied the relations between the States and the General Government, and had arrived at clear and decided notions in reference to the duties of the citizen toward both. He was a man of the most ardent patriotism, with prodigious energy of both mind and body; of severely upright conduct, rigid morals, and most correct principles. He was not long in learning either the duties of his own station, or the general principles of army organization; and, what is still more important, he also learned, with the promptitude of one having a true genius for war, the essential rules of the military art, so that he became from the start an important factor in all matters concerning his chief, whether

personal or official, and was recognized as such by Grant, as well as by all the leading officers in the army with which he was connected.

“He did not hesitate, when occasion seemed to call for it, to express his opinion upon all questions concerning Grant, the army he was commanding, or the public welfare; and this he did in language so forcible, and with arguments so sound, that he never failed to command attention and respect, and rarely ever failed in the end to see his views adopted. It can not be said that Grant was accustomed to take formal counsel with Rawlins; but, owing to circumstances of a personal nature, and to the fearless and independent character of the latter, this made but little difference to him. Grant himself was a stickler neither for etiquette nor ceremony; whilst Rawlins never permitted either to stand between him and the performance of what he considered to be a duty. Grant was always willing to listen; and, even if he had not been, he could not well have failed to hear the stentorian tones in which Rawlins occasionally thought it necessary to impart his views to a staff or general officer, so that all within ear-shot might profit thereby.

“I never knew Grant to resent the liberties taken by Rawlins, and they were many; but, on the contrary, their personal intimacy, although strained at times, and perhaps finally in some degree irksome to Grant, remained unbroken to the end of the war, and indeed up to the date of Rawlins's death, in 1869. When the history of the Great Rebellion shall have been fully written, it will appear that this friendship was alike creditable to both and beneficial to the country, and that Rawlins was, as stated by Grant himself, ‘more nearly indispensable to him than any other man in the army.’ Indeed, nothing is more certain than that he was altogether indispensable; and that he was a constant and most important factor in all that concerned Grant, either personally or officially, and contributed more to his success at every stage of his military career than any or all other officers or influences combined.”

Whilst Rawlins lived, Grant either held his tongue, or spoke a few but wise words. Far different was it after Rawlins's death.

How I committed my first breach of etiquette I have already written, but this brought me into nearer sympathy with the Empress. She was a most lovely woman, men-

tally or morally, if you please, but very delicate in health, with a sad and uneasy but interesting expression of features. She, no doubt, had not found the imperial crown unmixed—the thorns, perhaps, being more*prevalent than the roses. She was loved by everybody, however; and devoted her whole life to her children and to charity. She set her face against all irregularities in society, as far as she was able; being in faith and practice a truly pious woman. The whole imperial family are all hedged about by walls of dignity and reserve, which must be very irksome to all the females of that high position; so that “uneasy lies the head that wears a crown” is not confined to the chief alone, but is shared by all his family. How often have I seen the deep expression of *ennui* and repugnance with which these unfortunate women entered, bearing all their gorgeous dresses and jewels, into the usual formalities of state parade! How often could I say for them, without fear of error: Oh! that we could have done with this vain show, this unreality and pretense! Oh! that we could escape to some quiet nook of all lovely nature, there to live with those only who love us, unseen of hateful, impertinent eyes!—living for ourselves alone!—“forgetting and forgot!”

The Empress took occasion often to converse with me, as much as propriety would, perhaps, allow. I am sure I had her respectful friendship, which I much prized, and was sorry to lose. She gave me her photograph, that of the Emperor, and all her children, which I yet hold as heir-looms in my family.

Now there were in society three or four women more prominent than others, and among them the Princess Louise Suwarrow, of whom I have just spoken. She was a native of Siberia, and for her beauty was married to the Count Koucheleff, of one of the wealthiest and most ancient families of Russia. She had a marble palace on the Neva, and was a widow when I came to St. Petersburg. She afterward married the Prince d'Italie-Suwar-

row, son of the Governor-General of St. Petersburg. This woman was not so lovely in features as attractive in manners; though she would have been considered a beauty any where. Her face was regular and plastic, with very large and languishing blue eyes; whilst her hair was only rivalled in length and luxuriance by the women of Toluca. She was used to entertaining the imperial family in her private palace and theater; and the most distinguished people of St. Petersburg sought her acquaintance. I knew her intimately, and was proud to be numbered with her friends. She was one of the twelve whom I dined on one occasion, as I have before said.

One day I was invited by the Emperor to Czarsko Sélo. This was one of the principal summer-resorts of the imperial family, and was quite a village; and the custom is for most of the nobles to accompany the Czar, and there spend the summer. These grounds are very extensive—eighteen miles in circumference—with great forests, shrubbery, and lakes intermixed. The Princess Suwarrow was also domiciled there with her husband, the prince, who was on the staff of the Emperor. It so happened that the Emperor sent me to ride in his carriage, with two liveried servants, the driver and footman, as was usual. Such livery all the world knew. By mere accident the Princess Suwarrow was, with one female attendant and several of her footmen in livery, rowing in a light boat over the lake. As I drove up I stopped the carriage, and, at her request, took a seat with her in the boat. St. Petersburg is so near the pole, 60° North, that a small blast from thence will often in a very short time bring on a rain; so that most persons, especially the military officers, wear their overcoats all summer. Madame Suwarrow, at all events, had not anticipated a rain; and was dressed very lightly, as it was midsummer. She had not even brought any wraps, and I had none in the carriage. So, what was to be done? I told her to take her companion into the carriage, let her men return on foot, and to drive home; and



I would find shelter under the trees till the carriage returned. This she seemed quite reluctant to do; but at length got in and drove off. I remained under the trees till the carriage returned, when I went back to the palace. Now, I did what any born gentleman would do; and I would do so again. But I had violated etiquette; and the public had seen the princess in the Emperor's carriage, driving home, and no reason was given, or possible, of course. But such is the misfortune of an autocracy, that no explanation of adverse circumstances is possible. And I should never have suspected the cause of the Empress's displeasure if Prince Alexander Dolgorouki had not asked me about it, as we were intimate; and when, for the first time, I was made aware that a scandal had been the result of my gallantry to a woman in danger of her health, and which danger could only be avoided by taking the carriage. We were at no time in the carriage together. I saw that the prince took my explanation in good part, and believed in my sincerity; but he smiled in a sad way, which as much as said: "It's all over with you!"

This is a frank and true account of an affair which my enemies seized hold of in America to injure me; and was the foundation, no doubt, of the calumnies put forth in all the New York Republican journals in one day from Washington, when I would no longer act with the party. But the Empress never forgave me, and was ever after reserved. Thus in the two instances, in which I acted in the most humane and conscientious manner, I reaped the fruits which only belong to evil-doers! So virtue and vice seem to march with equal power in the wake of Fate!

CHAPTER XXI.

MADAME GRIMSKI CORSIKOFF.—PRINCE GORTCHACOW, WITH PORTRAIT.—MY ESTIMATE OF HIS FINE CHARACTER.—HIS LETTER TO ME ON THE FALL OF RICHMOND.—THE NEW UNION OF THE STATES.—AUSTRIA'S REASON FOR DISLIKING THE SUCCESS OF THE FEDERAL ARMS.—HER POSITION AMONG THE POWERS.—REFLECTIONS ON THE EVENTUAL CONDITION OF EUROPE.—DESTINY OF ENGLAND.—GERMAN BEER-GARDENS.—SOUVENIRS.—PHOTOGRAPHS

A WOMAN who was, for a while, quite a sensation in St. Petersburg was Madame Grimski Corsikoff. One night at a great ball I saw, for the first time, where beauty is so common in high life, a lady who at once commanded attention. She was above ordinary size, with sloping shoulders, rounded arms and waist sufficiently large, and a bust which would rival the finest Greek statues. Her hair was a dark auburn and luxuriant, such as always attends the finest health; and she was as ruddy as a rose-bud.* This was her first entrance into grand society; and, as she was soon aware of the sensation her personal appearance produced, this self-consciousness gave an illumination almost spiritual to her eyes. She was the daughter of a Russian commoner, near Moscow; and had now come to the Russian capital for the first time.

Among the nobility of large estates there is always a supervisor, who takes charge of the lands and operatives; keeps the accounts, and places the profits in some bank, where the indolent and pleasure-loving proprietor draws at will. One day the supervisor came to Corsikoff and said: "Sir, here are your books; and you are utterly ruined." There was no reason to doubt his honesty; and the master was in despair at his sudden poverty. The father of Madame Corsikoff then further said: "I have a

* The criminal and disgusting face-painting is unknown in Russia. — C.

daughter, well educated and of fine appearance, and just verging into womanhood. If your son will marry her, her estate will stand in the place of your own, for it is as large." Corsikoff assented; and the marriage was consummated.

Such a sudden change of fortune, which none can well understand who do not know how rigidly the walls of rank are maintained in Russia, turned the head of the poor woman. The Russians, of all people, have the truest ideas of beauty; for with them health, vigorous, buoyant health, is the prime factor. This Corsikoff had in the highest degree. She received great adulation, affected great style; and, for a while, drove six horses to her carriage, which, though not in good taste there, was yet allowable. But by degrees she lost caste, was crowded from society, and at length disappeared entirely from St. Petersburg.

Once I had a large party; both the Grand Dukes, Constantine and Nicholas, honoring me with their presence. I made it a point to gather together the most beautiful women in St. Petersburg, so far as I could command them, eminent among whom was the Princess Marie Dolgorouki. On this occasion, as I was told by my employés afterward, Corsikoff was sure of being invited; for I knew her well. But I refused to send her a ticket of invitation. She had already had her wardrobe fitted up in the best style; and, when she found that she was neglected, she tore her dresses up in a fit of despair. The last I heard of her she was in Paris—the purgatory of the fallen.

Prince Gortchacow, like most men of high intellectual structure, was quite an admirer of the fairer half of creation, and was fond of talking of their charms. He was born in 1800. He said to me one day: "Ah, General, if I was only as young as you!" I replied: "Prince, you are but a boy yet!" "No indeed," said he; "I have to reserve all my forces," touching his forehead.

This is a wicked world we live in. The prince had a beautiful girl living in his own house, who passed as his niece, and was so received in society. I made it a rule all my life to keep aloof from other people's affairs, so I never inquired any thing about this matter. I only listened to what others said, and made no replies. On the occasion of a court ball, I understood Mademoiselle A—— was not to be invited. A great sensation was caused in the city; and, no doubt, great political changes would have been the result! She, however, appeared at the ball; but seemed very reserved and depressed in spirits. Not long after she disappeared from St. Petersburg, and one of the branches of the imperial family was also found absent. The prince was deeply affected by this event, and seemed never to recover his vivacity of spirit. I suppose, however, that he always maintained his ascendancy in the councils of the Czar; and, late in life, long after I left Russia, he retired to Austria, to get into a more equable climate. His death was surrounded with some mystery, and a woman was in the case, of which, however, I knew nothing save rumor.

Gortchacow had but little philanthropy in his organization. He was never the victim of sentimentalism. His intellect was expansive, and his ideas of the progressive order; but all advance was to be made in subordination to the autocratic power. In speaking one day of some act of the Emperor, he said: "I told him he made the laws, and should be the last to violate them."

He was, of course, the co-laborer in the liberation of the serfs; but it was a measure of development with him, no more. A young enthusiast from America being introduced by me, proposed that Russia might make a useful colonization of the American freedmen in Poland, where the population was rather sparse by reason of her many revolutions. After the young man had retired, Gortchacow said: "We have no use for such a class of people, of slow capacity. We keep a few as door-keepers in the palace, as ornaments; that is all!"

When the Monitors were invented, Russia followed our lead, and introduced them into her navy. There was made of metal a beautiful miniature Monitor, and presented by the naval officers to the prince. At one of his balls it was displayed to the public admiration; and Gortchacow seemed very proud of it. This showed me that he was the leader in all such advance.

There was a society in St. Petersburg, incorporated by the English residents, and called the "English Club;" but the foreign element had been gradually eliminated, and it was now altogether Russian. Here, on the occasion of the American navy coming to Russia, they were entertained. I and others, as before related, made speeches, and also Gortchacow. His manner was fine, and his delivery facile and expressive. The speech was short, but forcible. I took occasion to say to him one day: "Prince, it is a pity you have not a House of Commons; you would make a great leader." The prince I feared would not be pleased with my freedom; but he was quite full of the idea. And I always had my suspicions that, if the Nihilists had not, by their insane and wicked course, interfered with the whole liberal course of Gortchacow's policy, a well-guarded Parliament might have been the result. But the attempted overthrow of the Imperial Personage was never, and could never be, in his thoughts; and the reaction was, no doubt, encouraged by him, when his plans had been made no longer possible.

These are but speculations of my own, and not drawn from any revelations from the prince; but, from a close observation of his measures, and the sequence of events, I do not hesitate to say that in this the prince was right. For a Republic, following in the wake of assassination, could produce no other result than the most disastrous anarchy, and a dissolution of the empire into petty tyrannies and ancient barbarism.

The work which Gortchacow has done deserves the gratitude of Russia and the world. Nihilism will perish;

but his liberal and intellectual forces will survive, for the civilization of the Russian people and the consolidation of the empire.

Gortchacow was of one of the oldest families of the Russian nobility, unmixed with western blood. His stature was medium, and head and face not remarkable. When I went to Russia his hair was already gray; but his eyes, of a mixed gray and brown, were full of fire. I never saw a man of a more highly nervous temperament. When he was interested in your words he was a good listener, keeping his eyes ever on yours, and seeming to drink in every word. But, when the subject was not agreeable, he was abrupt and dictatorial to the same degree. His writing-table, of considerable length, was near the window of his reception-room. He would sit with his back to the light, and near the wall; and there he would keep his eyes upon the visitor, whose face was generally, of course, toward the light. Finding this was a system with him, I would take a similar position with his, and observe him with equal closeness. I felt myself a match for any man within my own circle of action and thought; and Gortchacow soon learned to treat me as such. I often heard, from others, of high compliments he paid me. He was fond of Latin quotations, and in the short notes which among many received, and which I propose to publish in the second volume of this work, he begins one with: "*Mea culpa*" — my fault. He early entered diplomatic life; was gradually advanced, and succeeded Count Nesselrode of Napoleon's time, who was yet living in 1861, and whose acquaintance I made before his death, which occurred about that time. He reminded me of Albert Gallatin, and remained chancellor through life; but Gortchacow was acting as premier, and only was made chancellor later

In general ability and address I think he was not equalled in his time, though he had many great rivals in the premierships of the nations — Bismarck, Palmerston,



PRINCE GORTCHACOW
CHANCELLOR OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

Tout à vous

2 June 64

= Gortchacow.



D'Israeli, and others. In his pecuniary matters he was penurious; and personally he was not popular in St. Petersburg. His vast field of observation and thought left him but little time for relaxation, and the amenities of life. He was essentially an aristocrat, and had less courtesy to inferior men than Russians generally, who are very careful of the feelings of others. He was married but once, lost his wife before I knew him, but had two sons living; neither of whom made great promise of future fame.

Gortchacow was, of course, the leading man of Russia. I saw a great deal of him, and took great care to make him my friend. In this, I think, I certainly succeeded. When I was invited to Moscow, on my return he wrote me a note to call upon him to give an account of my visit ("ovation"); and he seemed greatly pleased to learn with what enthusiasm I had been received. I always suspected that he was at the bottom of many honors paid me by the Russians; and in my fight with Seward, which he perfectly understood, he was always my zealous friend. On the whole, my association with him was a great episode in my life, from which I reaped much pleasure and intellectual force.

LETTER OF GORTCHACOW.

Copie d'un telegramme de M. de Stoekl, en date de Crookhaven, le 3-15 Avril, 1865.

"*Third*, Richmond has fallen. This breaks entirely the military and political organization of the South."

Voici, mon cher ministre, copie d'un telegramme de M. Stoekl qui m'annonce un brillant succès des armes Federales. Dieu veuille qu'il en resulte le prochaine cessation de la lutte, et la restitution d'une Union forte et puissante. Tout à vous.

GORTCHACOW.

le 3 Avril.

After the surrender of Lee, the Union was, of course, regarded as restored. The different legations at St. Petersburg—all sympathizing with the South—made me

hold aloof from them, except by formal intercourse. When the Republic was in danger, they were rather cold toward me; but, as soon as our cause grew triumphant, their whole manner changed. Even across the street, in our walks, they would change to the front, and raise their hats! Such is the way of the great.

Austria, of course, was our most pronounced enemy in Europe, as the Emperor's brother, Maximilian, had been placed on the Mexican throne. Being in a squad of nobles and diplomates, in which Austria was included, one remarked: "It was lamentable that the Emperor should have been shot, instead of being held as a prisoner of war." My term of long sufferance had ceased, and I was the representative of a great Nation once more. I replied: "Yes, it is much to be regretted that they should have shot Mexicans wearing uniforms, and fighting in defense of their homes against a foreign invader; it is not, therefore, strange that, when fortune favored them, those poor barbarians should have followed so illustrious an example."

This cut to the very core, but nothing was said; nothing could be said. The Russians who were present much enjoyed the thing; but it was wormwood to the Austrians.

The action of Russia in the war for Hungarian independence saved that empire, as is well known; and when, in the Crimean War, Austria stood seemingly neutral, but in fact sympathizing with the allied powers, Russia keenly felt their ingratitude. As so many of the Austrian and Turkish provinces are composed in great part of the Slavs and Greek Church, Russia took especial pains to court them. A large delegation of the race was entertained at St. Petersburg by the nobles unofficially, and in which the lines of unity were insisted on. I was not surprised, then, at the Turkish War, in which Austria was worsted as well as Turkey. The alliance between Austria and Germany is not, therefore, so much against Italy or France as against Russia; for Germany fears Russia's

approach to the Bosphorus, and the overthrow of the Austrian Empire. But Russia will never forgive Austria; and Turkey and Austria are bound to fall. Whether Russia holds the Straits, or a new state supported by all the European powers results, she will be the gainer in having, if not a subject people, at least an ally against England and Western Europe.

The two great powers, as Napoleon seemed to foresee, will eventually be, in the world's history, Russia and the United States. The liberal spirit in all the great powers, including France, will overthrow at last even German autocracy. It is barely possible that all Europe may become Republican. If so, then Russia may be stayed in her westward march.

England has played a great part in history, but I think she even now carries too much sail for the bulk of her ship; and the great Empire of the world hastens to its dissolution. For this I have no aspirations; but, on the contrary, I feel like giving a helping hand to the old father-land, and, by our protection, allowing her a happy old age. At all events, though sympathizing with Ireland's real wrongs, I would effectually dynamite the dynamiters!

Since writing up to this point, and in review, the threatened war, so long brewing between Russia and Great Britain, seems about to burst into a conflagration. It is possible England may, by a supreme effort, defend her allies, the Afghans, against Russia's advance; but Russia remains on the border all the same. Can England much oftener, or much longer, submit to such life-struggles? Again, the subject people of the East can not fail to see that, while Russia assimilates her conquered subjects, England enslaves hers. And, in such issues, where will the unbiassed sympathies of the intelligent world rest but on the side of the oppressed? If England could move all her wealth to India, and there establish her central power, assimilating Indians and Chi-

nese under one great consolidated empire, giving up her islands to Ireland and her insatiate European rivals, she might survive indefinitely. Otherwise, it is but a question of time when "she must go!"

There are said to be in St. Petersburg eighty thousand Germans. These being, some Russian subjects and some merely denizens, engaged in trade or manufactures, keep up the customs of the father-land, and live much apart from all others. They have their summer and winter beer-gardens and saloons. As the social and moral effects of this feature of German life is much discussed and condemned by many Puritans, I frequented often these resorts to see and judge for myself.

Imagine, then, an enclosed park on one of the beautiful islands of the Neva, in the suburbs of the city, containing several acres of fine old trees, with agreeable shade, and gravel walks, refreshment and drinking-rooms, bowling-alleys, and a fine band of music, an immense cask of beer on tap, and from which are filled with cool and foaming liquid the several glasses borne by waiters, and which are distributed to the guests sitting around tables under the trees, or on the benches which surround the music-stand, and you have some idea of the beer-garden. Here the Germans—men, women, and children—resort on Sundays, where all, the young and the old, take generally beer, and their national cakes, the pretsel, or refreshments of ham and eggs, sausages, etc., and listen to the music, or promenade about the walks.

Now, I was much a frequenter of these gardens, and I never saw a drunken man or woman in them during all my stay in that country. Beer with them is not a mere drink, but stands as tea or coffee—as a part of the repast; and to restrict them in its use, by sumptuary laws, would be like stopping the pork and beans of the Yankee, or the ham and eggs of the Southerner. Here the pent-up business men, women, and children of the crowded city enjoy fresh air, light, and the beauties of nature, and

thus avoid the separation of families, and retain the wholesome restraints of the same, which are lost to the American method of treating the Sabbath.

On this side of the Atlantic, these gardens and saloons are frequented by another class of men and women, whose failings come of their own degraded culture, or perverse nature; and for which the German customs are not at all responsible. On the whole, then, I am greatly in favor, after long experience and observation, of the German beer-garden; and in favor of full liberty to all in the spending of the Sabbath. For the way to cure intemperance is, not by prohibition and law, so much as by finding higher and less debasing pleasures for body and mind. And here is room for the philanthropic of all sects, where charity or common funds provide music, libraries, cheap refreshments, fresh air, heat, cleanliness, and good-cheer of all innocent kinds.

The limits of these Memoirs will not allow me to indulge much in the mention of personal friendships of great value to me, but of little interest to the reader. Yet I must briefly touch upon some names to whom I owe especial remembrance. First, the imperial family of Russia, to all of whom is due grateful appreciation in both a personal and political sense. I have the photographs of all, and, I think, the autographs of most of them. Her Imperial Majesty gave me the photographs from life of the Emperor, herself, and all her children. The present Emperor and Her Imperial Majesty gave me their photographs and their autographs, and honored me by requesting my own photograph, which was proudly given. The Grand Duchess Constantine gave me her photograph and that of her beautiful daughter, the Queen of Greece, in an elegant velvet frame, with their autographs. The Grand Duchess Helène was one of the imperial family who much honored me. Also the Prince Pierre d'Oldenbourg and family. The prince was a man of intellectual tastes, with great simplicity of character, and always, though unusual

with the imperial family, returned my visits. His daughter married the Grand Duke Nicholas, the Emperor's brother. Count Gregoire Stroganoff, who married the Grand Duchess Mary, the Emperor's sister, was the finest looking man in Russia. Prince Gortchacow and sons, and Madame Princess Radziwill, his sister-in-law; the princes Vladimir, Bazile, and Alexander Dolgorouki and their families; Prince Paul Gagarin and his son's wife and daughter, with whom I spent many pleasant days; the Princes Svloff; the Count Jean Apraxine and his lovely wife and daughters. The Count Orloff Davidoff and his family; the Count Moussine Pouschkine and family; Count G. Koucheleff-Besborodko, with whom I was as one of the family in his magnificent palace in the city, and his elegant chateau on the bank of the Neva, with an hundred acres of landscape grounds. I also saw something of his countess, who was much abroad. I was intimate with Paul Kozloff, his father, mother, and beautiful sister, who married Colonel Klott, the *aide-de-camp* of the Emperor; Baron Stieglitz, the Russian banker, and lady, who entertained me much at his city and country mansions; Princess Hélène Kotschoubey, at the head of Russian society outside of the imperial family. She had a splendid city residence, and grand landscape grounds and residence in the country, where I was often entertained. Her son, Prince Bélosselski, married Made moiselle Skobeleff, the sister of the famous general in the late Crimean War. The family were Scobel, Scotch, and the name was Russianized by adding *leff*. Her daughter, the Princess Troubetzkoi, though plain-featured, was very fascinating. Princess Louise Suwarrow; the Princess Orbelliani; Baroness J. Wrewsky and sister; the Countess Hedvige Rzewuska and husband, to one of whose children I stood godfather; Madame (Countess) Barschoff and her sister, nieces of Prince Gortchacow; Madame de Polovtsoff, the adopted daughter of Baron Stieglitz, a lovely woman; Mad'lle Olga Navikoff; the Countess Pratassoff-Bachmeteff and son, the count, and family; Baroness de

Jomini and her father's family; Madame Gisiko and family; the Baroness Olga Chroustchoff; the beautiful Countess Borch, and her father and family; the princes Gallitzin, with one of whom the admiral, Mr. Fox, and I dined; Gromoff, a wealthy commoner, who was very hospitable, and who also gave a *soirée* to Fox, was much my friend; as were also the Americans, Wm. L. and Thomas Winans, and George W. Whistler, brother to the famous English artist, also Consul Pierce and family, and Consul Geo. Pomutz, with all of whom I was quite intimate, and by them often entertained,—all of those, and many others, no doubt, equally worthy of mention, whom I must pass over.

Among the most beautiful women with whom I was acquainted I may name the Queen of Greece Olga, Alexandra her mother, and the Grand Duchess Helène; the three princesses Dolgorouki; the princesses Mesdames Kotschoubey, Radziwill, Didiani, and Suwarrow; the demoiselles Kosloff, Opotschinine, and Antoinette Schoumoff; the Princess Dolgorouki, the niece of Governor-General Prince V. Dolgorouki, of Moscow—now Scherbatoff, I think; Madame the Countess Orloff Davidoff, now Pierre Wasiltchikoff, of Moscow; the Countesses Borch and Catharine E. Apraxine; Madame the Princess Elise Korakine; the Baroness Louise Jomini, and Madame Na. Polovtsoff, the Baroness Julie Wrevsky, etc.

These, of course, are not all of those to whom mention is due; but, although my visiting-list for nearly nine years ran up to many hundreds, and almost thousands, I can only name a few. In the matter of beauty they are not named in the order of precedence; but “the last may even be first.” Of those named in this chapter, I have most of the photographs and autographs. So many wonderfully fine women can hardly be seen in any country in one assemblage. And even among the ballet-dancers Pauline Lebedeva, Petipas, Grankine, Radenor, and others, would be regarded as beauties any where.

I have the photographs of the princesses Kotschoubey,

Radziwill, and Didiani, all three widows and grandmothers, I believe; but no one would then take them to be even forty years old, so well does unrivalled beauty delight and vitalize its possessors. They were still fond of admiration; and the Princess Radziwill, whose husband was generally absent in Paris (making her a "grass widow," as they say in Arkansas), was remarkable for her beauty, in the time of Nicholas. The two first, when I began to like better the daughter and niece, Madame Barschoof and the Princess Troubetzkoï, grew rather cold toward me. But I mean no offence; they will forgive me in saying their beauty, as transmitted to the children of their blood, was still to me attractive.

Among the foreign legations I must mention Sir Andrew Buchanan and lady; the Baron de Talleyrand-Perigord and lady, and the Duke and Duchess d'Osuna, and Baron Gevers and lady of Holland, who were ever kind and friendly toward me.

CHAPTER XXII.

GOVERNOR CURTIN, OF PENNSYLVANIA, IS APPOINTED TO RELIEVE ME. — I RETURN HOME. — “AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATE.” — EFFECT OF MY CUBAN SPEECH. — THE IMMORTAL FISH. — CATACAZY AND THE PERKINS’ CLAIM SWINDLE. — GENERAL GRANT AND THE BATTLE OF SHILOH. — BAZIL DUKE’S STATEMENT. — THE AUTONOMY OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. — MY SPEECH IN NEW YORK CITY SILENCED BY CUSTOM-HOUSE CLAQUERS. — I PAY THE “TRIBUNE” FOR PUBLISHING IT CORRECTLY. — CHARLES A. DANA. — HOW THE SOUTH WAS MADE “SOLID.”

AS the election of 1868 approached, my desire to return home increased; but I was resolved to outlive Seward in office, if possible. I had been on good terms with Jesse Grant, the father of Ulysses S., and had held a lengthy correspondence with him at Covington, whilst his son was yet a farmer-lad in Ohio. As Seward had so much badgered me, I was desirous to get an endorsement from the President, as well as the support of the Senate. When I proposed to return home, I wrote an account of my difficulties with Seward, and sent it to Grant, hoping he would do me the justice which was due one who had faithfully served the country at home and abroad. To this Grant sent me a very kind reply; but, after he was inaugurated, and had placed the Immortal Fish in the premiership, Governor Curtin was nominated and confirmed, and relieved me at St. Petersburg.

In the meantime the Immortal Fish had written me officially that I would be more agreeable to the President if I were more respectful to Seward; and that, although he had retired from the foreign secretaryship, he was not out of favor with the President. That was the substance of the thing; and so I answered with defiance and contempt. Of course I would not use undignified words to the Immortal Fish; but that was the upshot of my official paper.

A. G. Curtin and I were old friends, and I was glad to have one relieve me whom I could treat with courtesy. But I said to Curtin: "You will not stay long at this court." "Why?" "Because you are too honest a man to favor the Perkins' swindle; and, as the Immortal Fish comes in under Seward's influence, you will have to go for black-mail, or lose your place."

I fear, however, from the following extracts, which I clip from the *New York World* of May 25, 1885, that Curtin gave way to the heavy pressure of the Washington banditti, as he seems to have had a rough time at St. Petersburg:

Special Correspondence of the World.

AN AMERICAN DIPLOMATE—MINISTER CURTIN'S FIVE YEARS' SERVICE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

WASHINGTON, *May 23*. — Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was for five years our Minister to St. Petersburg. . . . One of the earlier incidents of Gov. Curtin's career at St. Petersburg occurred at a dinner where Gortchacow, the Chancellor of the Russian Empire, sat opposite to him. Mr. Curtin was unknown to most of the guests. Gortchacow began talking to him in a very abrupt, brusque fashion about the Alabama Claims Commission, which had just been established. 'It will never succeed,' said he. 'You Americans are always getting up some new thing. The principle of it is opposed to every tradition of European diplomacy. Have you read the English press upon this subject?' 'Yes,' said the Governor. 'I have read what they have to say. But it is barely possible they are mistaken.' Gortchacow did not drop the subject. 'Have you seen,' said he, 'the speech of Lord John Russell, in which he denounces the commission as a humbug?' Curtin had been listening, with a very mild air, to all this talk. He now turned upon the chancellor. He said, with great abruptness and dignity: 'Yes, I have read his speech. I also remember his speech denouncing your plan for suppressing the Polish insurrection. Your reply to him then was so overwhelming that it took away from him completely the little sense that he ever had.' At this all of the guests applauded, and Gortchacow was quite content to drop the subject.

Gortchacow's opinion, which Mr. Curtin withheld, had been very vigorously expressed. He said that this 'damned French

scoundrel'* should never have any help from him in getting back his throne, as he regarded him as a man dangerous to the peaceful condition of affairs in Europe. When Curtin returned to St. Petersburg, Gortchacow invited him to dinner. During the dinner he said to Curtin: 'You have been away.' 'Yes, in London.' 'You saw many people there?' 'Yes.' 'A number of distinguished people?' 'Yes, I saw some prominent American friends of mine.' 'I am told that you also saw the man who at one time seemed to hold in his hands the destinies of Europe.' 'Yes, I saw him,' said Mr. Curtin. 'Have you any objections to telling me the nature of the conversation you had with him?' 'It was not important,' was the reply. 'It was mainly upon personal topics.' Here Gortchacow said, with a very knowing look: 'I know all the details of that conversation. I am very much obliged to you for your discretion in not communicating to Louis Napoleon my views upon the reëstablishment of the French Empire.' As there was no third person present at the interview between Mr. Curtin and the Ex-Emperor, this interview gave him a very high opinion of the completeness of the Russian spy-service.

During the Catacazy affair the Russian Government came very near giving Mr. Curtin his passports. The Russian authorities were very much irritated over the neglect of the Grand Duke Alexis, upon his arrival at Washington. Owing to the trouble then existing between the State Department and Minister Catacazy, no official notice was taken of the Grand Duke. Novakoff, a friend of Curtin's, came to him and said: 'The authorities are thinking of sending you your passports. It will be nothing personal to you. You must not take it as a desire to get rid of you. We want you to consent to go to Cronstadt for a time, and then return.' 'No, sir,' said Mr. Curtin. 'I am here as the representative of the United States. If my passports are sent me, I shall go home.' Novakoff then arranged a dinner, at which Gortchacow was present. At this informal repast Curtin was able to explain a good many things about the Catacazy affair that he could not have done officially. It was to his explanation that the recall of the Minister was due.

T. C. CRAWFORD.

It seems from these extracts that Curtin was at once in antagonism with our old ally, Russia.

* In all the time I was in Russia I never heard Gortchacow, or any Russian gentleman, use an oath. — C., 1885.

The American public would, no doubt, like to know what caused Catacazy's recall! These revelations give accented significance to the Grand Duke's repeated invitations, both at St. Louis and Louisville, for my return to Russia.

Whilst I was yet in New York, waiting to receive the remainder of my salary—for I determined never to enter Washington City whilst Grant and the Immortal Fish were in power—I wrote to the auditor for a settlement. He returned my account with the balance in my favor. But, when I made my Cuban speech, he revised the account, and sent in a new sheet making me debtor to the Government. I was not the man to submit to such plain robbery, so I employed Jas. H. Embry and Reverdy Johnson to settle my account with the treasury; and they finally got more than I claimed, after paying themselves their fees. This either shows that they do business in a very loose way at the treasury, or they intended to punish me for my defection from Grant, or both these motives were active.

In the meantime Catacazy, the special friend of Gortchacow, and on good terms with myself, arrived as Russian Minister at Washington. The banditti not only brought forward the old swindle, but they hastened to bring down upon him the President's displeasure, and the immense mass of dignity accumulated on the front of the immortal Fish. Catacazy, being a shrewd Greek, took the precaution to have a witness seated in an adjoining room, and thus exposed the intrigues of Seward's followers to black-mail the Russian Emperor.

In all these and other most discreditable performances Hamilton Fish stood unflinchingly for eight years on the dark side. The formidable array of those events which I had prepared, moved by pity for Grant's unhappy end, I suppress; and, instead, introduce the Minister Catacazy's presentation of the Perkins' matter, as given on pp. 365-404 of these Memoirs.

Grant's whole political and civil career, ending in the

unfortunate affair in Wall Street, only needed his account of the battle of Shiloh, as told by himself, to convince the world that my estimate of him was true to the life. It was a misnomer of the highest type to call Grant's troops at Pittsburg Landing "an army." It seems that he knew not where Johnston or his forces were; or, at the least, where he was himself. It was more like a Donnybrook Irish fair, where the detached regiments and brigades and army corps were ready to hit a head wherever they saw it—friend or foe—than any thing else. And the farce was about to be completed, when the fiery Nelson was preparing to open his fire upon the fugitives—who had crowded the Tennessee River banks, like our poor fellows at Ball's Bluff, for easy slaughter—had not Albert Sidney Johnston, the greatest of Confederate generals, been killed in battle.

But Buell, Wallace, and Nelson came with a new army and gained the day, it seems, unknown to Grant, who, at last, as the army were about flying, according to his own account, gathered up some fugitives from the battle, and, when he got within sight of the coat-tails of the flying Confederates, retired behind his troops, and, like Falstaff, killed over again the dead Percy!

Did any body ever hear before of a great army lying along side of another great army, and either not knowing or trying to know where the enemy were, or their numbers? Was that generalship which had the Union army spread out with great intervals between the corps—some of them being in line, and some out of all reach of coming into line—so that every corps, big and little, presented both flanks to the enemy's attack? Did any body ever hear of such an order as Grant gave to Wallace—if he ever gave any—to come up to where he was leaving, instead of going at once to the front, where the guns of the enemy were already heard? Did any body ever hear of a general sitting down on a log near his gunboats, as he says, but, as others say, in them, with a

large part of his army crowded like wild cattle in a corral, ready for the slaughter, without making a single effort to rally them back, or to run them into a safe retreat?

Gen. Basil Duke, several years ago, wrote a lengthy and elaborate article for the *Cincinnati Gazette* on the subject of Shiloh, which attracted much attention, and was reprinted in the *Southern Bivouac*. His view is from a Confederate standpoint, and is that of one who had an intimate and unpleasant acquaintance with the battle-field.

After Gen. Grant's account of the battle of Shiloh appeared in the *Century Magazine*, Gen. Duke contributed an article to the *Louisville Post*, and which was published in that paper under date of February 4, 1885. From this article I extract the following passages:

"I gave you my opinion of his (Gen. Grant's) article in the *Century*. He does not adduce any facts to sustain his positions, but deals chiefly in generalities. He does not give a history, or particularized description of the battle of Shiloh. It is throughout a defense of his tactics and manœuvres in the battle, and especially a reply to the proven charge that he was surprised on Sunday morning, April 6, 1862. A perusal shows that he has not brought any proof to his side. His argument in regard to the death of Johnston is poor and without basis. He claims that the latter was killed in rallying his broken troops, when he was shot as he led a victorious charge on an almost impregnable position. As to the paper of Johnston's son, I believe that it is correct throughout, and a good view of the battle of Shiloh. . . .

"You ask: 'When Gen. Sidney Johnston planned and led the assault on Grant, was he not aware that Wallace and Buell were not far off? And did he not know that they would come to their commander's aid with fresh men?'

"I answer: He was well aware that they were not far off, but it was his intention to attack Grant and crush him before they could have arrived to his relief. His death caused this arrangement to miscarry; but it would have been successful had all gone as was preconcerted. Beauregard, as I said before, was in the rear on a sick-bed, and his position necessarily rendered him ignorant of the exact condition of affairs on the ground, where the battle was actually going on between the two armies. A continu-

ation of the effective charge would have utterly routed their line, and shattered Grant's army. Instead, the word to withdraw was given, and the victory was abandoned. Opportunity was given for the federal reinforcements to cover Grant's army. At sundown Gen. Lew. Wallace and his troops reached the federal position. He was, I suppose, about six miles off during the day; and had to cross Snake Creek to meet Grant. Buell was on the other side of the river; and in the night crossed, bringing an overwhelming body of fresh men to face our exhausted troops in Monday morning's battle.

"Accurately as can be learned, during Sunday's fight, we had 39,000 men on the field. The enemy exceeded us about 2,000, numbering a little over 41,000. Wallace's body of troops amounted to 5,000. Buell carried across the river 20,000 troops to aid against us. They then had nearly as many new men to bring before us as composed our entire army, and were aided by their gun-boats on the river. This is my opinion of Grant at Shiloh: I think his generalship was very poor, and he displayed no fine military tactics. He was surprised in his tents and routed. The rout was stayed by the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, and he was saved by the arrival of Wallace and Buell. Otherwise, his army would have been destroyed and captured. He had no accurate knowledge of Johnston's motions; and did not know when he was going to be assaulted. He was always on the defensive, while his enemy was taking the other course. He was like a man who sits supinely, and waits for his opponent to strike him before he knows where he is and can strike back."

Per contra: in the foregoing statement we find ample support for that which Gen. Sherman said to Gen. Wilson, as mentioned by the latter in his "Reminiscences of Gen. Grant," in the October (1885) number of the *Century Magazine*, p. 947:

"Wilson, I am a great deal smarter man than Grant. I see things more quickly than he does. I know more about law, and history, and war, and nearly every thing else than he does; but I'll tell you where he beats me, and where he beats the world. He don't care for what he can't see the enemy doing; and it scares me like hell!"

In the meantime the projected policy of 1862 had

been put in force; and the Southern States were to be dragooned by force of arms, if need be, into Republican Party support. I wrote from St. Petersburg my letter of 1866 to the *Louisville Journal*, in which I denounced the ultra and unconstitutional measures of Sumner and Stephens; and the Kentucky State Republican Convention declared similar views. I could never submit to a policy which destroyed the vital principle of all rule by the people—the untrammelled voice of the majority of the citizens entitled to the franchise.

When I arrived in New York, in 1869, Spanish gunboats were fitted out in New York harbor, whilst the Cuban masters and their liberated slaves were spied out, and all their ships and material confiscated. It was the policy of my great namesake, in 1817, Henry Clay, to put all revolutionary people of the American Continent upon an equality with the dominant governments at home; and so the laws of that time were changed to meet the uprising of the people on this continent against their autocratic masters in Europe. Thus the Republican Party, under Grant's lead, not being able to rob the black Republic of Hayti of their liberty and property, turned their backs upon the poor Revolutionists of Cuba. I denounced the whole project. A great meeting of the friends of Cuba was called in the Cooper Institute. I was made the leader of the movement. The venerable benefactor of this great charity, Peter Cooper, was present. He gave me a most cordial welcome—our acquaintance being of long standing. In the meantime it was suspected that I would not spare the administration. 'I was imprudent enough to say so. The house was full to overflowing.

I was advised several days before that the New York Custom-House dependents would interrupt me; but I had confidence in my ability to master a mob. I made the grave mistake, however, to put the thugs, burglars, and shoulder-hitters of a cosmopolitan city like New York upon the same level with the gallant, ferocious, but mag-

nanimous Kentuckians. At Frankfort, in 1860, it is said that I spoke to 10,000 men from the State-House steps in the dark, and yet not a hard word was spoken. But, in Louisville, in the year 1851, before the same kind of roughs, I was stoned in the dark by those who cowered in my presence under gas-light. I should have formed a more correct idea of city bummers and dead-beats!

When I arose, on being announced, I began my speech with a short preface, showing why I had not remained in the army, and for which I had been denounced for long years unheard; but I was at once interrupted by this squad of a few hundred men, who made such a clamor that I could not be heard.

Thus I, who had never failed to secure, in the slave States, a hearing, was, in the free city of New York, silenced!

The resolutions drawn up by me were unanimously passed—Horace Greeley, being chairman of the meeting, reading them. I was also made President of the Cuban Charitable Aid Society, and Horace Greeley Vice-President. Thus the claquers were silent at the most important time, and I carried off a substantial victory; for they knew nothing about the resolutions, or me being made the president of the new society.

As the *Tribune*, with other papers, made a false report of what I said, I wrote out a short summary of my speech, and, carrying it to the desk of the *Tribune*, left it. The next day that journal announced its refusal to publish it, saying it was not their business to repeat such reports, and which was to their readers but as “an old almanac.” No names were mentioned; but I and the public, of course, knew it had reference to me. Determined to have myself rightly stated before the public, I went next day to the advertising department, and paid about eighty-three dollars for its insertion, and took a receipt. This I carried over to Charles A. Dana of the *Sun*, and showed him; at which he seemed much astonished. He published my

summary, saying editorially that it was the ablest argument yet made on the Cuban side; and charged, of course, nothing for this act of justice. The next day the *Tribune* came out with my correction in a conspicuous place, and said a few words editorially in my favor.

The following extracts from a popular and lengthy notice of Dana shows how few are up to the level of the heroes of all ages. Without the many qualities here somewhat deprecated, the editor of the *Sun* would have sunk to the common level of men who, in self-devotion, lose sight of the public good, and are, and of course ought to be, forgotten:

CHARLES A. DANA.

"The gifted and erudite editor of the *Sun* was born in Hinsdale, New Hampshire, sixty-one years ago. The New England stock of Danas is a very old one, and comes originally from Italy. It is not impossible that, like the Salas, the Costas, and other English and American descendants of Italian ancestors, it contains a drop of the Hebrew blood of Venice and Florence of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

"The present standing of the New York *Sun* is entirely the result of the work of its editor, both in the financial and journalistic sense. Upon retiring, in 1862, from the *Tribune*, to which he gave a power and influence until then unknown in the American press, Mr. Dana was called to official life by Edwin Stanton, the Secretary of War. He became a member of several committees of the War Department, and was finally appointed Assistant Secretary of War, a post which he held until the close of the Rebellion. In 1865 he went to Chicago as editor of the *Republican*; and, about a year after, made about \$10,000 by selling out his interest in that paper. This was his first step toward financial prosperity. Two years later he formed the *Sun* Association, and took charge of the paper on the first of January, 1868. What he has made of the then obscure and decaying sheet is known to everybody on this continent. The *Sun* has paid a dividend of forty per cent. upon its original stock of \$350,000; and shares of \$1,000 each have recently changed hands at \$2,400 apiece.

"The manner in which the *Sun* is conducted is perfectly unique in its way. Its contributors enjoy perfect liberty of action.

With the exception of the 'desk men,' nobody is bound to attend the office at any fixed hour. No member of the staff is compelled to write upon any subject he does not care to treat, or does not know enough about to do credit to the journal. The pay is as liberal, if not more so, than on any other New York paper; and the relations of the editor to his employés is rather that of a friend than of a superior officer. The even temper and courtesy of Dana have become proverbial among those who know him well. But if he is a true friend to those he likes, he is an unrelenting enemy to those whom he dislikes. The popular verdict has compared him to a bull-dog in the tenacity with which he holds his prey, when he has once seized it. This relentlessness has done the *Sun* a great deal of good, but it has done Mr. Dana personally a great deal of harm. His erudition, his courtesy, and his amiable temperament ought to have made him a much more popular man than he is. But the bitterness of his enmity to every form of corruption has caused many people to dread him.

"His accomplishments are almost boundless. There is not a subject of literature, art, or science in which he does not take a deep interest. He speaks French, Italian, German, and Spanish with equal facility. Within a few years he established a class of Icelandic among the young associates of his son, and became quite enthusiastic in the acquirement of that particular useless language, upon the plea that it was absolutely necessary for a thorough knowledge of English."

In a storm at sea the thousand of passengers amount to nothing; it is the single captain, the governing mind, who counts. So, in our degenerate times, Dana has been the one editor who has stood boldly forth as the advocate of honesty in political affairs. That doggedness of purpose which the amiable editor of *The Hour*, from which I quote, almost deprecates, has been a prime force in the salvation of the Nation. The genius of Dana, like that of all great thinkers, cares little for any thing but principle. He attacks error and dishonesty in public leadership, wherever he sees them, without regard to party. Like every true lover of self-government, he is a Democrat, but not necessarily of the Democratic Party. And Democrats, when it becomes a duty, receive the same fiery de-

nunciation which drove the stolid Grant and his corrupt followers from power.* Among our fifty millions of people, for the last ten years one man has stood preëminent above presidents, politicians, and scholars.—That man is CHARLES A. DANA.

What was the burden of my offense with the American press? That I had not gone to the war instead of to Russia. I was not a warrior by profession; I had not been educated at West Point; I was not a soldier of the regular army. I was a politician—politics was my profession. Now I ask, why should a politician be required to go to war and the editor remain at home to abuse him? Why did not Messrs Bennett, Raymond, Greeley, and others go to battle? I voluntarily volunteered to save Washington from capture, and did so. Why was that service forgotten? I did more than any man to overthrow slavery. I carried Russia with us, and thus prevented what would have been the strong alliance of France, England, and Spain against us; and thus was saved the Union! I was one of the principal factors, at least so all admit, in these three great events. Why did I not get some word of gratitude for these services? Simply because it was known, as far back as 1862, that I would never go with these gentlemen in the wicked and fruitless policy, by which the South was finally made “solid,” and the Republican Party brought to grief and death!

*Dana, in his late review of Grant's cabinet, speaks of the “Weak Fish.” These are the fish which are found about New York harbor, and which are game contemned by all anglers—worthy synonyms are they, who, with Badeau, make war upon women—the wives of Catacazy and the Prince of Wales!—greedy cormorants, political *lazaroni*, and treasury-robbers! who brought a great party and a great country to shame!

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAMILTON FISH, W. H. SEWARD'S SUCCESSOR, REPRODUCES THE LATTER'S FALSEHOODS AND CALUMNIES AGAINST ME.—ON SIGHT OF SAME I PUBLISH MY RESPONSE, WITH LETTERS FROM RUSSIAN NOBILITIES AND DIGNITARIES TRIUMPHANTLY VINDICATING ME.—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA EXTENDS TO ME DISTINGUISHED HONOR, AT ST. LOUIS.—H. FISH & CO. FAIL AS CONCLUSIVELY AS W. H. SEWARD & CO. IN SECURING MY CONDEMNATION.

IN the Cincinnati *Commercial*, one day during the Presidential campaign of 1872, appeared the following, as a part of its Washington correspondence:

An Uncalled-for Personal Assault on the Character of Hon. Cassius M. Clay—A Story that Needs Much Confirmation.

The following affidavit, which in the files of the State Department fails to become a part of the official records there only because, the petitioners being foreigners, no notice could be taken of the same. The Administration is doing a good deal of this kind of business; and the paper upon which this affidavit is written is State-Department paper, by a State-Department clerk, and furnished by a State-Department official:

“ST. PETERSBURG, *April 19, 1866.*

“I, the undersigned, Eliza Leonard, of Dublin, Ireland, wife of Jean Christian Chautems, citizen of Moteers, Canton of Fribourg, in Switzerland, house-steward to the *fourrier* of the Imperial Court of Russia, declare and affirm the truth of the following statement: Last year my commercial affairs were so bad that I was threatened with complete ruin. Under these circumstances, and appearing to take an interest in my misfortunes, Gen. Clay, the Minister of the United States of North America, declared himself to be our protector and friend. The first *attaché* of the Embassy of my country in Russia, Mr. Saville Lumley, as likewise several Americans, made a subscription in our behalf, and intrusted Gen. Clay with the sum thus raised for our poor chil-

dren, and to save our furniture, etc., which the police threatened to sell immediately. The general was requested to hire a lodging for us, with the sum thus raised, for one year, and in the name of a third person. Not then understanding his motives for taking such an interest in our affairs, and having no reason to be on my guard against him, I raised no objection to his hiring a lodging on the Vassile Ostoff, thirteenth line house, Oussoff No. 2. He redeemed those contracts, the terms of which had expired, by paying the sums due to my creditors.

"After that our house was ever open to the general, with whom we became very intimate, and who often came of an evening to partake of our tea for a motive very easy to understand now. He obtained an order from the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, whom he deceived by false reports, for my husband to leave his home. Pleased with his first result, he took advantage of his high position to beg of my youngest daughter's godmother, the Grand Duchess Catharine, to place her in the institution of St. Helen, where she is to the present day. My health being in a weak state, the cares of the household devolved on my elder daughter, who was hardly fourteen years of age. From this time the general's visits became more frequent; and once, upon pretext of a drive, he took my daughter in his equipage to the Islands.

"Here my feelings as a mother overcome me, and I can not refrain from weeping in writing these lines. He had a conversation with my daughter, which she, in her innocence and simplicity, did not understand. Furious at not having succeeded in his infamous designs last month, and taking advantage of a moment when my daughter, whom he had sent on some commission, was out, and my servant was likewise not at home, the general attacked me most brutally; and I was only saved by the unexpected arrival of my daughter, who had made use of the general's equipage, to perform her mission, and thus returned sooner than he expected. Interrupted in his criminal attempts, he obliged me, ill and in bed, to sign a paper by which I recognized that I had received certain sums of him, exceeding those sent me by my benefactors.

"Since then I wrote the general a letter demanding an exact settling of all our accounts, and also requesting him to return me my jewels, which I had intrusted to his care, and sent it by my daughter, accompanied by her sister. He tried to persuade the former to accompany him into one of his more retired rooms, under the pretext that he had something of the greatest import-

ance to communicate to her, which he could not do in the presence of her little sister. She answered that her sister Catharine might hear all he had to say to her, and refused following him. He insisted, but happily my children at last escaped out of that terrible house. Then—and I shudder at the thought—I understood the intentions of the general, who, under the mask of friendship and benevolence, wished to dishonor a poor family, already so tried by misfortune.

“This is the exact statement of the facts, of which I am ready to take my Bible oath. I should wish the affair to be investigated. I am ready to furnish any information that may be required of the statement which has now been written under my dictation, and to sign with my blood.

ELIZA CHAITEMS.

We have here the evidence of a political ally that the Immortal Fish was the co-conspirator with Seward, Stewart, and the other banditti to calumniate me, as well as to swindle the Czar. He wrote to me that Grant was the friend of Seward, and that political reasons only had caused his retirement. Madame Chautems told me that when Stewart was in St. Petersburg he boarded with her. Grant seems to have been equally unfortunate in his connection with the Fishes. One of the name broke down and ruined him, as a cabinet officer, and another, as a banker, in Wall Street.

Mrs. Chautems' charges in her letter are so absurd that I should never think it worth while to refute them, were I not in a political canvass. She was over forty years old, with chronic bronchitis all the time I knew her, confining her for weeks to her bed; with a most offensive breath; and, even had she been virtuous, she was decidedly *passée*! Her daughter, a handsome, but very immature girl, was sent often to my house alone; so that I forbade my servants to allow her entrance. The mother was now doing her best—what she had accused her husband before of attempting—to sell her daughter's chastity. In her letter she charges me with designs upon the virtue of herself and daughter; in her petition to Congress she accuses me of theft of her jewels and

bonds, and housebreaking! The Immortal Fish & Co., no doubt, thought the omission of these last charges was best. The grossest credulity can not swallow every thing!

As soon as I saw the foregoing, I wrote the following, which, with the proof in form of accompanying letters, was published in the Richmond (Ky.) *Register* of September 6, 1872:

*The Grant Conspirators as Calumniators—Cæsarism brings with it
New Phases in Political Action.*

EDITOR OF REGISTER—

DEAR SIR:—Heretofore it was the character of the candidate for the presidency which was the subject of public consideration; now every independent citizen who will not support Grant, and yield up all the defenses of free government, must be calumniated and destroyed. Every prominent man who has dared to canvass against Grant has been studiously defamed. I have not been too obscure to escape. So soon as I came out against Grant in my St. Louis speech, in 1871, I was attacked about the same day—February 16th—in the New York *Tribune*, New York *Herald*, and the New York *Evening Post*, all three then Grant journals. On the 22d of February, in the New York *Evening Post*, I forever silenced all those calumnies by giving the letter of the Hon. Henry Wilson, and twelve letters from the imperial family of Russia and the most distinguished nobles of that empire, showing that Russia never asked my recall, and that my social standing, up to the time of my leaving Russia in 1869, was of the highest order. Those letters are now in the hands of Wm. C. Bryant, Esq., of the *Post*, and the President, and the Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish, can see and take copies of the originals now in my possession. But my assaults have been so damaging to the Grant conspirators, wherever I have addressed the people, that it has been by them thought advisable to explore the archives of the State Department to find something to arrest the force of my canvass; and in this they halt at neither the law which forbids the use of the records of the Foreign Department for such publication, and are not ashamed to violate all the proprieties which forbid those attacks upon private character, which spread, if true or false, dismay and mortification through the whole circle of family relations and

friends, without any compensating public good—conduct which the civilization of all ages has denounced as infamous.

THE CHAUTEMS' CALUMNY.

Eliza Leonard, an English subject living in St. Petersburg, married a Swiss named Jean Chautems. She kept a restaurant in that city in her own name, her husband having failed, but who still aided her, being esteemed the best cook in the capital. Here I made the acquaintance of the madam and her two daughters, one about thirteen and the other eleven years old. Soon madam also failed, and was sent to prison. Her eldest daughter ran to my house and implored my help. I went at once to the restaurant, where they also lived, and found that the Hon. John Saville Lumley, the British first Secretary of Legation, had taken madam out of prison; but there they were, without a cent, with two girls destitute of clothes and food, and a Russian winter coming on. Every charitable Christian man would do what I and Lumley did. He gave her about three hundred rubles, being, as subordinates generally, on a poor salary; and I supplied the balance of the money to rent for her a new house, and purchase the furniture then in her house. She promised to repay me from the profits of her boarders, and a certain sum from the wages of her husband, as cook for Russian families. Finding, after awhile, that the Chautems were not worthy of my charity; that they were stealing and selling the furniture, and that they never paid me any thing as agreed, I caused the police to turn them out of the house, and by a decree of a court I sold the furniture to pay part, a very small part of the debt they owed me—no other person having contributed any thing to this charity but myself and Mr. Lumley, whose contribution had been paid to Mrs. Chautems in money by me, her receipt taken and given to him.

Madame Chautems immediately commenced a system of blackmail against me—all of which I absolutely resisted. She sued me in the courts; but, as soon as the Russian authorities found it out, they ordered her to be sent at once out of the empire; which was prevented by the British Ambassador, Sir Andrew Buchanan, saying it was the fault of the Russian court that my ministerial privilege was violated, and not the fault of Madame Chautems, a British subject. Madame Chautems, failing to make any impression upon me, invoked the intercession of Ex-Assistant Secretary Fox, who came on to present the Czar with the letter of Con-

gress congratulating him upon his escape from assassination in 1866. Mr. Fox handed the letter over to me, of course, treating her demand with contempt. She then sent a petition to the Congress of the United States, embracing the most infamous charges against me, most of which had not been mentioned in her letter to Mr. Fox. This petition, with hundreds of others, was referred by resolution without being read to the several committees—this one to the Committee of Foreign Affairs—and was by them returned to the House, and again without being read was referred to the State Department. (See letter A.) Wm. H. Seward then sent it, with an anonymous pamphlet styled “Forty Chapters upon Clay,” to me, saying Congress required me to answer—a cowardly and infamous lie, as S. Colfax’s letter proves. (See dispatch B.)

I immediately, seeing myself arraigned by my own Government before all Europe, upon the baseless calumnies of an anonymous writer, and the petition and declaration of a common prostitute, answered them all, and sent them, charges and refutation, to Prince Gortchacow, accompanied with a letter waiving my privileges as a minister, and asking a full inquiry from the Russian courts, and subjecting myself, if guilty, to all the penalties of Russian law. In a little while the Minister of the Court of Secret Justice, Count Schouvaloff, returned all the papers, begging me to pay no attention to one who was well known to the police as a bad character, and that he claimed no jurisdiction in the case. Prince Gortchacow, when asked what I should do, said: “Nothing; your own past life is the best refutation of such calumnies.”

I then wrote to Sir Andrew Buchanan, reproaching him with refusing to contribute to the Chautems’ charity, and interfering when she was to have been punished for her crimes. He wrote me two magnanimous letters, acquitting me of all blame; which letters I sent to the State Department, and the publication of which I now demand of Hamilton Fish in my defense. (See letters C. and D., etc.)

C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY., *September 3, 1872.*

[A—No. 1.]

ST. PETERSBURG, RA., *April 18, 1867, N. S.*

I, the undersigned, counsellor in St. Petersburg, do declare that I was the authorized attorney of C. M. Clay in the purchase of the

furniture of Eliza Chautems, the wife of Jean Chautems, a Swiss subject, resident in the city of St. Petersburg; and that the said Clay paid through me to Messrs. Brickoff, Zakoleff, and others, thirteen hundred and twenty-five rubles, part of which money was to save Madame Chautems from *criminal prosecution*—she having, in violation of law, taken up money on this furniture already pledged. I declare that Mr. J., and Madame E. Chautems were both notorious bankrupts before and at the time of the purchase of said furniture by me for said Clay. That the time of the *liens* having expired, it resulted that the legal title was entirely in the said Clay, being duly recorded in the proper courts according to law. And I further declare that no other person paid any part of said purchase money. I further state that the house Oussoff was rented by said Clay, and paid for by him, and by no other person. That Madame Chautems was legally ejected, and the furniture sold for said Clay's benefit. I further declare that all the personal property not named in said Clay's recorded list of furniture was allowed by said Clay to Madame Chautems; and taken by her creditors for their own use, according to law. I declare further that I drew up said Clay's answer to Madame Chautems' suit; that I advised him that she could not recover a copeck against him, but advised him also to make the defense of privilege, as I believed her object was solely to calumniate him, or to extort money.

ARKADY NICANOFF,
Aulic Counsellor.

[A—No. 9.]

I, Arkady Nicanoff, Aulic Counsellor, do certify that I have seen the list of furniture set forth in the petitions of Eliza and Jean Chautems to the Congress of the United States, and that the most valuable things had been taken and sold by Eliza Chautems and her husband, contrary to law, viz.: silverware, table-linen and napkins, service of glass, and all that was most valuable. The penalties of which breach of law were removed from possibility of execution by moneys paid by C. M. Clay, and that they were not on his list.

I also certify that I made out and registered in the court of "Uprava Dwarrenchinia" ("*le tribunal de police, premier department de St. Petersburg,*") the furniture sold by it, and bought by C. M. Clay, by the decree of said court, and put into the possession of said Clay in the house Oussoff; and that the most valuable things were abstracted secretly by the Chautems, and could not be found

on the sealings of said property for said Clay's security; for which the said Eliza Chautems could have been criminally prosecuted and convicted. For instance: a service of porcelain, sold for one hundred rubles by her, was found with Leon Mandelstramm, 13th line, St. Petersburg; which he was ready to return to said Clay. And a writing-desk was found in the possession of Lewenged of St. Petersburg. Which prosecution said Clay, through mercy to Madame Chautems and her children, declined to make. All of which I know to be true.

ARKADY NICANOFF,
Aulic Counsellor.

CONSULATE, U. S. A., ST. PETERSBURG, RA. *May 8, 1867.*

I, the undersigned George Pomutz, Consul of the United States of America, at St. Petersburg, Russia, do hereby certify that the foregoing two affidavits (Numbered A—1 and 9,) are true copies of the originals now before me, both of which were duly acknowledged by me.

Witness my hand and the seal of this consulate hereto attached the day and date above written.

(L. S.)

GEORGE POMUTZ,
United States Consul.

[A.]

LONDON, *May 2, 1866.*

Personally appeared before me, Denison Chauncey Pierce, of the State of New York, United States of America, temporarily residing in London, being sworn, says, that he never did, at any time, pay to his Excellency, Gen. C. M. Clay, for or on account of Madame Chautems, or her husband, for rent, furniture, or any other purpose, five hundred rubles.* And further that he never did pay his Excellency, Gen. C. M. Clay, or any other person, for or on account of said Madame Chautems, or her husband, any sum or sums whatsoever, at any time. All of which is true, so help me God.

D. C. PIERCE.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this the 2d day of May, A. D., 1866, in the Consulate of the United States, at London

JOSHUA NUNN, *Deputy Consul.*

[A—6.]

ENGLISH CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURG, *Aug. 13, 1866, N. S.*

SIR:—Returned from England yesterday, and found your Excellency's note of the 7th inst. awaiting me. Mrs. Chautems has in-

* She averred that Pierce, among others, had given me 500 rubles for her.—C.

roduced herself to me—as any one, so disposed, may do—and, pleading distress, made “allegations injurious” to your Excellency’s “character.” To those allegations, however, I am in no true sense a “witness,” and have certainly no just warrant for believing or attesting them. When, some months ago, an advertisement appeared in some Russian paper referring “the charitably disposed” to me, as to one who could testify to the truth of certain statements made by a person in some respects answering to Eliza Chautems, I felt it my duty to send another advertisement, denying that I had given any authority for such reference to be made to me. I am, your Excellency, your obedient servant,

ARTHUR S. THOMPSON.

To His Excellency, GEN. CLAY,

Embassador of the United States of America, etc.

[A—7.]

GENERAL:—I told mamma that you asked to come and see us. She has no objection; but, on the contrary, will be very happy to see you. As we leave for the country on Saturday, mamma will wait for you till 4 o’clock to-morrow, Friday, the 10th.

Fifth line N—12; Login N—7.

LEONTINE.*

Thursday evening, the 9th June, 1866.

[B.]

CHICAGO, ILL., May 18, 1867.

MY DEAR SIR:—Lecturing every day, your letter, through the State Department, has just reached me here, remailed. All I know of the matter is that my secretary presented the petition, with hundreds of others of all kinds directed to me officially, and this one was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. I never read it, nor even heard of it, till my colleague, Hon. G. S. Orth, of Lafayette, Ind., a member of that committee, told me he had read it, and that it was referred by the committee to the State Department. *Congress, therefore, never heard of it*; nor do I know any thing of it except what my colleague incidentally told me, and he did not have any faith in it. He can furnish you full particulars. In great haste, yours truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

* This letter was written after all her mother’s charges against me, and after she was turned out of my house. Meeting her on the street, I asked her, as stated, with a view of defending myself, if need be. — C., 1885.

[B — 2.]

The Chautems and "Synopsis of Forty Chapters upon Clay" Calumnies. — Extract from Wm. H. Seward's Dispatch, No. 242, of April 1, 1867.

Your attention is respectfully invited to all these papers, in order that the request of the House of Representatives may be properly complied with.* I am, sir, your obedient servant,

WILL. H. SEWARD.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq., etc., etc.

[C.]

Copy of General Mezentsoff's Letter against Chautems, translated from the original, on file in State Department — Dispatch No. 238.

CHANCERY OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR,
3d Section, 2d Bureau, April 18, 1869.

GENERAL: — I hasten to satisfy a demand expressed in your letter of the 4th of April, 1869, to confirm for the present:

1st. That the letter inserted in the Swiss journal *Bund*, of the number of May 21, 1868, concerning the Chautems, without being authorized in form, nor destined for publication, contains in substance a summary of the intelligence taken by the Third Section upon the antecedents of the Chautems; and communicated in a special notice, in consequence of a letter at the instance of a Russian lady, wounded in her national sensibility by averments unworthy and calumnious, made by the Chautems at a hotel table in Berne, upon the estimate of her country, and the reflections made upon her in consequence, she believed herself obliged to cite the Chautems before the local tribunals of justice, after having learned what was their position at St. Petersburg.

2d. That there was a formal decree † of a competent court of April 28, 1868, pronounced after trial and an examination of facts and incontestable documents, in consequence of which the furniture belonging to Mr. Clay was adjudged to him, whilst delivering to

* Another infamous lie of Seward. The anonymous calumnies of the "Synopsis of the Forty Chapters upon Clay" were never sent to Congress at all. — C., 1885.

† This decree was confirmatory of the action of the first court which sold the furniture, Mrs. Chautems having brought suit against B. C. Goldschmidt, my superintendent, for the furniture. The second decree was rendered, it seems, after she had escaped by flight from Russia. — C., 1885.

the Chautems family what of right belonged to them. As to the police, it only executed a legal decree.

Be pleased to accept the expression of my most distinguished consideration.

NICHOLAS MEZENTSOFF.

The Imperial ministry of Foreign Affairs certifies that the above is the true signature of General-Major Mezentsoff of the suite of His Majesty the Emperor, Chief of Staff—Major of the Corps of Gendarmes, and commanding the Third Section of the Special Chancery of His Imperial Majesty. In testimony whereof the said Ministry has affixed to these presents its seal. St. Petersburg, the 23d of April, 1869, N. S.

The Vice-Director of the Department of Interior Relations,*

DEMIDOFF.

N. HANN, R. S.

From the Swiss "Bund" of May 21, 1868.—(See original in the State Department—Dispatch No. 238.)

CHANCERY OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR,
3d Section, Bureau . . . No. 521, April 30, 1868, N. S.

MADAM:—Count Schouvaloff, Aid-de-camp-general, charges me to inform you that the following are the advices upon the conduct of the married pair, Chautems, during their sojourn in St. Petersburg, which you have been pleased to demand by your letter of the 6th of May. Accept, Madam, on this occasion, the assurance of my perfect consideration.

NICHOLAS MEZENTSOFF.

Translation: To Madame de Sangrato. The police of St. Petersburg possesses, with regard to the couple Chautems, information which casts a bad light upon their antecedents, and shows them to be people unworthy of confidence. The Sr. Chautems, after having been in the service of some Russian nobles, was attached to the house of her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Helen, in the capacity of *fourrier*. It was then that he bought for his wife an establishment of furnished apartments, having been forced to quit the house of the Grand Duchess. Chautems remained some time with his wife, who, in consequence of a domestic scandal, put him out of doors. Afterward Chautems, although without resources, succeeded in setting up a hotel; but he soon

* This is the highest authority in Russia—as from the Emperor himself. The "Third Section" is the most confidential of the Emperor's servants, being in fact his life-guards.—C., 1885.

made a failure, which is said to have been fraudulent. Sometime after, Madame Chautems asked of the authorities to be allowed to live alone from her husband, under the pretense that he wished to speculate upon the chastity of their oldest daughter. Nevertheless, the affair of the failure being settled, they reunited themselves; and set up, in the name of Madame Chautems, a new restaurant. The husband was again driven away, and she in turn made a failure; after which they again reunited themselves, and continued to live together. In general, the couple Chautems enjoyed, at St. Petersburg, a very bad reputation with regard to their honor and morality. They were even accused of theft to the prejudice of persons who employed them. Finally, in the spring of 1867, the couple Chautems, in consequence of prosecutions commenced against them in Russia, brought on by their debts, escaped by flight to foreign countries. *April, 1868.*

[E. — No. 1.]

BRITISH EMBASSY, *June 12, 1867.*

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 9th instant, and to congratulate you on the satisfactory information which you have received from the United States as to the Chautems' affair. Believe me to be yours, very truly,

ANDREW BUCHANAN.

GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY,
Minister of the United States, etc.

[E. — No. 2.]

BOSTON, *December 10, 1871.*

C. M. CLAY, Esq., White Hall, Ky.

DEAR SIR:—I beg you thousand pardons for not having answered your very kind letter. I am and was so overwhelmed with business of all sorts that I really have not a moment leisure. Your kind message has been submitted to His Imperial Highness, and gratefully received. I am deeply grateful to you for your warm sympathy. You will see, bye and bye, that liars and calumniators will receive their reward. Heartily yours, C. CATACZY.

[E. — No. 3.]

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., *April 3, 1867.*

DEAR GENERAL CLAY:—I have your note of the 15th of March. I am very glad to find you well and happy. I have spent some

time in Washington; and, so far as you are concerned, you may rest in peace. Your *friends* have distributed a libellous pamphlet concerning you, but its own grossness destroys its object. . . . Wishing you health and happiness, I am, yours truly,

G. V. Fox.

CASSIUS M. CLAY AND THE RUSSIAN COURT.

INTERESTING DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

WHITE HALL, MADISON CO., KY., *February 10, 1872.*

W. C. Bryant, Editor of the Evening Post—

DEAR SIR:—The Cincinnati *Commercial* of January last gives what purports to be an editorial “from the New York *Evening Post*,” headed “Cassius M. Clay and the Russian Government.”

As you have verbally and by letter expressed your admiration of my character and public services, I am persuaded that such an article was never seen or heard of by yourself, for whom I have always entertained the highest respect. . . .

Calumny is the tribute which every successful patriot must pay to the envy and malice of those who fail in life's struggle, and which I have ever treated perhaps with too much contempt, and which I only now refute because found in so reputable a journal as the *Evening Post*.

In defense allow me to say: First—Prince Gortchacow never at any time “asked my recall.” Second—No letter from him asking my recall was ever “laid before the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs.” Third—“That Mr. Clay himself” never “always denied the assertions of Prince Gortchacow's unofficial letter,” because he never, till the *Evening Post* article, heard of such letter. Fourth—I leave to others to say, after reading the following letters, how far I was “respectable” at St. Petersburg, and what truth there is in any of the allegations against me:

NO. I. — LETTER FROM UNITED STATES SENATOR WILSON.

“SENATE CHAMBER, *February 9, 1872.*

“DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the 27th ultimo, I have pleasure in informing you that I have made careful inquiry respecting the communication alleged to have been sent to the Committee of Foreign Affairs of the Senate, requesting your recall, and I am satisfied that no such letter was ever received. I

think, therefore, you may give yourself no uneasiness on the subject. Yours very truly,

“H. WILSON.

“Hon. C. M. CLAY.”

[Here follow two letters—one from the Empress, and another from the Grand Duke Alexander—which, as they are in French, we omit.]

NO. 4. — FROM THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE EMPEROR.

‘MY DEAR GENERAL:—I am most happy to be able to fulfill a wish of yours, and send you accordingly my photographic image, and a specimen of my handwriting.

“Yours most respectfully and truly.

“COUNT GR. STROGANOFF.

3-15, December, 1867.”

[Mr. Clay appends a dozen other letters from distinguished persons, which we are compelled to omit, and adds:]

I could produce similar letters from the legations of every court in Europe and from the first nobles in Russia till my return home, but you are ready to say, no doubt, “*jam satis!*” In regard to Mr. Seward, so far from his “sustaining Mr. Clay as a faithful minister,” he was always my bitterest enemy ever since I refused to sustain him in 1860 against Abraham Lincoln and Chase. He recalled me in 1862, under false pretenses, as is shown in Abraham Lincoln’s letter, published in my life, in “Men of Progress.” He was my chief calumniator, as the archives of the State Department prove, and would have recalled me but that the Senate refused always to allow it, till, nine months after he went out of office, I returned home; and which I would have gladly done years before, but that I did not intend to allow him a victory over me.

In conclusion, I will add that her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Marie (Dagmar), to be the future Czarina of Russia, paid me the distinguished honor to ask my photograph, which now hangs framed in her palace at St. Petersburg. Sir Andrew Buchanan, the British Ambassador, and William L. Winans, Esq., gave me parting dinners, at which the most distinguished persons in St. Petersburg were present; and the Grand Duke Alexis avowed lately at Louisville, through Admiral Possiet, that “he delayed his visit in America,” on my account, to visit Kentucky.

Trusting that those journals which have copied the *Evening Post* article will insert this defense, I remain, with respect, yours,
C. M. CLAY.

Thus the representative of the British Empire, whose subject was said to have been wronged, and the highest officials and the Emperor, whose laws were alleged to have been violated, and the Committee of Foreign Affairs and the Senate, whose more immediate representative I was,—all stand united in my triumphant vindication against Seward's and the Immortal Fish's cowardly calumnies, and assure the world of my honorable conduct.

When the Grand Duke Alexis visited the United States under the pledge of the Emperor to send some of his family, in answer to my invitation, he received me with distinguished honor at St. Louis, where I was his guest, asking me to be seated, while other noted persons stood; having a long talk with me about old times, and inviting me again to visit Russia.

Again, when I was also by the city authorities of Louisville invited to meet him there, he said he had gone out of his way to visit my State. At the lunch given him at the Young Men's Club, he proposed and drank my health, and invited me, in the presence of all, to visit Russia again—an honor paid to me only.

In standing for eight years on the dark side of the most unfortunate of America's administrations, Fish can not plead drunkenness in palliation of the disgrace he and Seward have brought, for the first time in our history, upon the Premiers of the Nation. These are the men who caused the long-suffering Grant to cry out: "Oh! there are things more terrible than death!" He, too, shall live with the destroyed—the *destroyer*. John André fell with the traitor Arnold; yet he was not Burns's "Johnny—who soul ne'er had onny," but a gallant spirit, who gave all for his country—even honor. Let us, with Cyrus W. Field, shed a tear over his grave. *He never sold his country for gold!* Peace to the fallen! But oh!

Fish Immortal!—Nothing of the \$800,000 of blood-money has been divided between him and the Washington banditti; for of that claim “not a copeck” has Russia paid! He did not even sell his town-lot to Catacazy! Alas! for the Immortal Fish! In the language of “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,” we must exclaim:

“Oh! AMOS COTTLE! Phœbus, what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame!”

CHAPTER XXIV.

GEORGE W. JULIAN OF INDIANA.—MEN OF MASON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, APPROVE, IN 1845, THE SUPPRESSION OF THE "TRUE AMERICAN."—LATER MEN OF MASON COUNTY "RESOLVE" AGAIN.—IN 1848 I PROPOSE THE FRANKFORT CONVENTION. GREAT PROGRESS MADE BY 1849, AS SHOWN BY FURTHER "RESOLVES" OF MEN OF MASON COUNTY.—I SPEAK IN MAYSVILLE; AFTERWARD IN BROOKVILLE.—AM MET BY WM. C. MARSHALL.—HIS TACTICS BEING DEFEATED, AS A POLITICIAN HE IS RUINED.—PROPOSING TO FORM A NATIONAL PARTY, I INVITE G. W. JULIAN TO ASSIST ME.—MARSHALL'S LATER TACTICS OVERCOME US, AND WE RETIRE.—HOW HIS PARTY SUPPORTS MR. JULIAN.

GEORGE W. JULIAN, of Indiana, who was the Vice-Presidential candidate, in 1852, with John P. Hale, of the Free Soil Party, was now (1872) again a candidate for the same office. In 1850 he was invited by me to come to Kentucky and assist me in speaking in the border counties of Lewis, Mason, and Bracken, which he did. To show his heroism and patriotism, we must go back two decades of years.

Mason County was one of the most advanced in liberal sentiment in all Kentucky; but, after the fall of the *True American*, in 1845, I was denounced. To mark the spirit of the times, and Julian's danger in venturing to speak in a slave State, I here introduce some of the incidents, and some of those published resolutions:

COUNTY MEETING.

An adjourned meeting of the citizens of Mason County was held at the Court-House in Washington, on Monday, 13th October, 1845, to take into consideration the propriety of the proceedings of the people of Lexington in suppressing the *True American*. The Hon. Walker Reid, former chairman, not having been present, Lewis Collins, Esq., was called to the chair, and R. H. Stanton, Esq., appointed Secretary.

The resolutions offered by Wm. T. Reid, Esq., at the last

meeting, were then taken up for consideration. Said resolutions were as follow:

Resolved, 1. That we highly approve of and commend the conduct of our fellow citizens in Fayette and the adjacent counties, in suppressing the publication of the Abolition newspaper recently conducted at Lexington under the auspices of Cassius M. Clay, and bearing the *misnomer* of the *True American*. That we also approve of the resolutions and address submitted by the Hon. T. F. Marshall, and unanimously adopted by the meeting in Lexington on the 8th of August, and coincide with them in the opinion therein expressed—that no Abolition paper ought to be tolerated in Kentucky; and we (the citizens of Mason County,) pledge *ourselves* that, if we can prevent it, none shall be; nor will we encourage or support *any* press which now does or shall hereafter advocate the emancipation of our slaves among us, or in any way favor or encourage the designs of Abolitionism.

2. That we are opposed, at this time, to the calling of a Convention to amend our Constitution, believing, as we do, that such an event would superinduce the agitation of the question of emancipation, and disturb the peace and quiet of our citizens; and our Senators and Representatives are hereby instructed to act in the ensuing session of the Legislature in accordance with the will of their constituents as expressed in this resolution.

Hon. Adam Beatty then submitted the following resolutions, which he offered as a substitute for the foregoing:

Resolved, 1. That, in a government of laws, under no circumstances should *force* be used to inflict punishment for offenses already committed, because of these the laws can take cognizance, and afford the appropriate remedy.

2. That it is only in *extreme cases*, when a great and irreparable calamity threatens a community, and where the laws do not afford an adequate remedy, that force ought to be resorted to, and then only as a preventive remedy. And that, in the application of such force, the utmost care should be taken to guard against the slightest unnecessary injury to person or property.

3. That we consider the paper, called the *True American*, as having been commenced in a wrong spirit, conducted with indiscreet violence, and that it was wantonly offensive to the community where it was printed.

4. That we consider the request submitted to the Editor, by a committee of the people of Lexington to discontinue his paper, warranted by the intemperate and inflammatory character of his recent numbers; and that his reply to that request was conceived in a spirit of outrage, wholly unjustifiable, and meriting the severest reprobation.

5. That this meeting regard the continued publication of an Abolition paper, in Kentucky, as dangerous to the peace, order, and well-being of society; and, in order to prevent irregular action in the future, we recommend that laws be passed inflicting such penalties upon incendiary Abolition publications in our State as shall effectually prevent their being hereafter circulated.

6. That, in the state of feeling which now prevails in Kentucky, produced by the intemperate and injudicious zeal of Abolitionists of other States, it would be impolitic to agitate the subject of calling a Convention to amend the Constitution. We, therefore, request our Senator and Representatives to oppose a call of a Convention at the ensuing session of the Legislature, should a bill for that purpose be introduced.

7. That, in the opinion of this meeting, the moral condition of emancipated slaves can not be improved, while they remain here, mingling with a slave population; and that slaves thus emancipated must continue to be a degraded race, injurious alike to themselves and the slave population. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the colonizing of them on the coast of Liberia would be greatly beneficial to them, and a decided advantage to this community.

8. That we highly approve the contemplated establishment, on the coast of Liberia, of a colony of free persons of color from the State of Kentucky, and that a liberal encouragement ought to be afforded by our citizens to so useful an undertaking.

9. That, although we are of opinion that it would not be politic to agitate the subject of gradual emancipation in the state of feeling which now exists, arising out of the extremely injudicious course of political Abolitionists in other states, yet we confidently hope that the day will come when Kentucky, by the calm and deliberate action of her own citizens, will gradually and entirely rid the State of our black population, and thus relieve us of a political evil of the greatest magnitude.

These resolutions were advocated briefly but earnestly by the honorable mover, John A. McClung, and F. T. Chambers, Esq., and opposed by W. T. Reid, Esq.

Elijah C. Phister, Esq., then moved to amend Judge Beatty's resolutions by striking out the 9th and inserting the following, and sustained his amendment with a few remarks:

Resolved, 1. That we regard gradual emancipation, accompanied with colonization, as the true and only true policy of Kentucky; and we confidently hope that the time may come when this great system will be established by the people of this State. The discussion of its propriety, and the time when that discussion is to commence, are matters which should be left entirely to individual judgment, under the promptings of an enlightened patriotism. When that discussion does commence, it should be faithfully protected by law.

2. That, in thus expressing ourselves, we disclaim all sympathy with modern Abolitionism, and condemn it as fanatical and dangerous, and calculated to delay the period when our State shall be relieved from the evils of slavery.

He was succeeded by H. Waller, Esq., who moved to amend Judge Beatty's resolutions by striking out the 3d and 4th and inserting the following, which he advocated at great length:

Resolved, 1. That the tone, temper, and tendencies—the sympathies, principles, morals, and manners—of the *True American* newspaper stamp it essentially an Abolition print of the most dangerous character; and that, situated as it was, in the heart of a slave State, and conducted by a man utterly regardless of the interests of the community around him—an incendiary or a madman, deaf to the voice of expostulation and warning—it had, at the time of its suppression, become a great and dangerous public nuisance.

2. That the origin, support, and course of the *True American*; its office fortified with cannon and other deadly weapons; its subscription list large and increasing from the Abolition patronage of the North; its inflammatory appeals stimulating with persevering energy the passions of all classes and colors; its effect upon the slave population, exhibited by increasing insubordination in families, riotous assemblages at night, accumulating instances of outrage and crime, expressions intimating speedy deliverance from bondage, and threatening demonstrations of armed force and preparations for violence,—all pointed to and portended insurrection and bloodshed. In view of facts such as these, in full existence at the time, and becoming more aggravated every hour, we believe the condition of the citizens of Lexington and the surrounding country was critical

in the extreme—that it was a case of imminent public peril, of great and urgent emergency—entirely beyond the reach, control, and cure of the existing forms and process of law; a case involving the highest interests, the peace, security, and lives of the entire population, white and black; and, as such, demanding imperiously the exercise of those original and ultimate rights of self-preservation, of which no social compact or human legislation can ever divest any people.

3. That we admire and approve the forbearance, firmness, decorum, and order of the proceedings which resulted in the suppression of that fanatical and incendiary publication; that the liberty of the press in its purity, as guaranteed by our fundamental law, has not been violated, but that its *flagrant abuse*, for which the Constitution holds the author responsible, has simply been restrained.

After this there was a short but quite an animated discussion in relation to the whole matter, in which John A. McClung, F. T. Chambers, H. Waller, and W. T. Reid, Esqrs., and Hon. A. Beatty and Col. Jacob A. Slack participated.

The question being called for, and H. Waller's resolutions being first in order, they were rejected by a vote of 49 for and 58 against them. E. C. Phister's amendment was then adopted with but a few dissenting voices. The question then coming up upon Judge Beatty's substitute as amended, it was carried by a vote of 65 for and 49 against it.

The resolutions, as *passed*, are as follow:

Resolved, 1. That, in a government of laws, under no circumstances should *force* be used to inflict punishment for offenses already committed, because of these the law can take cognizance, and afford the appropriate remedy.

2. That it is only in *extreme cases*, when a great and irreparable calamity threatens a community, and where the laws do not afford an adequate remedy, that force ought to be resorted to, and then only as a preventive remedy. And that, in the application of such force, the utmost care should be taken to guard against the slightest unnecessary injury to person or property.

3. That we consider the paper, called the *True American*, as having been commenced in a wrong spirit, conducted with indiscreet violence, and that it was wantonly offensive to the community where it was printed.

4. That we consider the request submitted to the Editor, by a committee of the people of Lexington, to discontinue his paper, warranted by the intemperate and inflammatory character of his recent numbers; and that his reply to that request was conceived in a spirit of outrage, wholly unjustifiable, and meriting the severest reprobation.

5. That this meeting regard the continued publication of an Abolition paper, in Kentucky, as dangerous to the peace, order, and well-being of society; and, in order to prevent irregular action in the future, we recommend that laws be passed inflicting such penalties upon incendiary Abolition publications in our State as shall effectually prevent their being hereafter circulated.

6. That, in the state of feeling which now prevails in Kentucky, produced by the intemperate and injudicious zeal of Abolitionists of other States, it would be impolitic to agitate the subject by calling a Convention to amend the Constitution. We, therefore, request our Senator and Representatives to oppose a call of a Convention at the ensuing session of the Legislature, should a bill for that purpose be introduced.

7. That, in the opinion of this meeting, the moral condition of emancipated slaves can not be improved, while they remain here, mingling with a slave population; and that slaves thus emancipated must continue to be a degraded race, injurious alike to themselves and the slave population. We are, therefore, of the opinion that the colonizing of them on the coast of Liberia would be greatly beneficial to them, and a decided advantage to this community.

8. That we highly approve the contemplated establishment, on the coast of Liberia, of a colony of free persons of color from the State of Kentucky; and that a liberal encouragement ought to be afforded by our citizens to so useful an undertaking.

9. That we regard gradual emancipation, accompanied with colonization, as the true and only true policy of Kentucky; and we confidently hope that the time may come when this great system will be established by the people of this State. The discussion of its propriety, and the time when that discussion is to commence, are matters which should be left entirely to individual judgment, under the promptings of an enlightened patriotism. When that discussion does commence, it should be faithfully protected by law.

10. That, in thus expressing ourselves, we disclaim all sym-

pathy with modern Abolitionism, and condemn it as fanatical and dangerous, and calculated to delay the period when our State shall be relieved from the evils of slavery.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

L. COLLINS, *Chairman*.

R. H. STANTON, *Secretary*.

MASON COUNTY RESOLUTIONS AGAIN.

It seems from the following resolutions that the slave-holders think it almost a gone case with them. The friends of emancipation had the good sense to stay away:

From the Maysville Eagle.

MASON COUNTY MEETING. — C. M. CLAY'S PAPER.

In accordance with a notice, signed by four hundred and fifty-six citizens of Mason County, and published in the *Maysville Eagle*, a *mass meeting* of the people of the county was held at the Court-House in Washington on Monday the 10th of November, 1845, to consider the questions growing out of the recent action of the citizens of Lexington in the suppression of the *True American*, published by Cassius M. Clay. The meeting was one of the largest county assemblages ever held in Mason, the Court-House not being able to contain them, and was called to order by David Morris, Esq., upon whose motion the Hon. Adam Beatty was appointed Chairman, and R. H. Stanton, Secretary.

Henry Waller, Esq., addressed the meeting, explaining fully its object, and reviewing at length the circumstances connected with the action of the citizens at Lexington. He referred to the testimony adduced upon the trial of the persons engaged in the removal of the *True American* office, and elucidated most clearly, by an array of powerful argument, the imperative necessity by which they were actuated in their proceedings. He concluded by submitting the following resolutions:

Resolved, 1. That, in a land of liberty and law, whose institutions are based on the popular will and controlled by the popular opinion, it is especially proper that the sentiments of the people upon matters of great and novel interest should be ascertained; and that in assembling here to-day to express our opinions upon the proceedings at Lexington of the 18th of August, we realize the responsibilities we assume as citizens and men, and are gravely sensible of our duties to ourselves, our country, and our kind.

2. That whenever existing laws are competent to ward off impending danger from the citizens, or the community, no magnitude of evil will justify a departure from the forms of law; and that the undelegated powers of society should only be exerted in emergencies beyond the cognizance of the laws—when the evil is more fearful than the remedy; and then always for prevention, never for punishment.

3. That cases of extreme public peril may and do occur, which the laws are incompetent to meet, and which can only be encountered and controlled by a majestic movement of the people in their might; and these cases are not to be confounded with disorderly assemblages and mobs, which originate in licentious passion and result in crime—the one is no more a precedent for the other, than is homicide in self-defense a precedent for murder.

4. That the tone and tendencies, the sympathies and principles, of the *True American* stamp it essentially an Abolition print; and that, situated in the heart of a slave State, and conducted by a man utterly reckless of the interest of all around him—an incendiary or a madman, deaf to the voice of expostulation and warning—it had, at the time of its suppression, become a great public nuisance.

5. That the origin, support, and course of that paper; its office fortified with cannon and other arms; its patronage by the Abolitionists of the North; its constant inflammatory appeals to the passions of all classes and colors; its effects upon the slave population, manifested by insubordination in families, riotous and armed assemblages at night, increasing instances of violence and outrage, songs to Cassius M. Clay—their deliverer, his own threat that “*the masses*” would be “*AVENGED*,” his call to “*LABORERS OF ALL CLASSES*” for whom he had “*sacrificed so much*” to rally to “*this BATTLE between liberty and slavery*” with their “*strong arms and fiery hearts and iron pikes*,” his atrocious allusion to the “*silver plate on the board, and the smooth-skinned woman on the ottoman*,”—all pointed to and portended insurrection and bloodshed. In view of such facts, existing at the time and more aggravated every hour, we believe the condition of the citizens of that section of the State was critical in the extreme; that it was a case of imminent public peril, of great and urgent emergency, entirely beyond the reach, control, or cure of the forms and process of law, involving the peace, security, and lives of the whole population, white and black; and as such demanding imperiously the

exercise of those original rights of self-preservation, of which no social compact or human legislation can ever divest any people.

6. That we admire and approve the forbearance, firmness, decorum, and dignity of the proceedings for the suppression of that incendiary publication; that the liberty of the press in its purity, as guaranteed by our fundamental law, has not been violated, but that its *flagrant abuse*, for which the Constitution holds the author responsible, has simply been restrained.

7. That, in times so critical, Kentucky owes it to herself to proclaim to Abolitionists of other States, and their organs in this, that she needs no lessons from such reformers, and will submit to none; that she never can safely *consider* the subject of emancipation until the wanton and desperate crusade upon her rights from abroad shall have been beaten back; that upon that subject she will forever war against all foreign influences, and will vindicate her supremacy over her own territory, so as to control and dispose of her property at her own sovereign pleasure; and that if she should hereafter choose to emancipate, she will do so at her own time, in her own way, and upon principles which her own safety, experience, and wisdom may approve.

8. That the principles and practices of Abolitionists have hitherto only served to injure in Kentucky the cause of emancipation and colonization, to foster and confirm a spirit of pro-slavery, and to convince her citizens that "the promptings of an enlightened patriotism" forbid for the present the agitation of emancipation in any form.

F. T. Chambers, Esq., then rose and explained his position upon the questions embraced in the resolutions, disclaiming any and all sympathy with Abolitionism. He doubted the propriety of giving an unqualified approval of the Lexington proceedings, but would interpose no obstacle to the passage of the resolutions, if the meeting were inclined to adopt them.

These resolutions were then supported by Francis T. Hord and John D. Taylor, Esqrs, in speeches of some length and much ability, after which the question upon the resolutions was taken, and resulted in their *unanimous* adoption.

The proceedings of the meeting were then directed to be published in the Maysville *Eagle*, with a request that they be copied into the other papers of the State. The meeting then adjourned.

ADAM BEATTY, *Chairman*.

R. H. STANTON, *Secretary*.

One can not but admire the heroic attempt of the lawyers to justify the overthrow of all law by illegal violence!—whilst the justification of the suppression of the *True American* (which was never suppressed,) would be ridiculous, if it were not contemptible. This bedlam of assertions of right and wrong, of action and inaction, of emancipation and enforced colonization, of impotent and general cowardice, but for the proofs here extant would by posterity never be credited.

Thomas F. Marshall had many relatives in Mason; but, like the bombastic Thomas, they wilted when they came face to face with the “fanatic.”

“For what can make brave men of cowards?
Not all the blood of all the Howards.”

In less than four years, however, in the same county, and by some of the same men, the following resolutions were passed:

From the Lexington Daily Atlas.

COUNTY MEETING.

A very large and respectable meeting of the citizens of Mason County convened at the Court-House in the city of Maysville on Monday the 12th of February, 1849, in pursuance of a call signed by five hundred and twenty-three voters of the county, previously published in the papers of the city, to take into consideration some questions connected with the institution of slavery in Kentucky.

On motion of F. T. Hord, Esq., the meeting was organized by the appointment of Hon. Adam Beatty, President, and Hon. John Chambers, Edward L. Bullock, Abner Hord, David Morris, O. H. P. Wheeler, Jesse Turner, Joseph Howe, and Christian Shultz, Esqrs, Vice-Presidents. E. C. Phister and Granville Young were appointed Secretaries.

Upon motion of John A. McClung, Esq., the President appointed a committee of ten, composed of the following gentlemen, to report resolutions for the consideration of the meeting: John A. McClung, F. T. Hord, A. J. Smedley, Charles A. Marshall, Benedict Kirk, Joseph Forman, Samuel Donelson, Asa R. Runyon, Wm. C. Holton, and David Rice Bullock, Esqrs.

During the retirement of the committee, the President, at the request of the meeting, offered some remarks in explanation and

support of the objects of the meeting. At the close of his remarks the committee reported the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has been determined by the people of Kentucky that a Convention shall be called for the purpose of revising and amending the present Constitution; and, *whereas*, opinions have been expressed by a portion of our fellow-citizens in a public meeting, held in the city of Maysville in January last, adverse to any system of Emancipation whatever, present or prospective, with or without Colonization; and, *whereas*, we deem it right and proper that a full and free expression of public opinion should be had upon a question so grave and momentous in its bearing upon the future destiny of our country; therefore—

Resolved, 1. That, in the opinion of this meeting, the institution of Slavery is a political and social evil, for the existence of which in Kentucky, however, the present generation is not at all responsible,

2. That, while we attach no blame to the slave-holder, as such, and have no sympathy with the fanatical feeling manifested by a portion of the North, we esteem it our right, our interest, and our duty, to deliver ourselves from an injurious political institution, which we have inherited from our fathers, by any plan which shall be reasonable, constitutional, and just to owners of that species of property.

3. That, in our opinion, a gradual and prospective system of Emancipation, accompanied by Colonization, should be adopted by our State. We regard such a project as practicable, political, and humane, and earnestly desire to see it accomplished.

4. That, while we declare ourselves in favor of some carefully devised plan of Emancipation, which shall be gradual in its operation, we are utterly opposed to any system which shall not result in the final removal of the black race from Kentucky.

5. That we contemplate with pleasure the present growing and prosperous colony of Liberia, and indulge the hope that it may hereafter become an asylum for the emancipated slaves of Kentucky, and the means of diffusing the blessings of civilization and Christianity throughout the African Continent.

6. We distinctly avow that we desire to see some system of Emancipation accompanied by Colonization engrafted in the Constitution about to be framed. We do not, however, at present deem it proper to insist upon that measure. But we do deem it indispensable to insist upon the insertion of a clause in the New

Constitution by which the people will be allowed to vote on that subject separately, whenever an act of the Legislature can be passed which shall authorize the same; and whenever a majority of the people shall clearly manifest a desire for Emancipation, that their will thus expressed shall then be engrafted into the Constitution, to be as effectual as if originally inserted.

7. That we will support no candidate for the Convention who will not pledge himself to support the foregoing principle.

8. That this meeting most cordially approve of the law of 1833, commonly called the Negro Law, and we deem it important that its essential features should be incorporated in the Constitution about to be framed.

9. That the healthful climate, the exuberant soil, and the high temperate latitude of Kentucky point her out as the destined abode of the free white race. No human power can arrest her onward march to freedom and prosperity. No earthly combination can chain her forever to the car of Slavery. The petty ephemeral policy which strives to fetter her giant energies will soon banish before the progress of opinion; and the free white race, who are destined to be lords of her noble soil, will soon give her that elevated rank in the confederacy which her natural position could command, and of which an unfortunate political institution has delivered her.

10. That a Committee of Correspondence be appointed by the Chair, who shall correspond with our friends throughout the State, and shall have power to call another meeting of our friends in the county, if deemed advisable.

The resolutions were advocated by John A. McClung, E. C. Phister, and F. T. Hord, Esqrs. After which, Henry Waller, Esq., followed in some remarks favoring the resolutions generally, during which he offered the following as a substitute for the 6th resolution, and sustained his amendment briefly:

Resolved, That, under all the circumstances at present surrounding this question, we are against the agitation of Emancipation with a view of engrafting it upon the New Constitution; but we do insist upon the insertion of a clause granting power to the Legislature, at any time, by statute, to submit that question to the people for their decision; and if, upon two successive popular votes, the people decide in favor of Emancipation, then the Constitution to be accordingly amended.

The propriety of the amendment was advocated by Gen. R. Collins, and opposed by John A. McClung and E. C. Phister. Mr. Waller then erased from his amendment the words "upon two successive popular votes." But, upon motion of John A. McClung, Esq., the amendment was laid upon the table.

The question coming up upon the adoption of the resolutions as reported, the Committee, at the suggestion of Gov. Chambers, so altered the 3d as to add the words "or removal from the State" after Colonization, and they were carried unanimously.

The President, in pursuance of the 10th resolution, appointed the following gentlemen a Committee of Correspondence: F. T. Hord, A. Beatty, Dr. John Shackelford, John A. McClung, A. J. Smedley, Samuel Donelson, E. C. Phister, and John Green, Esqrs. After which it was resolved that the proceedings of the meeting be published in the papers of the city, and that the papers throughout the State be requested to copy the same.

ADAM BEATTY, *President*.

E. C. PHISTER and GRANVILLE YOUNG, *Secretaries*.

Thus it seems that agitation did not set back the cause. And some of those who denounced me in 1845 were following in my lead in 1849; for by my letter, below given, in 1848 the Frankfort Convention was called.

The Louisville *Examiner* printed the following in its last number for 1848:

We ask attention to the following letter from our respected and warm-hearted friend, C. M. Clay, Esq.

The time is rapidly sliding by. A few months only will pass before we shall be called to choose delegates. Come, friends, arouse yourselves. Not a day is to be lost. We doubt not that the cause of Emancipation is dear to the hearts of a vast majority of our fellow-citizens. Let us spare no pains, leave no right and honorable effort untried to secure in the Convention a fair and full representation of the will of the people:

WHITE HALL, KY., *December 25, 1848.*

Editors of the Examiner—

GENTLEMEN:—I have been waiting for some time for a call of a Convention of the friends of Emancipation, previous to the coming canvass of this great question before the people.

With diffidence, in default of others, I make a few suggestions for your consideration: Say that a meeting take place as soon as practicable in Louisville, because it is accessible to all parts of the State. That all persons friendly to the cause of liberty be members. Let the Convention sit with open or closed doors, as may be determined on the ground.

Such a meeting seems desirable for the following among many other reasons:

1. To gain the power which ever ensues from organization.
2. To appoint a treasurer, and committees of finance and correspondence.
3. To district the State, and allot competent debaters to each county, that every neighborhood may be canvassed.
4. By concert to take care that in minority counties the vote should *not be lost*.

Your idea of avoiding the discussion of *plans* of Emancipation is founded on good sense. By "plans" we express ourselves needlessly to the fire of the enemy, and the "cross-fire" of friends. "Wherever there is a *will*, there is a *way*."

It is now for Kentucky, so eminently gifted by nature, to determine whether she will sink forever lower and lower down, by the side of South Carolina and Arkansas, into decay, impotency, and barbarism; or whether she will ascend into the glorious sisterhood of such States as Ohio, Massachusetts, and New York.

Whilst we urge every reason in favor of liberty toward the development of our physical, moral, and intellectual well-being, let us not by cowardice be driven from our true and safest grounds—to liberate our slaves because it is RIGHT.

The spirit of the revolutionizing nations inspires our cause—whatever is of worth in Christianity sustains us—the aspirations of the good and great of all lands are for us—conscience upholds us—God is on our side. Let us then finish the work which our fathers have left us—sacred and inviolate—to make our country free. Your obedient servant,

C. M. CLAY.

So soon as those resolutions of 1849 were passed, by which it will be seen I was not denounced, there arose a violent conflict of opinion in Mason, as a matter of course. The Hunker slave-holders accused the Liberal Party of being my followers, and no better than I. This naturally placed us upon the same ground. So when, in 1849, I

reached Maysville to speak by appointment, party strife was at white heat. Young Reid, son of Judge Reid, who figured in these resolutions, clamorously took the ground that I should not be allowed to speak at all. Among others, a Presbyterian minister as warmly declared that I was but exercising a constitutional right, and should be heard. Thereupon Reid knocked the minister down. But, when I came to the fulfillment of my appointment, the Liberals seemed to have a majority of a house filled to its greatest capacity. I, too, was excited; because of the former resolutions here passed against me, and because of Reid's dastardly conduct in striking the clergyman. Every inch of space was filled, and I hardly had room to gesticulate. I think I made there the best speech of my campaign. I saw the force of animal magnetism, and I literally *swayed* the audience by my gestures, as the billows of the ocean are moved by the winds. It was a great triumph. No man ventured to respond in vindication of the Slave-Power.

That night I was sitting by the fire at my hotel with several friends, in a social conversation, when Reid and two companions came in. I wore a cloak, as the weather was yet cool in the evenings on the river. When I saw Reid I stood up, unbuttoned my cloak, and eyed him closely; supposing, of course, that, after striking the parson, he would hardly let me escape. Whatever were his intentions, however, Reid never said a word; but, turning to the liquor-bar of the same room, with his two companions, took a drink of Old Bourbon, and retired ungreeted as they came. I learned afterward that he was much badgered about the whole affair; and soon he emigrated, and made Missouri his home.

From Maysville I went to my appointment at Brookville, the county town of Bracken. All over Kentucky, where I spoke at different times, I was frequently answered; for I always invited discussion. The old politicians, knowing my mettle, and the weakness of their

cause, never ventured to meet me in debate. But many young lawyers, seeing how odious I was, thought it a fine opportunity to advertise themselves, and make capital at my expense. They would get up generally great columns of statistics and narrow antecedents, which I would knock down at a blow, when they were entirely at my mercy. The people who came to hear me were pleased to find me reasonable, and, at times, humorous; and, of course, felt the discourtesy offered a stranger by the unusual attacks which were made upon me. And the older lawyers were gratified to see the overthrow of impertinent rivals. So I may say that I always came off victor.

Wm. C. Marshall, of Bracken, was by no means a young lawyer, and he had long been the "Boss" of that county. A Whig, he would attend the Democratic meetings, and attack their orators, and thus made himself very odious to that party. He had also broken up, by violence, the meetings of the Rev. John G. Fee, who was a native of the same county. When Marshall heard of my appointment, he raised a great clamor in the county, after the manner of his cousin, Thomas F. Marshall; and came to Brookville with the Donophans and other friends, with the purpose of using force against me. But when he arrived, and blustered around awhile, and found but little sympathy in the great crowd, he concluded to bully me in debate. Now, as he was a Marshall, I did not, as usual, invite discussion; but went on, in the most conciliatory manner, to strengthen myself against an effective reply. I was received and listened to with great respect. So, when Marshall got up, with that assurance which marks the family, I closely scrutinized the faces of the audience, and saw there was but little sympathy with him.

Marshall was a candidate for the Convention of the Whig Party, then in the ascendant in the county, it being in 1849. After some impertinent general remarks, he launched out in denunciation of the Abolitionists (Fee and many of his friends were present,) of the North, and then

abused the North generally. I sat perfectly quiet, watching his every word. After awhile, playing the demagogue, he said the people of the North paid no respect to Southerners, and that when he was in the North they put him into the kitchen, and seated him at the table with the "Niggers." Then, turning to me, as if to say: "You must speak as I tell you," he asked: "Is not that so, Mr. Clay?" I was as cool as an icicle, and determined to fortify every inch of ground upon which I stood. So, rising very respectfully to my feet, I replied: "Does Mr. Marshall wish me to answer that question now?" "Yes." I then went on: "The people of the North have some peculiarities, and there is some difference in manners between the North and the South. But I must say that they have a fine appreciation of character. When I was in the North I was always treated with great respect, and was seated at table in the best rooms, with the best people; but, from what I know of the Marshall family, I am fully prepared to believe that the gentleman speaks truly when he says that they placed him always in the kitchen, with the 'Niggers.'"

This struck Marshall as a clap of thunder, as he found I was not a suppliant, and intended neither to ask nor give quarter. As I took my seat, the whole audience roared with laughter.

Thus the debate went on for a long time; he being always disconcerted, and I making telling replies, which "brought down the house." For the Democrats and Liberals were more than pleased to see Marshall meet his master, and were boisterous in their applause of me. At length, by that fatality which attends a failing cause, being a candidate for the Convention, he asked me, in a flippant manner: whether I did not think he would be a proper delegate to the Convention? Now, already before the debate, I was told that Marshall dressed well in Augusta, where, in quite a city-like town, that old college of the same name is located; but, when he came out among the

poorer people of Brookville, he always wore the primitive "jeans" of the South and West—and that was his dress now. Rising, with great gravity, I said: "With my limited knowledge of the gentleman's character, having hardly heard of him till now, I could not venture to recommend him; for he seems anxious to please both sides, and could not be thought a faithful Whig. He reminds me of the poor fellows who, in the Revolutionary times, drove cattle for both armies. They were called "Cow-Boys;" and, being plundered often by falling into the wrong camp, at length grew cautious, and, when asked to what side they belonged, would first ask: "To what side do you belong?" and, being told, said: "*That 's my side!*"

By this time the audience was in a roar of laughter. Marshall, from his seat, cried out: "You are a set of fools, and do not know what you are laughing about." This increased the merriment; and I remorselessly pursued my advantage. "No, sir, I can not think you the proper person to represent any constituency, Whig or Democrat; for I am told that in Augusta you wear a broadcloth coat, but when you come here I find you with a jeans coat on! The people would have reason to be cautious in so grave a trust as forming a new Convention to confide in a confessed *turncoat!*"

This but increased the clamor against him. And the debate closed. He was chosen a delegate to the Convention; but lost his hold on the people, and was never more, my friend Fee told me, elected to office. I had ruined him.

But Marshall, or some of this band of outlaws, to cover up their treason, joined the Union army, and were officers or employés of that army in 1862; and, when Fee attempted to return from exile home again, put him back, at Augusta, on the Ohio side by a mob.

The following account of this affair, as given by Rev. John G. Fee, appeared in the *Berea Evangelist* for December, 1885:

"I, with our then youngest son, went around by Cincinnati, Ohio, that I might publish another tract on the subject of Slavery. This done, I started for Berea, Ky. I came to Richmond by stage. At this time, 1862, there was neither railroad nor turnpike to Berea. Carriage I could not obtain. The most I could get was a single horse, and that only as I would promise not to take it into the rebel lines; for report was that such were then between Richmond and Berea. I made the promise, took my son, then eleven years old, and on the horse we started for Berea. About half of the way home, near to Kingston, we met Union forces retreating before Confederate forces then invading the State. I returned to Richmond, delivered up my horse, and waited the dawn of another day. Early that morning an engagement came off between the Union and Confederate forces. I obtained another horse, and went to the scene of conflict. To me it was a sad sight. The Union forces were small, and badly managed. Soon they were outflanked on both sides. Overpowered and continually decimated, they were compelled to retreat again and again.

"By eventide the Confederate forces were fast surrounding Richmond. I fell back with the Union forces to the Kentucky River; and from thence to Lexington, Ky. By evening of the next day the Union forces decided to vacate Lexington.

"Those of us who were not in military lines had to care for ourselves as best we could. With my son and two tried friends I made my way across the country to Bracken County, in the border of the State. There leaving my son with his grandparents, I came to Augusta, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, intending to take boat for Cincinnati; and, if possible, by railroad and stage, get to my wife and the other children then at Berea.

"Whilst waiting there for an expected boat, near 10 o'clock at night, I was gobbled up by another mob in that Augusta, taken to the office of Dr. 'Josh.' Bradford, a relative by blood, and a former school-mate. He professed to be a Union man, and was then attempting to raise a Union regiment. In an enclosed room, and with other mobocrats around him, he demanded of me the pledge that I now leave the county—my native county—and never return. Of course, I declined any such pledge. He, with some others, retired for consultation. Soon he returned, saying: 'We have decided to put you across the river' (the Ohio River), 'and, if you return,' said he, 'I will hang you, if it is the last act

of my life.' I replied: 'Do what you conceive to be your duty, and I will try to do mine.'

"He and four others took charge of me, whilst a promiscuous crowd followed. I was thus taken to the river, and led into a flat. Some of the crowd attempted to press into the boat; but, being refused by those who had the boat in charge, the leader of the crowd, as he turned to go for other boats, said: 'We will whip him like h—l.'

"I was put across the river. The rebels were at this time crossing below and behind. Soon I was landed on the opposite shore. I walked steadily up the bank; and, a corn-field being before me and near by, I leaped the fence, and completely eluded my pursuers. I passed through the field, and ascended the hill rising from the river valley. From my elevated position I could see my pursuers passing up and down searching for me. I saw them abandon the pursuit, and cross the river.

"As I sat on the brow of that hill my emotions were mingled. I looked up and said: 'God is good; man only is vile.' As I looked around me I said: 'All nature is lovely.' It was then early September—the air was soft, the sky was clear, and the moon in her great beauty shone almost with the brilliancy of the noon-day sun. The wide-spreading corn-fields below me were yet green. The forest trees on the banks of the stream were still in their richest foliage. 'Olemba's gentle wave,' in long meandering stretch, flowed gently on, and was one continued scene of beauty, reflecting, as it did, the soft rays of the silver moon. Across this stream lay the town of Augusta. Prominent among its buildings were the old college-buildings; within those walls I had studied during two years of my college course. Oft in my youth I had walked the streets of that town, with hopes of a happy future. There, too, my wife, in girlhood days, had gone to and fro from the little brick school-house, standing yet before me. Now I was an exile—for no other offense than that of pleading, in my native land, for the liberty and equal rights of all men. My wife and two little ones were one hundred and forty miles in the interior of a slave State, and in the very midst of rebel bands. Mine, then, was sorrow in the midst of mingled beauty.

"All I could then do was to lift up my heart in faith with him who long before said: '*Jehovah jira*'—the Lord will provide; and then with Him who said, on the eve of a great deliverance: 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God.'

“In the morning I took the first downward boat, went to Cincinnati, thence across to the Union forces on the Kentucky side.

“J. G. F.”

I heard of this, and wrote at once to the War Department to strike Dr. Bradford from the army roll. I received an answer* from the War Office that the offender claimed to be Fee's friend, and had acted in his preservation! They hated, of course, these men worse than rebels! But I had no time or means to investigate the matter, as we all for a time were overrun by Kirby Smith; and I returned to Washington, by way of Frankfort.

*HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES' FORCES,
MAYSVILLE, KY., *September 30, 1862.*

Maj. N. H. McLean, Asst. Adjt. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Dept. of the Ohio—

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report touching the application of Major-General C. M. Clay for the removal of Dr. Bradford, Brigadier Surgeon in Gen. Nelson's Division, from the service of the United States. Immediately upon the receipt of your dispatch, referring the matter to me for investigation, I instituted a thorough investigation; and I find, 1st, That Dr. Bradford was Brigadier Surgeon, as represented, but that he has retired from that position, and was, at the date of Gen. Clay's application, engaged in recruiting a regiment for the United States' service at Augusta, Ky. I was not able to ascertain whether he ever had a commission as an officer in the United States' service, as he was attacked at Augusta, and, after a most gallant defense, was made prisoner, on the day I had sent a messenger to ascertain the fact. I doubt whether he then held a commission. I find, 2d, That he did not mob the Rev. John G. Fee; but, on the contrary, he took him into a boat, and set him across the Ohio River, to prevent him from being mobbed. The circumstance occurred soon after the battle at Richmond. Mr. Fee was on his return from Richmond, and passed through Augusta, where a mob assembled and threatened him with violence. He was desired to leave the town, and finally consented, when Bradford took him across the river, and, in the opinion of most of the inhabitants of the town, saved his life.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. B. WILSON,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Post.

This was the state of public feeling in those counties when, thinking the time favorable for the beginning of a National Party, embracing both North and South, I invited my distinguished friend, George W. Julian, to come over to Kentucky and assist me on the stump. We went over the three counties named, spoke together, and met no especial opposition. Marshall did not care to meet me again at Brookville; but he sent his low-bred tools to soil the Court-House, where we were to speak. The doors of the Court-House were wide open, it being pleasant weather, and, no opposition being apparent, we were surprised at this new method of warfare!

Julian, with his usual wit, after surveying the premises with great disgust, said: "Well, we should not complain of the Slave-Power; for this is the *strongest* argument they could have presented!"

Julian is a man of fine logical powers and patriotic impulses. Next to O. P. Morton, he is the ablest man Indiana has produced. In 1872 his friends at Cincinnati put forward his name for Vice-President once more; and I would have gladly given him my support, but I was committed in advance to B. G. Brown.

Julian married the daughter of my old friend, Joshua R. Geddings, a fine woman; and amuses himself, I believe, by writing the campaign speeches for the Democrats of his State, which are the ablest they can get. They print them, and give them wide circulation; but they give Julian — no office! Gen. Durbin Ward, of Ohio, is by his party treated in the same manner.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GREELEY MOVEMENT INAUGURATED.—INVITED TO SPEAK IN ST. LOUIS, I PROPOSE HORACE GREELEY FOR THE PRESIDENCY.—GEN. BEAUREGARD.—THE 1872 LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI.—STANLEY MATTHEWS AND CARL SCHURZ.—NOMINATION OF HORACE GREELEY AND B. GRATZ BROWN.—HENRY WATTERSON.—IMPERIALISM.—CANVASS OF 1872 AND 1876.—I VISIT MISSISSIPPI.—HOW I FOUND MATTERS POLITICAL THERE.—THREATENED FIGHT NEAR FRIAR'S POINT.—MISSISSIPPI EJECTS THE CARPET-BAGGERS.

I DID all I could to forward the Cuban cause, appointing prominent individuals in most of the States as Vice-Presidents of the Society. But, as Grant was acting against us, few persons would contribute, seeing that ninety-nine chances in a hundred were in favor of the capture of all investments for charitable use. About \$1,000, handed over to Charles A. Dana, our treasurer, out of over \$2,000, were paid to the Cubans—the remainder expended—most of all the contributions coming from Gerrit Smith, and not a dollar from the Grant party. The *Tribune* and Republican papers continued to ignore our movement; and, discouraged, I turned the Society and its records over to a new organization—the Cuban League. In the meantime I had lost much time and several hundred dollars in the cause; always refusing to receive Cuban bonds for sale, or having any thing to do with the keeping or disbursing of the funds. To fight against Grant at this time seemed the height of madness; but I was no novice in great movements, and went into the opposition as warmly as if victory lay at the door. The Democrats were beaten in the war, and were powerless in politics. I thought that the way to help them was to start an independent candidate, which, if they were wise, they would support with or without a conventional nomina-

tion. Greeley, from his prominence and magnanimity toward the South, seemed to be the right man. Our personal relations, by the Bayard Taylor imbroglio, were strained, but we became good friends again; and, before I left New York, I told him I would urge him for the independent presidential nomination. In the meantime almost all the old leaders of the Republican Party—Sumner, Greeley, Chase, Julian, Trumbull, and others—were disgusted with Grant; and all careful thinkers and readers of history saw that, sooner or later, the policy of putting the Saxon race under African rule would come to grief. I lost no time in writing and private discourse to present the necessity of the new movement; and, on the 4th of July, 1871, I spoke, by invitation, to an immense audience at Lexington, made up mostly of Republicans—black and white—in which speech I took up Greeley by name as the proper man for the next Presidency.* I was invited to speak in many places; but availed myself of an invitation from all parties to address the people of St. Louis, Missouri, in the same fall, where the great Cotton Fair then drew men from all

* *Cassius M. Clay among the Blacks—Fourth of July Oration in Lexington, Ky. — Cold Water for Grant's Friends — A Conservative Leader.*

Correspondence of the World.

LEXINGTON, KY., July 5, 1871. — Cassius M. Clay, upon invitation, addressed the largest audience of colored people, near Lexington, ever assembled in the State.

He advocated the Union, the Constitution, equal rights of all before the law. He claimed the interests of the blacks and the old masters were the same; and that, if they were just, they would regain their former power, not by revolution, but by education and the development of the unequalled resources of the South. He was against the abstractions of 1789, which led to secession, and the Force bill of 1871, which reduced us to despotism. He was in favor of one term for the Presidency, and would prefer the candidate who came with the olive branch rather than the sword—“impartial suffrage, and universal amnesty”—Horace Greeley. Mr. Clay was cheered throughout with the wildest enthusiasm.

the extreme Southern States. I had on the platform such men as James S. Rollins, the old Whig leader and Republican, Frank P. Blair, Gov. B. Gratz Brown, Gen. Beauregard, and other distinguished men of all parties. I again showed the necessity of a more liberal policy toward the South; and the formation of a new party, of which Horace Greeley should be the head. My speech was received with enthusiasm. After it was over, I had a moonlight walk with Gen. Beauregard, who, it will be remembered, fired the first gun on Fort Sumter. He said he had heard my remarks with great interest, and that he was never a proslavery man in the strictest sense; that he agreed with me, at least, in the economic view of the question; that he was rather the creature of circumstances than a willing Secessionist, but went with his people; that he and most of the prominent leaders of the Rebellion were content with the inevitable, had abandoned all idea of the revival of the "Lost Cause," and would make a new career in the old Union. And, as an assurance of his fidelity, he had sent

Colonel Pratt, the federal assessor, then made a studied eulogy upon Grant, and nominated him for a second term. A few cheers from the stand, where all the Grant office-holders were seated, fell like ice upon the people, and in all that vast assembly not a single response was made!

Should Grant be the nominee of the Republicans, and the Democratic Party stand upon a liberal platform with a liberal candidate, it is understood that Mr. Clay would take the stump in every Southern State against the Dictator. He retains all the energy and dogged perseverance of his earlier years, with his mental powers enlarged by experience. In such case he would be more powerful than all the office-holders with the colored people, and produce a revolution of public opinion!

The Rev. Mr. Burdett, a man of color, and of extraordinary genius and oratorical powers, followed Mr. Clay, whom he eulogized as the true leader of the blacks, and whose views he sustained to the fullest extent. He moved the whole audience, black and white, to tears, and filled them with the greatest enthusiasm.

A REPUBLICAN FROM THE START.

from New Orleans, where he was now domiciled, his son to Kansas City, on the border of a free State, to imbibe the influences of the new era.*

When the Convention was called at Cincinnati, in 1872, I headed the Kentucky delegation, and carried it against the Watterson influence in Louisville, which was for Chas. Francis Adams. Of all the great names of the North, that of Adams was, among the masses, the most unpopular since the time of Jackson; and even many of Henry Clay's friends hated it because of its ill-omened connection with his defeats. So I had a double motive in Adams's overthrow. First, it was good policy; and, secondly, it gave me an opportunity to get even with Seward's friend and defender. Many wished to put me in nomination; but I declined the first office, as well as the second, which last I would have had no difficulty, I think, in getting, had I joined the Adams' party. I wanted neither — first, because

* Outside of my being a Southerner, with my knowledge of the two races, I could not have been otherwise than opposed to black rule. To throw aside all the facts of superior culture, property, and refinement, which centered in the whites of the South, there remains the sympathy of race. Who, whatever his repugnance to British tyranny and domination, did not feel a responsive thrill of sympathy and elation in favor of our British ancestors in India and Afghanistan against the great odds of the copper-colored races? Yet the battle went against the natural rights and liberties of the natives. What civilized man has not had the gallant Gordon in his inmost aspirations for his safety and triumph against his barbarian foe? And yet he fought for conquest, and they, the Arabs, for self-government! Nor can the fact that El Mahdi included the slave-trade in his right of autonomy change the sentiment. We should all have felt the same toward Gordon in all events. So, in the South, till the peace, the right was on the side of the black and the Republican Party; but afterward the right, as well as the sympathy of the white races of all civilization, was on the side of the South against the North, because civilization and the white race were, after their aberration, at odds with the blacks and barbarism. — C., 1885.

I regarded the movement as initial, and not then destined to certain success; and all my life having cared more for the success of my cause than personal elevation, I never took ground even for self where I thought I could not successfully hold it. Stanley Matthews, an old friend and partner of S. P. Chase, was made temporary chairman; and Carl Schurz permanent president of the Convention. All seemed easy for Adams; and the old family-chair was brought down from Quincy, Massachusetts, to the Convention, so sure were the friends of the Ex-Minister to England of his triumph. The convention was an immense one; the Democrats, of course, deeply sympathizing with the movement. B. Gratz Brown, Chas. Francis Adams, and Horace Greeley were the candidates; and, had the balloting gone on, Adams would have been the nominee.

At this juncture I called upon my old Kentucky friend, James S. Rollins, now of Missouri, and told him that F. P. Blair was a good manager, and was now better acquainted with the delegations than I was; and that, as the Missouri delegation was divided, he could help us; that Brown would inevitably be defeated for the first office, but that if he would decline the first and take the second, going for the common friend of all of us (Greeley), we could carry the day. Rollins at once saw the situation, and telegraphed for Blair, who arrived in time. Brown made a speech, declined in Greeley's favor, and he was immediately nominated for the second place; while, on the next ballot, Greeley and Brown were made the nominees.

As Dana has been the representative type of progress, so my State has the honor of giving notoriety to another editor, the very reverse in character and patriotism. His father, a man of considerable ability and political experience, lived a long time in Washington City, and I believe his son Henry was born there. The *Louisville Journal*, under the genius of George D. Prentice, had become the leader of the Whig Party—not only of the South, but of

the whole Union; whilst, on the Democratic side, their party journals, under several names, at length were consolidated into the *Courier*. So that, on my return home from Russia, I found both united in the *Courier-Journal*, under the ownership of the indefatigable W. N. Halde-
man, and at the head of the Democratic Party in the South.

The great feature of our times is the great journals. The inventions of modern times all tend to the development of interchange of ideas and commercial products. The newspaper, then, is the necessity of the age. It is read by all active minds; and, in consequence, it has superseded the ancient political leader. The press no longer waits for the oracles, but plays the part of seer itself. So that, when the greatest statesmen speak to hundreds or thousands, the press talks to hundreds of thousands. It is the "Third Estate."

In 1872, then, the *Courier-Journal* was a great power. Just before the vote was taken, after Brown's nomination for Vice-President, being in my seat, about half way down the great hall, at Cincinnati, where the Convention was held, and being appointed to announce the vote of the Kentucky delegation, I saw a small, flaxen-haired, "chipper" man coming down from the chairman's platform, and making his way toward myself. When he got to me, he said: "Mr. Clay, just give us your vote of Kentucky for Adams, once." As this would have absolutely defeated all my plans, and elected Adams, I was so astonished that I made no reply; and the little man returned to his reporter's desk on the platform. Recovering from my surprise, I asked of a companion: "Who is that?" "Why, don't you know?" said he, with equal surprise; "that is the editor of the *Courier-Journal*—Henry Watterson." So this was the first I had seen or heard of the brilliant, eccentric, and combustible Watterson. For I had taken no journals in Europe; and, though I took the *Courier-Journal* on my return home, I did not know who was the

literary or political editor of it, though I did know that Haldeman held the purse-strings.

Thus, at the very birth of my new Southern career, I made an enemy of the man who was virtually dictator in my own State, and the most potent politician in all the South. For I not only opposed Watterson's free-trade policy, and made my only speech in the Convention against making free-trade a plank in the Liberal platform; but I defeated his candidate, and put Greeley, the impersonation of home-labor, in the lead of the Democratic Party.

But the influence of Watterson has steadily declined. His dictatorial manner about Tilden's nomination, his untimely and foolish proposal to march one hundred thousand unarmed men to Washington at the time of the inauguration of Hayes, his equally sudden abandonment of Tilden in the Lexington Convention, his opposition to Hancock and defeat in the National Convention at Cincinnati, his free-trade folly, his foolish speech at the Iroquois Club at Chicago, his support of Grant as Dictator, his toadyism to Grant men, his equivocation upon the currency,—these, and all the weaknesses of a poetic temperament, and want of common sense, is sinking the *Courier-Journal*, and building up the Louisville *Evening Post* into supremacy.

Adams was defeated, as his friends admitted, through my influence; and one of the writers said the Convention did not know that my faculties were failing by age! That was thirteen years ago. Greeley is dead, and other men's minds have failed with age; but, in the language of the editor of the Woodford County *Sun*, in 1876: "Clay is still at work!" Greeley was beaten, but the Democratic or opposition party was placed upon the road to victory; and, in 1876, Samuel J. Tilden was triumphantly elected President of the United States. It was no fault of mine that he was, by Democratic treachery and cowardice, and Republican fraud and bulldozing, not allowed to take the place to which the people, by a majority of her electoral and popular vote, had assigned him.

It will be remembered that I was, before leaving New York, nominated by the unanimous vote of the Republicans of Madison County, Ky., for member of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and which honor I accepted. On arriving at home, however, I found the Republican leaders all for Grant; and, as I had no intention, under any circumstances, to support this stolid man, I steered clear of all embarrassments by refusing to be a candidate. Besides, I had already, before leaving New York, begun the campaign for Greeley; and I thought I could best promote that object by an independent movement.

My just appreciation of Grant was demonstrated beyond cavil when the notorious 306, called Stalwarts, tried to establish Cæsarism in this Republic by electing him to a third term; and which would have ended, if successful, in a life dictatorship. It was not at all wonderful, then, if the brilliant, erratic, and combustible Watterson, of the *Courier-Journal*, the leader of the Democratic Stalwarts and Nihilists of the South, was, by the admission of his own party,* on the eve of joining the Grant movement. Seeing that, as Jeff. Davis's road to autocracy had failed, the next nearest success lay in Grant's election for a third term. No one, then, was surprised that the Stalwarts, under Roscoe Conkling's lead, conspired to beat Blaine and Logan in the canvass of 1884, and thus joined their forces for future time with the Nihilistic Solid South.

The Republicans, as soon as they found that the Greeley movement would operate against their favorite, denounced it and all its followers. Many men went into it, hoping to force the Grant men into Greeley's support, and thus reform the party within the party; but, when they saw that its fruits would be reaped by the Democrats, they went back to Grant. I was not of that number, as I deemed reform absolutely necessary to the safety of the Republic, and be-

*See Louisville *Evening Post* of that date. — C., 1885.

lieved that to elect Grant was to strengthen the hands of the plunderers, and those engaged in the overthrow of State autonomy; so I shaped all my aims to the final destruction of the Republican organization. For the Grantites, in the vote of the 306 in the Chicago Convention of 1880, in favor of imperialism, showed that I was none too soon in anticipating the objects of this criminal faction.

Those who impute personal motives for my change fail to remember, or are ignorant of the fact, that the Senate of the United States, and who represented the Republican Party, refused to the last to allow Seward to remove me from office; but it was the band of corruptionists and traitors that I fought. And the unanimous nomination of myself in Madison County by the Republican Party, when they were then in a majority, showed that I could have resumed the leadership in my native State, which now led on to triumph with certainty of person and principles,—so far, at least, as executive appointments were concerned.

And, even after Hayes was elected, I was invited, among the few so-called Democrats, to meet him at Louisville. And then being, for the first time, introduced to Wm. M. Evarts, he insisted on my making a visit to Washington, which I construed into a proffer of office, but which I declined upon principle, though I had in a letter to Judge Stanton of Kentucky vindicated the character of Hayes, and advocated a fair support of his administration by the Democratic Party.

This incident is confirmed by gentlemen in my late Northern canvass, who told me that President Hayes intended at one time to invite me, as one of the Southern men, into his cabinet. And this must, at least, be said in favor of Hayes, that he made an honest and conservative administration of the government, checked the tide of corruption, and placed the party on the road to reform, its final purification and ultimate success, which must lift it again into power, or the Republic be lost.

President Arthur seems entitled to similar commendation, for he has shown great moderation in party discipline,

and has made a fair and conservative administration; thus placing those traitors, who went off in the last canvass to Cleveland, under the pretense of reform of the civil administration, in the ridiculous position of swallowing Grant and company, and yet rejecting the last Republican nominees. Really this is "straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel." It is to be hoped that all personal ambitions and revenges will be sunk into a common patriotism in the security of the sacred ballot, North and South, (giving Cleveland as well honest support when deserved,) without which the Republic must perish.

Greeley carried Kentucky, getting but few regular Republican votes—the Democrats not taking him up cheerfully; but I found, in Ohio and other States where I spoke, that, notwithstanding the Democratic Convention at Baltimore also nominated him, the Democrats supported Greeley with reluctance. The wounds of the late conflict were yet unhealed; and in Greeley they saw one of their most potent foes of other days, and could not find it in their hearts to forgive him. And to this day many Democrats all over the Union regard the Greeley movement as a mistake; when every man of reflection sees that such was the only road out of the pit of impotency and despair, where the "Lost Cause" had sunk them.

Encouraged, however, by their partial success, they, in 1876, returned to their old party lines, and nominated S. J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks. As Tilden had been a Union man throughout, no objection was made by the Liberal Republicans. In the meantime the South, seeing there was some hope of justice in their treatment, took courage, and began to struggle for the expulsion of the carpet-baggers, who were plundering both whites and blacks.

In 1875 I was invited to canvass Mississippi. I made my first speech at Greenville. The carpet-baggers, up to this time, had their own way. This State was one of those few which had a majority of blacks; and in it the outrages of misrule reached their highest culmination. The bitterest

feeling was kept up by the Radicals between the whites and the blacks for party purposes. The old planters could with difficulty get labor upon any terms. Their gins were burned by incendiaries without redress; and their hogs and cattle were common property. A planter, seeing his hogs stolen, or cattle shot down for beef, had no redress. Heavy taxes were laid upon the bales of cotton, so as to absorb all the profits; and the public moneys put into the pockets of the Radicals. In one village I found all the officials, being carpet-baggers, living in one public house, and eating at a common table. The collector of the taxes gave a "straw-bond," with the sums of security put on the margin of the paper; and, when the enforcement of the penalties of default was attempted, the scissors cut off the margin, and the bond was not worth even a "straw!" The school-fund at Jackson was plundered; and general ruin and anarchy prevailed. The whites had no redress in the courts; the criminals escaped, and the prosecutors were fined or imprisoned instead of the culprits.

Such a state of things was intolerable. In many cases the taxes were greater than the profits of the lands; and many proprietors, in despair, took up their household gods and went into exile—into other States and foreign countries—abandoning the best cotton-lands in the world.

I speak from my own observations of what I saw with my own eyes. Such a state of society began to tell upon the subsistence of the blacks themselves. Some of them had accumulated small landed properties, or cultivated cotton on the shares; so that the cotton-bale tax reached them, also, as well as the old planters. Colored clergymen and small land-holders, who had accumulated small means, and had intelligence enough to see for themselves, were ready for revolt. So, when I reached Mississippi, there was a colored party of Independents, operating upon the same principles as the Liberal Republicans farther North.

At Greenville I was followed in my speech by a half-breed liberated slave, who made as good if not a better

speech than any of us, in favor of the new party. In Kentucky the Radicals, finding I was henceforth against them, persecuted me with more bitterness than even the Slave-Power in old times. Unheard-of calumnies were published against me in the Northern journals, and the bitterest feelings were engendered in the bosoms of the blacks against me. I was held up as a renegade, and declared a worse enemy than the old slave-owners, and ready to reinstate them. So intense was this feeling that the ignorant blacks, especially those who had grown up during my absence, plundered my house, burned my out-dwellings and barns, and attempted to murder my children and myself. But in Mississippi they had not thought that I ever would venture on the stump, and had taken no pains to destroy my influence.

The heavy slave counties were peopled mostly from Kentucky, and knew my labors and sacrifices in behalf of freedom. They received me with warm hearts, and were ready to acknowledge me as a leader and friend. My audiences were generally several thousand, and often not a dozen men of the white race present; and they took no part in the speeches or organizations, but sat as observers on the outskirts of the crowd. A chairman and secretary were generally chosen, and then each speaker was limited to a half-hour. But, as I was a stranger, they allowed me to speak first, and at will. So I took my time; and, when I was through, the Radicals were ruined.

There was but one white speaker on my side, my nephew, Green Clay, who had been my secretary of legation awhile at St. Petersburg, and afterward was sent in the same capacity to Italy, under Geo. P. Marsh. He was a planter in Bolivar County, and a candidate for the Legislature on the Reform ticket. The principal speakers on the Radical side were a mulatto from the city of Jackson, and a man named Sullivan, who came down with the Union army, and had been a carpet-bag office-holder from that time. I saw many colored men in the audience whom I had seen

elsewhere in the free States; but they kept aloof from me, and consorted with my bitterest opponents.

The blacks were fond of these meetings, and the debate generally commenced early, and continued almost all day. The Radicals, seeing the force of my speeches, tried to intimidate my supporters; but we stood up fearlessly, and met them on every point. The new-comers posted them on my political position, and I was asked, whilst speaking: "Did you not act as Vice-President of the Democratic Convention at Frankfort?" I replied: "Of course I did. How was I to put down the plunderers unless I acted with other parties, who had a like interest in the protection of our property? And now I ask you to do the same thing. Let all parties join in a common cause against our oppressors!"

The mulatto from Jackson was driven off by the written report of the Radicals, which I read, showing that he had used the school-fund! Sullivan stayed longer. But I managed to get a copy of his "straw-bond," and put it quietly into my pocket. I showed, also, that he had been a defaulter by the Radical printed reports.

Finding the battle going against them, as we neared Friar's Point, where the great massacre of the blacks had lately taken place, in a fight brought on by the carpet-baggers, they determined upon a row. We got timely notice. My nephew and I were sleeping at the house of Ex-Governor Clark. At midnight, a large body of his former slaves and present employés rode up, having traveled twenty or thirty miles, and proposed to join us in self-defense. My nephew, by my advice, sent back some of them; but retained the most prudent and courageous. I had been in the habit of shaking hands with a coal-black colored man who had been treasurer, and honestly kept the public moneys. He was acting with us. I would descend from the platform, and shake hands with him, saying: "Here is an honest man, and I want to take him by the hand." This produced a great sensation. On the present occasion, after I and some others had spoken, came

Sullivan. There were several stout, fierce black men from Friar's Point on the platform. We were all well armed, and we had gathered an unusual crowd of whites, who stood on the skirts of the crowd ready for action. Sullivan showed unusual temper and signs of fight. I sat at his right hand, next to him. After using inflammatory language, he turned to me and said: "Gen. Clay seems to take especial pains to shake hands with ——, as an honest man. Does he intend to insinuate that we are not honest?" I rose to my feet; and, running my hand into my left-breast coat-pocket, drew out the "straw-bond" copy, and said: "Yes; and here is the proof that you are dishonest, and trying to swindle this people." I then showed the bond, and denounced the fraud. Sullivan, no doubt thinking it a pistol, being taken by surprise, and finding himself cornered, and us ready for any fate, stepped down from the platform, and disappeared in the crowd.

My nephew took the stand, and was very bitter against Sullivan and others. A very stout and firm-looking man, just behind me, from Friar's Point, jumped up and interrupted Clay; but I sprung to my feet again, and said, sternly, to him: "Do n't you interfere out of your time!" And thus no fight took place.

After I came down from the platform, Sullivan came to me, and, taking me aside, said: "Gen. Clay, we all know you, and your life-struggle in the cause of freedom; we do n't want any quarrel with you." I replied: "Mr. Sullivan, I am as much the friend of the black man as I ever was; I want no quarrel with you, or any other man or party; but as long as you plunder these people—you, or others—consider me your enemy." He said no more.

These men were all armed with old shot-guns, army-carbines, pistols, etc. Once there was so much excitement that the crowd divided, and set up separate meetings a few hundred yards apart. Our best speaker was Mr. Ross, who had spoken at Greenville, a half-breed from Kentucky, and liberated in Mississippi by the war. They

were especially angry with him. I never felt in more danger in my life; not that they would care to kill me particularly, but because in a *melée* they would not care who was killed.

One day I produced quite a sensation. As I said before, the killing at Friar's Point was disastrous to the blacks, though brought on by the white carpet-baggers, who were careful to slip away unharmed. I said: "Fellow-citizens, we are now, thank God, all political equals. We do n't want an Irish party, nor a German party, nor a white man's nor a black man's party; but a party for the people, and the good of all. Whilst you, our colored fellow-citizens, are in a majority here and in some States, in the whole South the whites are in a majority; and is that man your friend who tries to arouse your feelings against the whites, to cause a political war, or a personal war of races? Or am not I but following in the road of my whole life when I tell you, as a friend, it is not just, nor to your interest, to bring on a quarrel with the whites when the numbers are on the whole against you, and where you are likely to be yourselves the sufferers. These men, who come down here to make money off of your misfortunes, are ever ready to embroil you with the whites. You were driven to battle at Vicksburg, and later at Friar's Point; and you lost always. Now, I ask, who was killed? If any man of the Radical party will tell me of one carpet-bagger who was ever killed in these battles, I will come down from this platform, be forever silent, and vote the Radical ticket."

There was a great shout of: "That's true! They bring on the fight, and then run away!"

The upshot of the canvass was that Mississippi, before Radical, was carried by 35,000 majority, and made one of the "Solid South."

Not long after my nephew was elected, he wrote me that Sullivan was beaten, and slipped of with the public money, leaving his "straw-bond" instead!

That there was some intimidation in Mississippi against

the blacks I have every reason to believe. Is there not, and has there not been, like party intimidation in New York, in Philadelphia and Baltimore, and the other great cities? Who were the "Plug Uglies," the "Tammany Braves," the "Dead Rabbits," but political banditti and ballot-stuffers and slung-shot bullies endangering the lives of voters?

In 1856 several men were killed in the country even; because, in Indiana, they were hated, and powerless to resist opposition. These were not cases for the interference of the general Government. The reform must come from the States themselves. We are committed to the rule of the people; and there we must stand or fall. That my policy was right, from 1862 to 1884, is proved by the result: whereas, there were eleven States in the Southern Rebellion, there are now sixteen—all below Mason and Dixon's line—in the "SOLID SOUTH."

CHAPTER XXVI.

ELECTION OF R. B. HAYES DECIDED BY THE EIGHT TO SEVEN VOTE OF THE JUSTICES OF THE U. S. SUPREME COURT.—HE RATIFIES THE AUTONOMY OF THE STATES BY THE WITHDRAWAL OF U. S. TROOPS FROM THE SOUTH.—WHY I HAVE HAD TO WRITE THESE MEMOIRS MYSELF.—LETTER FROM HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.—LETTER FROM HENRY A. HOMES, OF ALBANY, N. Y.—LETTER OF GEN. JOHN W. GORDON.—DEMOCRATIC APPRECIATION.—REFORM AND DESPOTISM.—I ADDRESS THE KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY AT FRANKFORT. — MY SPEECH ON THE CURRENCY.

WHOM has time, the test of all theories, proven to be right: I, or Sumner and Stevens? I am as much the friend of the black to-day as I was in 1860, or at any period of my life. And I say once more, the best interest of the black race is to lose its identity, like the Germans or the Irish, or any other nationality of birth, in the common American people.

Tilden being elected by a majority of the electoral and popular vote, and the House of Representatives—the Constitutional organ of the final vote—being also Democratic, the way for the party was plain. I came out in an article in favor of a Constitutional count. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* took up my platform; and the Convention of Democrats, one of the largest and most talented ever held in the State, met at Louisville. I was made, unsought by me, its President. The same simple count was indorsed almost unanimously; but, before the resolutions went to press, the telegram met us, saying a compromise had been agreed upon by both parties! Grant had gathered the United States troops at Washington,* and the Democratic leaders proved to be unequal to the crisis.

*The brilliant, erratic, and combustible Watterson wanted one hundred thousand Kentuckians to go up to Washington, all armed with tooth-picks!—C., 1885.

I know nothing. I speculate: Was it privately understood that the States should be allowed their autonomy if the Radicals were allowed the general Government? Did Tilden lose his office because he wrote his letter denying any purpose to pay for Southern losses by the war? Was the Congress overawed by Grant's troops? Whatever be the cause of our defeat, I never assented to any part of the programme. I wrote an article, corrected, but not published, by the *New York Sun*, fully expressing my views; but I recalled it, as too late, when both parties, by a formal vote, had stood by the Commission of "8 to 7." After Hayes was given the seat, I was for abiding, in good faith, by the contract. We had set our life upon a cast, and could in fairness only abide the hazard of the die! I fear this was a blow to our institutions which will never allow us our former vital forces, but plant the seeds of disease and death in all our normal and once healthy organs.

R. B. Hayes abandoned the Radical remedies, withdrew the United States troops from the South, and the autonomy of the States stands restored to their original and normal status in the structure of the Government. Here the two great acts in the Political Drama, in which I have borne a soldier's part, cease. The first was the freedom of the blacks, and the equality of all before the law. The second was the restoration of the States to their original sovereignty. The Union is restored. There is a Nation. I trust it will remain forever one and indivisible—the sacred ark of the liberties of all our people, and the beacon light of progress for all the nations of the earth.

I append a few letters from living statesmen of all parties, and one literary gentleman, as honorable testimony to my fame and character. My friend, Gordon, the foremost criminal lawyer of a great and talented State, had once proposed to write my life; but, joining the Union army, he handed over the data to Vice-President Henry Wilson, for the writing of his "Rise and Fall of the Slave-Power." So I have been rather forced, by Wilson's death,

and the ill-health of Miss Anne Ella Carroll, who was entrusted with my scrap-books, etc., to undertake a task myself which, perhaps, would have been better done by these friends, or others:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 2, 1885.*

MY DEAR MR. CLAY:—Your very kind letters from Albany were most gratefully appreciated both by Mrs. Blaine and myself. That they were not more promptly acknowledged may be attributed to the great pressure of personal business, which a six-months' absorption in the political fight left in a sadly deranged condition.

I feel especially honored that my candidacy attracted your support. Your public life has been familiar to me for forty years—from my early boyhood, indeed. If I have not always agreed with you, I have never failed to admire your ability, and your heroic courage. I especially rejoice that now we stand together.

Trusting that your health is fully restored, I am, most faithfully, your friend,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

Hon. C. M. CLAY.

NEW YORK STATE LIBRARY,
CAPITOL, ALBANY, *December 9, 1884.*

Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY—

MY DEAR GENERAL:—Three hours after you left your Albany home, I received, from the smiling negro at the door of the house, the startling announcement that you had departed. I was sure I was in time to bid you farewell—words that I should have uttered with such pure regret that the time had come to utter them. I ought to have regarded the kind note which you put into my hands, addressed to me by yourself, as more prophetic of the nearness of your departure than I thought it was.

In calling that Wednesday morning I had in my hands two pamphlets of my own, which I have pushed to successful results, as the engravings will prove which accompany the pamphlets, which I send to you by mail. All the departments seem to be pleased that they are now forbidden to use any other device on seals or letters than the insignia of the State from which they derive their authority.

I thank the good angel who presides over my destiny (and I hope I have such a genius,) for wishing to seek you out when I learned that you were to be with us awhile. I had, during scores of years, revered you as much more than John the Baptist in

the Wilderness. I hope you may have the privilege, for still decades of years to come, of contributing to make straight the way for the triumph of righteousness. I have received the book of the matron which you left with her. The inclosed cutting from a late paper—Democratic—will show you the flattering way in which party men strive to look at the future. What have we to do but to hope for the best, and sustain Governor Cleveland in every good measure he approves of? I hope to secure for you a late pamphlet—A. D. Mayo on Education in the South. His forcible language is calculated to awaken all classes to strive by *every sort* of means, individual, local, town, county, state, and national resources, to secure education, culture, and elevation for the people of the South. How much I regret that my missionary errands of bringing you good books, and “things new and old,” from the library have ceased forever more. May our spirits yet meet again on the farther shore, is the hope of, faithfully and heartily yours,

HENRY A. HOMES.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., *February 4, 1885.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I often think of you, and always with pride and pleasure; and yet I must confess with regret. The real leaders of nations and races are never allowed to enter their promised lands, and therefore you are always coupled in my mind with regret. Moses could look at Canaan from the top of Pisgah, but might not enter with the people of God. He is the type of all true and truly great leaders. I once hoped that the Republican Party would be great enough to honor itself by placing at its head, in the day of its power, the real leader of its opinions, and the real exemplar of its manhood. You combine more of both than any other man. Your opinions were never so ideal, and so distant from practical life, as not to be capable of union with it; and, by bravely accepting the duty uniting them and it in all perilous times and places, your life became the expression of what the American people's life had to become before slavery could be ended, and the unity of the Nation fully established. It was therefore fit, according to the dramatic unities, that you, the embodiment of the contest, should have delivered the final blow to the infinite wrong of slavery, and placed the glorious crown of perfect liberty upon the head of the Nation.

But we must be content. Standing in the rising dawn of the new day, your shadow will fall ahead of the march of the peo-

ple for thousands of years, pointing out to them the true *West*, whither—

“The star of empire wends its way.”

I shall soon hunt my quiet grave, and go to sleep there, in confidence that you will still live and march on, the leader and the exemplar of all true men and nations.

I am glad your *work* is drawing to a close; and doubt not that it might adopt for motto “*Finis opus coronat.*” It was once my wish to have gone down the tide of time with you—

“Awhile along the stream of time thy name,
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say shall my little barque attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale.”

And so on to the end. But my thoughts are humble now, and I accept dust and silence!

“If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang was given,
What endless melodies were poured!
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!”

It may be that there is light on the other side for me, and I humbly hope; and then in that light, with you, I may cease to regret the failure of life here.

I am, whether in hope or despair, alike and always your friend,

JOHN W. GORDON.

Gen. C. M. CLAY, White Hall, Ky.

My noble friend would better apply some of the philosophic reasoning bestowed upon me to his own case; for he has achieved, in despite of unworthy rivals elevated to temporary honor, a noble character and patriotic service. Let him rest upon his own well-earned laurels. Nature nor Deity aggregates its favors. Then let us be content.

DEMOCRATIC APPRECIATION.

Extracts from the Nashville (Tenn.) American, 1881.

“On leaving for Beersheba for the summer, where he will prosecute the work of arranging and making up the valuable material he has collected, Col. W. G. Terrell left at the *American* office an inter-

esting relic of the great slavery-struggle, which may be called the first gun of the war. It is a small piece of brass artillery which was loaned by Col. Terrell to Maj. J. E. Saunders, of this county, for exhibition at the Centennial exhibit. The history of the piece involves the history of a leading actor in the great drama, in which the sections were inflamed to strife. It was in 1845 that Cassius M. Clay was engaged in the publication of the *True American* at Lexington, Ky., when a brief editorial, not written by Mr. Clay, appeared in the paper, and gave deep offense to the people of Lexington, being regarded as incendiary in character. A large meeting of the best citizens was held, and it was resolved that Mr. Clay's paper could not longer be published in that city. To meet that threat, Mr. Clay had cast in Cincinnati, by the celebrated bell-maker, G. W. Coffin, two pieces of fine artillery of the very best metal, in the composition of which was about two hundred dollars' worth of silver. These he mounted in his office, bearing on the entrance to a pair of double doors, which had been arranged with a chain, so as to open only to a certain width. Besides this, he had enlisted (about) a dozen bold men. The rest of his arrangements were characteristic of that desperate courage Mr. Clay has always displayed. He prepared for the escape of his force when the office should become no longer tenable; and placed a keg of powder so that he could easily touch it off, intending, as soon as his force had escaped, and the room had been filled by the mob, to blow up the office, his enemies and himself—to perish, like Sampson, in the ruins. No man has ever doubted that he would have carried out his programme; but, fortunately, the excitement of the preparations, and the waiting for the attack, brought on brain-fever, and the office was peacefully removed, while he was unconscious, to Cincinnati, where the publication was resumed after his recovery. The two beautiful pieces of artillery remained in his possession until a few years ago, when one of them was presented by him to his friend, Col. W. G. Terrell.

“Mr. Clay's life in Kentucky has been one of singular adventure and interest. No knight of the period of chivalry ever maintained his honor with more determined courage than he his opinions. He was rich, a man of fine appearance and noble presence, quiet, unassuming, and courteous in his bearing, and only the terrible when aroused. . . . He was never an Abolitionist, and simply maintained the Henry Clay idea of the inexpediency and folly of slavery, on account of its effect on the white man and

the institutions of the model Republic. He pursued his own way, without ever entangling himself with the fanatics of the East. . . . He was a candidate for Governor of Kentucky, making his canvass armed to the teeth, and at the peril of his life, but was never seriously molested. . . . One of his duels was with Robert Wickliffe. Albert Sydney Johnston was a second in this affair. . . .

"Such is a brief sketch of a man who was the leading actor in a great drama. In the greatest part of the drama, the preparation of the train which led to the *dénouement*—the conflict of opinions—he was a chief actor; and, as Minister to Russia, when we consider the great part Russia played in our struggle, he did more, perhaps, than any general in the field in the war itself. Since his return from Russia, he has resided on his paternal acres in Madison County, Kentucky—a bold, outspoken Democrat; and it is a singular fact that he was compelled, a few years since, to kill one of the race he helped to emancipate, in defense of his own life. He is now a hale, fine-looking man of seventy, respected by all those who once held his opinions in detestation, genial and kind, and the very soul of courtesy,—disposed only to regard the far-future moral effect of the policy he has advocated to a successful issue, and indulging in no sentimental nonsense about the race which happened to be the object of his care. He labors and votes for Democratic ideas of government; and indulges in no regrets over the splendid career he held in his hands and threw away to pursue his convictions.

"In the hands of a Macauley or a Scott his life would be a romance, without plot or need of embellishment. . . . It is the singular fate of such men to be obscured in their own time by the Grants and Shermans, who burn powder and make a noise; but Mr. Clay was the more potent actor where Grant and Sherman would have been babies. Such men as Mr. Clay stand out in their own full stature in after-times for succeeding generations, when epauletted nobodies are only as movers of men, as pieces on a board. He could throw away honors for conviction's sake, and struggle like a giant against terrible odds, and, when the moral and intellectual conflict was over, and the terrific strife of arms ended, he could again take the minority side, and labor for the Democratic theories of the government, which slavery alone prevented his advocating before; and when the Grants and Shermans were abandoning their own convictions that rewards might

follow with the strong side. . . . We have been glad of the occasion to speak thus of a man whose devotion to principle dwarfs all the pygmean rewards won by men who could more easily bend toward narrow self-interest."

When I entered the Democratic Party in 1871, Kentucky was, I believe, the only Southern State that was securely Anti-Republican; so that I had no hope of personal elevation. I acted with the same magnanimity that I had ever cultivated as the first element of statesmanship, and set myself earnestly to advance the South in civilization. The "Ku-klux-klans" were in full bloom. Aided by John C. Breckinridge, the better portion of the party in Kentucky soon drove these outlaws from their masked-batteries. As education only could raise a people from barbarism, I joined heartily all the advanced Democrats in the increase of the common school-fund, and its division among the children of the blacks. I aided in the establishment of the Kentucky Historical Society, and in getting a fire-proof room, and an appropriation from the State. I print the following from the Frankfort *Commonwealth*:

KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

An epitome of the remarks made by Hon. Cassius M. Clay before the State Historical Society, at its late meeting, appear in this issue. The address was impromptu, and Gen. Clay had no time to reduce it to writing before leaving the city. Application was made to him by the officers of the Society after he reached home, and the brief outline which we publish to-day has been furnished. It gives us pleasure to add it to the record of organization, and to preserve it as an expression from one of the most distinguished of the founders of the Historical Society:

ADDRESS OF GEN. CASSIUS M. CLAY DELIVERED BEFORE THE KENTUCKY HISTORICAL SOCIETY ON FEBRUARY 11, 1879.

"Man may be considered in three grand divisions—intellect, or reason; sentiment, or morals; and physiology. There have been many attempts to distinguish man from the inferior animals, as by reason, speech, conscience, etc., all of which are futile, for other

animals are possessed of the same faculties, limited only by degree. I do not propose now to discuss these propositions. I speak from my own consciousness, experience, and reason. There are some things which man does not share with the inferior animals—the transmission of knowledge, progression. The dog and the monkey will warm by the fire, but can not rebuild it; the bee, the most admirable of all animals in its constructive powers and intricate and successful self-government, builds and governs now as from the earliest records of men. There has been no accumulation of ideas, no progress. With man it is different. Beginning almost upon the level of the lowest, he has ascended above all animated nature; and, by his creative powers and intellectual accumulation, aspires to association with the gods.

“This Historical Society is in the line of this thought, and I can not confine it to the narrow limits of the distinguished gentlemen who have so ably spoken. Here should be gathered the material not only for the history of our gallant State, but of all States; not alone for history, but for all human knowledge. It should be the nucleus of a grand museum of literature, natural history, biology, and all the sciences. That man who was a greater general than Cæsar or Napoleon, Alexander, the Macedonian, was justly termed the Great—not for what he destroyed, but for what he built up for mankind. After he had conquered all the nations accessible about the Mediterranean, he founded Alexandria, at the mouth of the great Nile, and in the center of the commerce of Europe, Asia, and Africa. In the temple of Jupiter Serapis he united the grand mythology of the Greeks with the ancient and mystic theology of Egypt.

“A follower of the ‘Divine Plato,’ and the pupil of Aristotle, he was imbued with that liberalism nevertheless which inspires a belief in One Omnipotent God, eternal and omniscient; and that man and matter are governed by indestructible laws. His conquests brought the nations and all the religions face to face. There were the Monotheists and Pantheists of the far East, the Mythology of the Greeks, the Mysticism of the Egyptians, and the Paganism of the Western world. All could not be true. The age of faith was about to give way to the age of reason. Aristotle was the father, though feebly developed, of the inductive philosophy—the reasoning from individual facts to general laws—when truth was greater than speculation—a system which in Newton’s *Principia* and Bacon’s *Novum Organum* took a more perfect form, and opened

up the creation to man's contemplation. The temple of Jupiter Serapis was also an observatory. Here a degree of the earth's circumference was measured, and its rotundity proven. As Alexander advanced in conquest eastward, he sent, through his friend Callisthenes, to the Imperial City, whatever was curious and valuable in literature, natural history, science, and the arts. In and about the temple were all these and other treasures stored. Here were botanical and zoological gardens, and the materials for astronomy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, chemistry, medicine, surgery, etc., etc. It was, in fact, a great university of literature—science, the arts, medicine, law, and theology—where the professors lectured, and were paid by their followers. This Alexandrian 'Historical Society' was felt by the whole human race. It maintained the God-given right of freedom of thought. It was the store-house of the accumulation of the human mind and man's progress. It opened the way for Christian civilization; for, though the leading idea of our religion was not unknown to far antiquity, it remained to Christianity to build up the sublime and God-like principle: 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself.'

"No man holds more firmly than myself to the right of reason and freedom of thought. Let the truth stand, 'though the heavens fall.' But I have no sympathy with flippant attacks upon Christianity. Let it be denounced by those who can show a better system, more in accordance with the eternal moral laws, and not till then.

"These may seem to be fantastic views of the possibilities of our Society. Every thing has a beginning. We have in our State all the elements of greatness. There is no limit to the achievements of those who daringly aspire.

"Death is the great evil of our destiny; here is the basis of all tragedy, the central point of all religions. Benign nature gives compensations for the inevitable, even on this side of a future existence. We live in our children as the continuation of ourselves. We would be immortal in the memory of our fellow-men. Some make self the circle of all thought; others expand it to the family, to the county, to the State, to all the States of this great Union. No man goes farther than I in devotion to our noble State. Have I not given proof on the battlefield; and in self-sacrifice with surroundings more terrible than bayonets and cannon-balls? Yet my aspirations are not for State or Nation only, but for all the Nations. Knowledge is the basis of all civilization. As the common

law of our inheritance secures person and property and freedom to ourselves, so let us do our part in building up a like community of nations. Let this be our aspiration, the highest that inspires humanity, that brings us in nearest approach to God."

In those times I did much to repeal the laws of the old slave-system, which were in conflict with the amendments of the new Union. I spent days in the Legislature in this hard but at last successful task. I resisted with determined effort the trend of the Democratic leaders to violate the public faith, and repudiate the national debt by an irredeemable paper-currency. The Legislature invited me to address them on the currency question. Both Houses heard me. I refer my readers to the subjoined paper in explanation of my views upon that question, because it is brief, although my speech before the Legislature was fully reported, and was widely circulated:

From the New York Agricultural Review, 1884.

"THE SILVER DOLLAR.

IS IT HONEST AND, IF HONEST, IS IT EXPEDIENT?"

Over the name of John A. Grier is this caption in the February (1883) number of the *Century Magazine*. His paper possesses the highest logic—exhaustive statement; admits all real objections, and yet establishes its premises upon truths which no sophistry can overthrow or obscure. In maintaining the affirmation of his problem, he has crowded into the smallest space about all that need be said in favor of the bimetallic money of the Nation. Nothing that Mr. Horace White has mentioned in "comment" needs refutation. The querulous tone of his criticism confesses in advance his defeat; his thin sophistry is not worthy of the consideration of the philosophical searcher after truth. Indeed, his epithets and "impotent conclusions" excite rather sympathy than indignation; for the success of the silver policy, in spite of the forebodings, in preventing threatened repudiation, bankruptcy, and revolution, places its opponents in the unhappy position of maintaining any claim to patriotism only by admitting their want of statesmanship.

But the silver question is not by any means settled; nor can it be, upon any unchanging basis; although all the principles of our future action are thus set as landmarks for our guidance. What I propose, then, is to popularize these dicta, and to bring them more readily under the intellectual grasp of the voters of the Republic.

Gold and silver have been adopted by mankind as "money"—a medium of exchange; first, because of their universal desirability, or value; second, because they are best suited, by their qualities, for coinage. Should, in the future, other substances be found better suited to these purposes, gold and silver would be abandoned, and the new substances used as money. Of all the qualities which constitute the value of gold and silver, governments have not given, and can not give, one quality or ingredient of value, neither lustre, nor cohesion, nor ductility, and all that. If all the governments of the world were to demonetize, without other substitutes, these metals, their whole intrinsic value would remain, and they would enter into the commercial exchanges all the same. So that it may be said that none but God can make a dollar. All that governments can do is to count, weigh, and stamp the amount of pure metal in certain named coins—as dollars, pounds sterling, and rubles; and there their powers for all purposes of trade cease. Money has functions which belong to the organized society which names and stamps it for purposes of taxation, and all that; but we do not propose to treat of that branch of the subject here. In primitive society we may well be content with one substance for money; but as the articles of commerce and the activity of trade grow, other facilities of exchange become imperative. Gold, well fitted for large sums and coin, must, on account of its great value, be supplemented with silver for smaller ones. And, gold and silver becoming too bulky, expensive, and dangerous for large and distant exchanges, paper evidences of coin, deposited in one place, are cheaply and economically and safely used instead. But all paper so used, whether payable to order or bearer, is admissible and valuable as money only as it is the representative of real coin at once accessible on demand. So far, then, from going back to a single metal as a medium of exchange, we more and more need two metals than in any former time in history. Instead of our following Germany, England, and other nations, demonetizing silver, they will in the future surely follow us in the use of bi-metallic money.

The shock which the commercial prosperity of these two nations

has received, and which the United States has escaped, is, I think, owing mostly to their unwise disuse of silver as money. As the value of gold and silver is regulated in greatest measure by the laws of supply and demand, they must fluctuate in real and relative value toward each other. All that governments can do is to observe and modify this last relation as much as may be consistent with economy and the obligations of contracts; first, by enlarging the uses of the weaker metal, and, that failing, by the increase of the weight of the depreciating metal in the dollar.

We may then lay down the following deductions:

1. None but God can create a dollar,
2. No "greenbacks," and other paper promises to pay, assuming the name of "money," not representing actual coin, can honestly and successfully be used as such.
3. All additions to or subtractions from the metals of the dollar, with a view singly to equalize the relative value of a bimetallic money, are honest and admissible.
4. All such additions and subtractions, made with the purpose of enhancing or depreciating the value of the same for debt-paying purposes, are a fraud.
5. It is easier to prevent the fluctuations of the value of two metals than one. When there is but one, its fluctuation depending on the commercial demand only, the government is powerless to influence it; but, when there are two metals, their joint use better guards against the depreciation or appreciation of both, by maintaining the equilibrium of the relative values; there is a legitimate check upon sudden changes, for the coin of the world constitutes one of the greatest demands for these metals, and the effect is aptly compared to the more equal motion of a carriage drawn by two horses over that drawn by but one.
6. Great personal and real estate give individuals and governments credit, but credit is one thing and "money" quite another thing; nevertheless, a certain amount of credit facilitates all monetary movement, and may be called the necessary oil obviating the friction in all such events.
7. The gold and silver in the United States' Treasury, though inert, and for the time unused, are by no means a loss to the people, provided they come there by legitimate savings, and not by onerous taxation or interest-paying debt. It would be well always to keep a reasonable surplus in the treasury to sustain the public credit, to steady the exchanges, and give firmness and con-

fidence to trade and all productive industries. Such want of reserved capital, too, often produces panics and disturbance of business at a thousand-fold more loss than the interest of the money in reserve. It is the pettiest demagoguery and shallowest statesmanship which would save a "miserable pepper-corn to the treasury," whilst millions are thus lost for the want of secure and productive industries.

8. And last, but not least, such accumulated gold and silver in the treasury are "expedient" as a settlement of the great question now pressing to the front: "How shall our paper currency be supplied?" A treasury note payable to bearer, issued only upon the actual coin in sacred reserve, seems to be the true solution of the problem.

My speech was reported in the *Yeoman*, as revised by myself, and a copy handed to the reporter of the *Courier-Journal*; but the brilliant, erratic, and combustible Watterson took no notice of this great event in my life, or of the speech. When Vorhees, of Indiana, made his "Greenback" speech, however, Watterson commended the orator, though feebly differing about that issue. The progressive editor had not as yet "seen the wind" of public thought!

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEMOCRATIC NIHILISM.—ASSASSINATION OF ADAM BUTNER.—A FRAUDULENT ELECTION.—ASSASSINATION OF THOMAS PEYTON BY BLACKS EVIDENTLY EMPLOYED BY "KU-KLUX."—BUT ONE WITNESS TO A TRAGEDY.—A FALSE FRIEND ROBS ME OF \$10,000.—I AM SOLD OUT, BUT EVENTUALLY TRIUMPH OVER MY ENEMIES. MRS. CLAY LEAVES ME IN RUSSIA.—MY ELDEST SON, GREEN CLAY, AS A UNION SOLDIER.—HE IS DISPOSSESSED OF HIS HOME BY HIS MOTHER.—I ANNOUNCE TO HIM MY INTENTION TO APPLY FOR A DIVORCE.—SHOCKED, HE TRIES TO DISUADE ME.—I GIVE HIM MY REASONS, COGENT AND AMPLE.—THERE BEING NO LEGAL OPPOSITION, THE DIVORCE IS GRANTED.—LETTERS FROM SONS, AND DAUGHTER MARY.—LIFE AND DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.—LETTER FROM MY DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, CORNELIA W. CLAY.—A DISAGREEABLE SUBJECT SUFFICIENTLY EXPLAINED.

WHILST I was thus building up the Democratic Party more than all their leaders put together, they could not forgive me for the evil I had done them. They could not exhibit this spirit toward me, for I asked no office; but my friendship was fatal to all its recipients.

In 1875 my son, Brutus J. Clay, ran for the lower House of the Kentucky Legislature in Madison, our native county. He had always been a Republican, and the county was fairly Republican. I told my Democratic friends that I had done some service to the party and State, but wanted no office myself (though some spoke of me for Vice-President of the party, which I encouraged as a compliment, though there seemed but little hope of success), but I desired them to elect my son, as there were but a few Republicans in the Legislature; that excessive majorities were not desirable in a Republic, and that equal parties were a proper check upon each other. These suggestions were treated with contempt and even indignation. The party was never before so much in arms. They said now was the time to crush out the Clays; that Brutus J. had married a woman of fortune, and, if once in the ascendancy, could not be easily ousted again.

One man, with whom I was on the best of terms, said to me: "I will never vote for you, or your sons." "Why?" said I. "Because you took away from me my slaves, and I will never forgive you."

During the canvass pistols were drawn upon my son, who stood his ground with hereditary pluck; for his ancestors on both sides were men of courage. A few days before the election a camp of the Nihilists was formed in my neighborhood; blacks were induced by music and liquor to enter, and then guarded by force, with a view to vote them in mass against the Republican candidate. Hearing of this, I, too, formed a camp, and fed the voters; and defied the enemy to capture them. I sent word that we (I) were "ready for them." My elder son, Green Clay, had been a Union soldier; and, under my old friend, Gen. James S. Jackson, acting as major in the volunteer service, having raised his portion of the regiment, lost his health, and was compelled to resign. He fought as volunteer aid under Gen. William Nelson, at the battle of Richmond, in August, 1862; but was now, like myself, with the Democratic Party. Whilst in company with Dr. Roberts, who was afterward chosen to represent Madison in the Kentucky Legislature, and going home with a voter, Adam Butner, a white native of the county, he was assaulted. It was toward dark, on the Stringtown turnpike, where about twenty unmasked men followed them on horseback, fired upon them with pistols, perforating only the clothes of Clay and Roberts, but killing Butner, who fell dead from his horse. Returning the fire with small pocket-pistols, Clay and Roberts put spurs to their horses, and escaped. My son reported the case to me, and I advised him to return to the same precinct next day, and defend the rights of himself and his brother's friends to a free ballot, or die.

The next day he armed himself and one of his tenants, James O'Donnell, a brave Irishman, with shot-guns and pistols, and returned to the precinct on the day of the election, arriving in Foxtown late in the day, only in time to vote.

There were in my own precinct of Foxtown, where we both voted, but about a half dozen or so white voters; and with them I formed no combination, because I did not desire them to risk their lives in such cause through any agency of mine.

I then marched the blacks from my camp in columns of twos, with all the arms I could obtain from them, and all I had, in my rockaway. I stopped the rockaway a few hundred yards from the polls; and, placing a guard over it, marched the blacks through an open field which reached the polls, which were held in the cattle-scales, the weather being warm, so that they could not be easily jostled and their ranks broken. I went alone and asked the judges to let my men vote. This, after consultation, they agreed to do; and the blacks began to vote. The number joined to those who fell into line at Foxtown were about sixty or eighty. As soon as the voting began, the leader of the Democrats walked in between me and the judges of the election; and, looking me sternly in the face, said: "We are ready for you." This was the message I had sent a few days before to the Nihilists' camp; and I well understood what it meant. My men were voting, and a row would defeat my purpose; and so, with great self-command, I affected not to understand what was said, and made a pleasant reply. Thus the election went off peaceably, and no lives were lost.

The vote was close. Brutus was, in my opinion, and that of all our friends, elected by the legal votes, but counted out by imported repeaters, who, in Richmond especially, were shamefully voted against all protest. The party of Democrats was about three hundred strong in my precinct—almost all whites; and shot-guns and other weapons were stored, as I afterward learned, in the houses overlooking the polls, ready to be used against me. The few white Republicans of the precinct were advised by friends and relatives not to attend the election, as they would be killed; and I was told, as I said in my Louisville

speech, in August, 1884, that the word went round: "Now we have got old Cash; God damn him."

Of course, there was no inquest held over the dead martyr, Adam Butner; no indictment made by the grand-jury, and no publication of these events in the county Democratic papers. Was not the common law of the "Solid South" but carried out? Had not I and my family done that which the "Solid South" has proclaimed to all the world shall not be done—"organized the blacks?" And was not our crime death without redress in the courts?

My foreman, Thomas Peyton, was nearly a full-blooded black, born free before general emancipation. He was in the prime of life, and one of the finest specimens of an African I ever saw, having but a trace of white blood. He was very stout, active, and of a clear head; being a good shot with shot-gun and pistol. One night, after my return from Russia, and whilst Peyton was in my employ, when I came home from White Hall, at my gate, a mile from my dwelling, on each side were fastened to the fence lines of saddled horses, but no riders, and they seemed to be from thirty to sixty in number. The weather was warm, and the stars gave some light. I was in my buggy, and did not count them; nor did I make any effort to identify horses or equipage. Rumor said the band was about eighty strong, and located in the counties of Madison, Fayette, and Jessamine; that they were the band who drowned five persons—men, women, and children—in the Kentucky River, about five miles from my house, opposite Mr. Soper's saw-mills; and who killed a man in the yard of William Wilkerson, in Fayette County—the same who had defended me at Foxtown, in 1849.

The object of this movement was evidently to show me their strength, and to "bulldoze" me. For, since my return from Russia, I was somewhat isolated, many of my friends being dead in the war or otherwise, and removed into other States. After awhile, one morning, when I came out to my

usual seat under the trees in front of my library window, I picked up a half-opened letter, which read, in substance, as follows:

“C. M. CLAY:—Tom Peyton is very obnoxious to us. We have nothing against you; but you must send him away from your house; for we will kill him. KU-KLUX.”

This was to me a very grave problem to solve. If I resisted, the odds were fearfully against me. If I sent Tom, my faithful servant, away to death, I would shrink in dishonor from an obvious duty—that of defending the rights of a fellow-citizen, and my own. I sent for Tom, read to him the letter, and then handed it to him to read. When he had read it, he pondered awhile; then, standing erect, as I would imagine Red Cloud, he said, with great sensibility, but firmness: “Mars. Cash, I have done nothing to be killed for.” I replied: “What will you do: stand, or run for it?” He said: “If you will defend me, I will stand.” I then told him: “I do n’t know that I shall be able to save you, or even myself; but, since you have the heart to defend yourself, I will stand by you to the death.”

Now, a house is a fort; and, with even two determined men well armed, as we were, it would be very difficult for any number of foes to destroy us. And the banditti knew very well that if they attempted it, more than one of them would there fall dead in his boots. So Tom was not then disturbed.

At the election, in 1875, Tom was at the head of the black voters, and the enemies of the “sacred ballot” were defeated in their criminal purposes. So, after awhile, Tom was at a picnic at Needmore, a settlement of blacks a few miles from me, where hundreds of men and women were enjoying themselves. He, being one of the officers of the Club, was set upon by three blacks, and stabbed to death. He was borne to a cabin near, and sent word to me at once to come and see him. When I went, the house was

full of blacks, men and women. Tom was in great pain. He had been stabbed in the left side and back, and the bowels were protruding. I knew it was all over with him; but I sent for a physician at once, to give him all the comfort possible. I then said to him: "Tell me all about this affair." He said that he was drinking a little, but sober; that two men unknown to him raised a quarrel with him, and, though he had no arms whatever, Bob White, another black, held him from behind, both arms, whilst the other two stabbed him. Before he made this statement, however, he said some of his enemies were present. Then I ordered the house cleared, and sent home for a jug of water, that he might not be poisoned; and left him under the faithful care of known friends.

These blacks committed murder in the presence of hundreds of witnesses, white and black; and yet they were cleared by the community. I believe the murderers were hired, or bulldozed, or both; and that Tom met the fate which long ago seemed inevitable. But my readers must judge.

In neither of these deaths did I assist the prosecution, because the men were dead, and I could not restore them. The public sentiment of those who held the sword of justice being against me, what could I do but follow a like fate?

So, also, fell my two next friends: Harper and Graham Bowlin, and their two uncles—their fathers' brothers—by the hands of unequal foes. Harper Bowlin and his kindred were gallant men; but, in succeeding Tom as my foreman, he entered into the "jaws of death!" A more foul murder was never perpetrated than his "taking off." And, when his youngest brother took his place as my first man—when the same party who had killed his family, bent on the completion of their *vendetta*, sought his life—I advised him to defend himself at all hazards. And when he was threatened with death, and pursued by two of the party, he turned and shot one of them dead. For this, without a fair trial, he was sentenced to the penitentiary of the State for

life! If he deserves punishment, then **do I**; for I advised his course, and was the approver of it before and after the act, and am a *particeps criminis*. But the Nihilists rule, and the Republicans of the South have no rights, and we must submit to inevitable fate.

When Neal and others raped, murdered, and burned the two girls at Ashland, after all the lawyers and the force of the State were employed on their side, it was three years before the last one was hung. But Centers (Eli) Bowlin, without a lawyer in time, without his witnesses, without a deferred trial to get them, without an appeal to the Supreme Court — yet but a youth and an honorable man, standing in self-defense — is sent to the penitentiary for life! Poor fellow! it was his crime to be my friend! Such is the despotism of the "Lost Cause."

My son, Green Clay, was born December 30, 1837. He was not large in size, but well-formed and muscular, with a fine classic head. I sent him to the ordinary schools, and finally to Yale College. There becoming discontented, as most boys will do when deprived of the usual indulgences of home, Mrs. Clay insisted upon his returning home, and his devotion to a business career. At last I consented, but under protest.

I finally got together ten thousand dollars, in the winter of 1856-'7, from the wreck of my fortune, and organized a banking company at Cincinnati, when, by the request of my nephew by marriage, a resident of that city, I loaned him these ten thousand dollars for a few days, without security. He put the money in his pocket; and never returned me one cent of this large sum. That broke up the bank; but we paid off all our debts, and the depositors lost nothing.

My long neglect of business and absence in the Mexican War, and my expenditures in politics, had ruined a large estate; and, as soon as our bank closed in Cincinnati, I was set upon by all my creditors. Among others, my father-in-law, Elisha Warfield, had loaned me some money at twelve

per cent. interest per annum. He was the first to claim his principal and interest; and I paid it all off by giving him a deed to my *True American* building. As he had never, though wealthy, made me any advances in support of his daughter and his grand-children, except a few broken-down race-horses, it was a great consolation to me in my misfortune to feel that, at least, I owed that family nothing. Though I had loaned his grandson five hundred dollars without interest, and his own son many hundreds of dollars, all of which was to me a dead loss, as I never had one cent returned to me. I at once put all my property in a trust sale, for the equal benefit of all my remaining creditors. I was sold out, and turned into the public highway; but not a Warfield was present at the sale, or gave me any aid or sympathy. My brother, Brutus J. Clay; my stepfather, Jephthah Dudley; my brother-in-law, Madison C. Johnson; and my nephew, Sidney Clay, aiding, sold the property, and assumed all my debts; and principal and interest—much of it usurious—without compromise, was at last paid. They bought, at the public auction, my life-estate in the twenty-two hundred and fifty acres of trust-land, with the homestead left me by my father; and allowed me the use of it. Finally, I paid them off, also, principal and interest, in full. When the allies of the Warfields found me broken—some of those who tried to murder me in vain, at Foxtown, in 1849—they rode over the country in great glee, spreading the good news: “Clay is now broke; we shall be troubled with him no more!”

One day the same parties, passing my farm, found me with my coat off, with a few hands, picking up stones from a worn field, and loading the cart to pour them into the washed places. They then said it was no use to contend against any such man. And it so turned out. With an unbending will I went on to pay my debts, pecuniary and political.

I entered the canvass of 1860 with my life-long ardor, and saw victory perch upon our hands in the election of

Lincoln. Before I left the United States for Russia, Dr. E. Warfield died; but I attended neither his sick-bed nor his funeral. Before I returned home Mrs. Clay's mother died; and both by will so provided that I should not receive any of their estate.

Whilst in Russia, I got my eldest son, Green Clay, an interest in the oil-mines in Southern Russia; but, for the want of capital and skill and perseverance, the venture failed—though now those wells are worth millions of dollars. But once more he was prematurely recalled home by his mother, and offered a partnership in the real-estate, which he accepted. But so soon as it turned out profitable, she canceled it; and Green went to work on the farm which I had given him out of the trust-estate.

Mrs. Clay left Russia early in 1862, contrary to my wishes, and regardless of my protest; and, when I was re-appointed in 1863, and returned to St. Petersburg in the spring of that year, she refused to accompany or follow me. Before I left home, however, I gave her a power of attorney to manage my property, of all which she had possession for nearly nine years, and for which she has never paid me one cent.

In the meantime, as I said, Green, having joined the Union army and lost his health, was obliged to resign and return to his farm. At the battle of Richmond, in 1862, he was the volunteer aid of Gen. William Nelson; and bore him off the field when wounded, and through the lines of Kirby Smith, in safety, into the county of Jessamine.

His mother had loaned him a considerable sum of money at interest, which caused his ruin. He and his lovely and devoted wife, Cornelia Walker Clay, were living on the mortgaged farm, when they were informed that they must sell out, and pay the principal and interest due the mother.

On my final return home, the bonds between myself and wife, which had been strained from the date of our marriage, were about to be broken forever. My younger

children knew but little of me. They received their ideas of my character from my inveterate enemies, the Warfield clan—all but Green, who knew me well from being the eldest, and much with me. I went to him, and told him I intended to get a divorce. Although he knew that his mother had left my home, and had gone to Lexington to live, he was much shocked. He, like the remainder of the family, seemed to think that I was to bear every thing, like a pack-horse, with patience, and without a murmur. He said he had been unfortunate in many things—in the loss of property and health; but he thought at least the good name of his parents was left him, and now that also was to be lost! I told him that I had maturely considered the matter, and had come to an unchangeable resolve; that, as he had been a good and honorable son, and a man in all things, I would explain to him what I had not said to any other person or persons whatever. I then related the occurrences before and after marriage—how I had been treated by that family all through life—referring to Mrs. and Mr. Warfield, Anne Ryland, and Julia Hunt; how the wedding-ring was thrown away by me in 1845; how Julia Hunt was heard, by my niece, to say, that she hoped I would die in prison in Mexico; how I found the same grievance at Frankfort, in 1848, on my return home, which had been one of the causes of my exile into Mexico; how I was left alone at St. Petersburg; how I could not persuade Mrs. Clay to return there with me in 1863; how, when Seward calumniated me, she wrote a letter, not trusting me, but believing the Chautems' scandal, at which I was indignant, and thus closed our correspondence; how I found my property at home injured, the ornamental trees cut down, no fences, and not a good roof on the estate, but that of tin on the main building; how she sold the stock before I reached home, and kept the money; how I did not receive a single cent from her as my attorney-in-fact, for the rent of the place—about eighty thousand dollars, at least. That, as he knew I had burned all the brick,

and had ready all the heavy timbers for the additional building, with stone, lime, etc., before I left for Europe; how I had sent her, through Duncan, Sherman & Co., nearly four times the whole amount of the original estimate of the additional building — which was \$8,000 — I having previously furnished and paid for the most of the material, as stated; how, notwithstanding all this, Anne Ryland and others had induced the public to believe that Mrs. Clay had built the additions to the house at her own expense; how all my faults had been studiously magnified and misstated; how it had been averred that Mrs. Clay had loaned me \$5,000, when, in fact, she never loaned me one cent in my life;* how, before she finally deserted me, and went to live with Anne Ryland in Lexington, she had divided up my household furniture; how she refused to pay a part of our common expenses; how, when she and Mrs. Ryland could not live together, (how could they?) she returned unasked to my home once more; how I, on hearing of her coming, left my own house, and went to his; how she sent word by him that she had come home, and “*loved me as much as she ever did*,” and how I, being silent, and making no response, she then returned to Lexington, bought a house, and there lived

*The “dry branch” and others having falsely asserted to the public, in addition to other calumnies, that I had borrowed, before setting out to Russia, five thousand dollars of Mrs. Clay, to pay my expenses, I append the following copy of a paper now before me, as follows:

“Know all men by these presents, that I have advanced, out “of the land and slaves willed me in trust by my father, Green “Clay, five hundred and twenty acres of land and one slave, Frank- “lin, on which he has advanced eight thousand dollars (\$8,000), “to me paid; which \$8,000 is not to be charged to him in a final “settlement with the heirs. That is, the land valued at (\$64) sixty- “four dollars per acre, and Franklin valued at \$1,000, amounts to “\$34,472, less \$8,000, which is an advance of \$26,472. Given “under my hand and seal, March 7, 1860. C. M. CLAY.”

Indorsed on this memorandum is “Green Clay’s land, 1860—

separate and apart from me for five years, which, by our laws, gave me the right of divorce.

Green heard me with great emotion and great patience. He then said, in substance, that: I was his father, and Mrs. C. his mother; and that he considered it his duty, as it was his sentiment, to love both. That he had regarded, and would continue to regard it as a quarrel between us only; and he was not the one, but a higher Power, to judge us. And so I brought suit in the Fayette Circuit Court for divorce; and all the family, so far as I heard, except Green, opposed it.

In the response, I was threatened that my life would be roughly treated. So I sent for my son-in-law, James Bennett, and told him, at my own house: "The law in this case only requires an abandonment for the space of five years. If you are wise, you will dissuade your wife and others from attacking me, or my character. They have as much to fear as I. I have been silent under all sorts of calumnies; now, in such case, I shall defend myself without reserve." After that there was no legal opposition. She let the case go without resistance; and a decree of divorce was granted me February 7, 1878.

\$6,000 repaid to Green Clay, and extra land returned to me and my heirs."

Another indorsement is: "C. M. Clay's deed of five hundred and twenty-three acres of land to Green Clay, 1860." This last is in the handwriting of my unfortunate son.

So that, instead of my using Mrs. Clay's money, who was much wealthier than myself in 1860, she and the children, taken to Russia, were all supported at my expense, she never having contributed, to my knowledge, a single cent; nor did I ever borrow a single dollar of her, or receive one, in my life.

My poor son, in his magnanimity, having already his share of the estate unincumbered with the annuity which I reserved, gave up his rights, and, by Mrs. Clay's advice, went into a common division; and yet, when she had him in her power, she, forgetting all this, turned him into the highway, penniless. — C., 1885.

In my petition I swore that I had never had any *advances* from her, or hers; and this, as she did not assert the contrary, put down forever that oft-repeated calumny, that I had turned her out of the house built with her own money. On the contrary, I could have gained large sums of my own which she, after due support of the family, never accounted for; but which I did not desire to take from her, or the children. Although, before she left my house, she proposed to pay me whatever she owed me, I declined to take it, as I did not then know that she was preparing to desert me.

After she abandoned my home, I sent for my adopted son, Launey Clay, from Russia; and, through the courts of Madison County, Ky., by permission of his nominal parents, assumed his guardianship, and sole control of him, and changed his name to the one he now bears. Green knew all the circumstances; and, after the divorce, wrote, among other similar ones, this letter in answer to one from me:

DEAR PA:—I have been a little imprudent, and do not feel as well as I did, but do not need any one to stay with me; nor do I need any thing to eat but some rice, and that I have. But any time you feel inclined to come over and see me, I will be very glad to see you and Launey. I want you to tell Launey that I feel very kindly to him; and any time he needs a friend to come to me, and I will do my best for him, if it is but little. A kind word and love is sometimes worth more than money. Your loving son,

GREEN CLAY.

April 6, 1878.

My son Brutus J. Clay, in consequence of my long absence and his youth, knew but little of my character. When he came to know me better, he was very affectionate to me, and his brother Green—to whom he was kind and generous. And Mary never ceased in her affection for me. The following letters, recently received from my son, Brutus J. Clay, and his sister, will support my assertion:

RICHMOND, KY., *June 15, 1885.*

MY DEAR FATHER:—I will be down to see you soon—have been absent from home much of the fall and winter. Many thanks for the peonies. We all have had colds. Am glad to hear you are in good health. Affectionately, your son, BRUTUS J. CLAY.

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, *January 27, 1885.*

DEAR PA:—Yours is just received, and I am much obliged by your acceding to my request. . . . I am much obliged for the warning about interest on money; but, unless I am more unfortunate than I have ever been, I think I will keep myself clear, so that I will know where I stand. I am glad to hear that you are recovered from your sickness. We are having a very cold winter here—the thermometer down below twenty degrees, and snow two feet deep. Green is complaining with cold. Frank and Green are well. Hoping this will find you well, with love, your affectionate

MARY B. CLAY.

These letters will be better understood when I tell how my daughters, and some women of Richmond of doubtful reputation, as is usual in such cases, tried to drive Launey and myself from society. The historical families, and the *élite* of Madison society, attended an entertainment at my house by the invitation of myself and Launey. Green Clay and his noble and accomplished wife, so largely related to the old families of the county, received my company; and the whole affair was a distinguished success. So my poor son, Green, and his refined and devoted wife, were, in revenge for their friendship to me, sold out of his land, upon which his mother held a mortgage for money loaned. The mortgage was closed; and the real-estate, and every thing he had on earth—household and kitchen furniture, his very bed—were sold, and he and his wife were turned into the public highway. This cruel and unheard-of conduct from a mother, whom he dearly loved with all her faults and injustice to himself, broke his heart. His nervous system, with repeated failures in all his pecuniary struggles, could not stand this last shock; and the remainder of his life was but a slow descent into the unknown forever. His nobility

of spirit was shown when, in his straitened circumstances, I, in 1861, proposed to get a lucrative office from Lincoln. He declined, saying, he could not fill it properly. This treatment was all the more indefensible, when I had, out of my own estate, supported her and all the children to that time; when I had bought for her the finest residence in Lexington—the “Lord Morton” place; when I had proposed to settle it on her before I went to the Mexican War, by her father paying one third, but which he refused; when I had all my life allowed her, at all times, to buy, without restraint, whatever she pleased with cash, or on my credit; when, in consequence of the trust-estate and impossible titles she bought the land of Green, and greatly under its value; when all the improvements—landscape, vines, orchards, buildings, and all that, upon which my unfortunate son had so much set his heart—were all taken without the payment of a cent of equivalent; when he had given up his contract with her in a great-hearted magnanimity; when he even gave up his separate estate, upon which he paid no annuity, and came into the equal share of the same out of deference to her request, and love of his brothers and sisters!

He, however, bore his accumulated misfortunes with a heroism which can only come from the Divine Spirit of the Christian religion. His wife was left to him, and a conscience without remorse. She had a small farm adjoining the old home. Here, without a murmur, he went to work and built, with his own hands mostly, a new cottage-house amidst old forest-trees; and set out a new orchard, and made new out-buildings, and health and happiness seemed to await him.

But the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and death had invaded the perishable to make more marked the immortal. His temperament was by nature fiery, and aggressive under a sense of injury and injustice; but now he was—under the influence of the holy love of Christian faith—as gentle as a dove; listening, at times, to my in-

dignant recitals of wrongs with the calm and serenity of a child. Never uttering a word of complaint, he seemed to feel not a single pang of regret or revenge. The derangement of his nervous system was treated, by physicians of Cincinnati, with fire—as had been tried successfully with Charles Sumner in Paris. He bore the test without a groan; or despondency, when it all failed. Such suffering I had never before seen at a death-bed; but no outcry indicated his pain. A mental anxiety for the presence and safety and care of his wife seemed to be his only fear in his returning consciousness; and, when at last the spirit took flight to a better world—when speechless, an angelic calm and the light of a higher life cast back the rays of immortal love—he would fix his eyes attentively upon his wife, and upon me, with the vista of childhood's years returned. He could speak no more. He seemed but to throw off the worn-out tenement of earth, and to enter at once upon an immortality of bliss. He died June 21, 1883.

The following letter, among the last I have received from his wife, I give here, as indicating her devotion, and the great loss she had sustained in her husband's untimely death:

December, 17, 1884.

DEAR MR. CLAY:—I am glad to hear that you are at home, and entirely well. I am glad to know, too, that you remember that I am still living; and have interest enough in me to want to know how I am "getting on." I am at my mother's now; but expect to go back to my own house the 1st of January, and pass the winter there. Life with me is a hard struggle, with all hope and interest buried in my husband's grave. I miss him more and more as the weary months drag on, feel more deeply the loss of his love and sympathy, and appreciate more his many noble traits and high principles. You, who knew him so well, must feel that you never had another child that could compare with him in purity and goodness. You must always feel, with me, the wrong and wickedness which crushed his proud spirit and broke his heart, and made desolate my life. His long and weary sickness and cruel death are ever in my mind. If I can ever do any thing for you, in sickness or need, I will, for his sake. I know he loved you very

much, and you were always good to him. Let me hear from you sometimes. . . . Give my love to Aunt Betsy Smith.
Yours, affectionately,
CORNIE W. CLAY.

Before I left New York, in 1870, Mrs. Clay wrote to me that she wished to purchase the lot in Lexington where our children were buried. The lot was owned by myself, Brutus J. Clay, and others; and upon it was built quite an elegant monument. After I returned to my native home in Madison County, after the Mexican War, we purchased a lot in the Richmond cemetery, where, by common consent, the monument was removed. In explanation of this serious move on the part of a wife who had given me already so much grief in life, she said that she never would be buried in Madison County, where my mother's remains were, and where, of course, I would be also buried; but she intended to be interred in Lexington, by the side of her mother, and that the children should not be removed. This I regarded as a proclamation of perpetual war, and I sternly accepted the issue. We sold her the lot.

When I returned from New York the second time, she was at the house of Anne Ryland in Lexington. I was received like a stranger, the "dry branch" told me I was not welcome, and my trunk placed in a room where I slept alone. On my return home, she ventured to treat me as a stranger—putting me in a separate room; and, when the weather turned suddenly cold, she moved all my clothing, without consulting me, into another room in the new house, where the fire-place was unfinished, being without a grate, and the cold so intense that icicles froze on my beard. All this I bore in good part, as I flattered myself that it was my fault if I did not go into her room, where a good fire was kept up always.

Knowing my real character, and failing to drive me from home again, she gave it up, and confined herself much to her room. One night she sent for me to come to her room to look over the account of checks, or drafts, I had sent her through the banking-house of Duncan, Sherman & Co. I

went. On examining them carefully, and finding that I had sent her all the money which I claimed to have sent, she proposed, as said before, to pay me what she owed me. This my instincts as a husband and a gentleman forbade me to accept; for, perhaps, unhappily for me, a love of money was not one of my vices. She then, to my surprise, entered upon a new act in our lives — crimination; for, in all our unfortunate differences, angry words had never been heard.

Anne Ryland had played well her usual *role* — had gathered up all the faults and escapades of a life-time — and now the infuriated woman poured them upon my devoted head like a deluge. At first I was indignant, and ready to retort upon her my own wrongs; for, after I had married her, my love for her was pure and devoted, *and it was she who made the first breach upon the marriage duties*. But, when I began to see the drift of her remarks, and where they were about to end, I grew calm; for now the last touch of love had vanished, and I let her go on, enumerating many truths against me at home and abroad, but also many calumnies, to which I gave the same tacit consent. For I desired now that she should magnify, not extenuate, my offences. The scene was closed by my asking her if she had any thing more to say; and I finally, with suave tones, bade her good-night, and returned to my room, and locked the door after me ever afterward during her stay in my house. For she told me, Christian as she professed to be, that she feared neither God nor man!

When she found that I was not to be exiled again, and that my property was no longer for her exclusive use, she prepared to leave for Lexington. We had agreed that she should take every thing which she ever brought into my house, or bought with her own money, and that she should relieve me of her right of dower; and this was reduced to writing.

After she had tried her sister, Anne Ryland, a long time, and saw her raise her shriveled hands to heaven, and roll up

her eyes in holy horror at the sins of the world, she found, no doubt, that she would follow the fate of poor Ryland, whom Green often told me she (Anne) killed with unkindness. So she sent word that she was coming home again. As the time came near, as before mentioned, I went over to my son Green's home, and there remained, leaving my own house vacant. But, when my son went to see her, she sent him on a peace-errand; and authorized him to say to me, after other explanations, that "*she loved me as much as ever.*" To this I made no reply—not even to my son. Then she left once more, never to return. She had made my life miserable. I was driven to the wall, and there I stood!

I now had ample reason to remember Mrs. Allen's warning, on the day Mary Jane Warfield consented to be my wife. It had gone on from bad to worse, and the crisis of my ill-fortune had come.

When my friend, R— B—n, came, much later, on the same mission, and had ably pleaded for a better result, as he finished an eloquent appeal, I pointed to the high balcony of my house, and said: "B—n, you are my friend. I take all you say in good part. Do you see that balcony? I would rather jump off from that, and be dashed to pieces, than again marry that woman!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.—OPINION OF THE WORKS OF SHAKSPEARE.—HOMER'S "ILIAD" AND "ODYSSEY."—MODERN HISTORY AND FICTION.—NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.—SOLITARY AND LONELY IN LIFE, I SEND FOR AND ADOPT A SON.—LAUNEY CLAY.—MY TREATMENT BY SUCCESSFUL REPUBLICAN PLACEMEN.—C. M. CLAY AND ELIZABETH DE SOZIA WOOD.—I AM PLUNDERED ALIKE BY WHITES AND BLACKS.—MY BLACK ATTENDANTS STARVE, AND ATTEMPT THE MURDER OF MY ADOPTED SON.

WHEN Mrs. Clay had bought a place and settled down for life, I was left entirely alone in a large house, which made my isolation more gloomy. During the day I attended to my farm, now reduced, by the division to my children, to three hundred and sixty acres. I sowed it all down in blue-grass, clover, and timothy, except enough for a large garden, in which I was always much interested. I bought my Indian-corn and wheat, and cut much hay, so as to require the least number of workmen. I had thirty acres in landscape—indeed my whole farm might be so called—for I reserved much woodland, and kept the grass clear of weeds.

I had now practically drifted out of politics, and devoted much of my time to reading—mostly ancient and classical literature. My library, for the West, was large, and embraced most of the first works of all time. I read Pope as the most intellectual poet, and Burns as the truest to nature. I read Shakspeare from the title-page to the end; and found all that had been said and written of him was none too much in his praise. I thought some of his plays, as *Midsummer-Night Dream*, were so different from *Macbeth* and *Richard the Third* that I could not believe they were by the same author. I think the dramatist found some of these plays in manuscript, revamped them, and infused into them

some of his own genius. Certainly no man better understood human nature, or better set it forth in all its intricate development in thought and action, than Shakspeare. So that, if out of all authors but one was to be retained, with me it would be Shakspeare.

I attempted anew Milton and Bunyan and Swedenborg, and failed to be interested in them. The Bible, even, as a work of poetry and art, is infinitely superior to them all. I refer to these because the world has held them in high favor. I read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* through to the last word, and differ again with the learned; for I greatly prefer the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*—the first having more moral texture and more nature, though I can not deny many brilliant and thrilling scenes in the *Iliad*. The battles and blazonry of the *Iliad* are foreign to my taste. I can well appreciate that dictum of Hawthorne, which, it is said, he uttered on Grant's nomination: "Now for forty years of bullet-heads!" I reviewed much history, and read for the first time that of A. Alison, with whom I had corresponded in Russia.

The modern scientists, of course, much interested me. Of these, Herbert Spencer most pleased me. I do n't think they have done any thing to injure religion. As a theory of the creation, it, of course, touches, the subject of an Intelligent and Omnipotent God. But about this scientists themselves differ—being Pantheists, Christians, Agnostics, Theists, and Atheists. It is the part of scientists to establish facts; of theologians to construct systems of faith and morals. These provinces are distinct, and there is not in the nature of things any conflict. It is the fault of the Theists that they do not see and recognize facts or truths; and they would do well to *reconcile religion with all truth*.

It is a false assumption that man was made for any particular religion. Of this idea of an abstract system, to which the life of man must be conformed, comes of necessity persecution. Religion was made, or ought to be made, for man, and his happiness. And all human happiness rests upon the *eternal laws—moral and physical*. What can be

more absurd than the ordinary idea of a personal God! — with physical members which can never be of any use, and even the possession of which is fatal to all his higher attributes of Benevolence and Omnipotence! And, above all, we must ever bear in mind that truth is ever safe, and no error can permanently stand, or add to human happiness.

I think the clergy are over-timid about science. They must acknowledge facts, and build faith and sentiment upon them, as far as they are made sure. Even Ingersoll, in a vulgar way, develops some truth; but he need not be feared by any defender of a higher and religious life. His theories are not new, and his methods are unphilosophical and offensive. Ingersoll will be forgotten, and religion will live forever.

The cultured, intellectual, and self-poised do well in standing upon the bald facts of our being. But the mass of mankind have no such base of support; and Burns well says:

“The fear o’ hell ’s the hangman’s whip
That hauds the wretch in order.”

Not physical, of necessity, but an idea of rewards and punishment by eternal laws, running into the after-life, or by the Omnipotent One, who sees all, and disposes of all things. Joseph Rodes Buchanan should be named among the modern scientists.

I don’t think modern times have produced much literature that will last. Of course, that may be said of all ages. The commercial growth of our days has given great prominence to news-journals, which leave but little time to most readers. So that the sensational style has invaded all the departments of human culture. In literature, some even deny the existence of Shakspeare, or the identity of his works.

In theology, the wildest theories prevail. So quack doctors of medicine are easily beaten by such men as Beecher, Talmage, Ingersoll, and Sam Jones. All have an eye to the main chance, whether it be dollars or spurious fame. Some deny God; and others dress Him up in such trappings of

person and character and purpose as would disgrace the most abject idiot of heathen times. So poetry and prose grow more artificial, and, of course, more temporary. The broad fields of nature and the human mind are deserted for trifling and impotent specimens of hot-house culture. The Tennysons and Coleridges, with their abstract ideas and half-revealed obscurities, will be forgotten. Like old wines, the crusty and quaint barnacled bottles attract, but the liquor is tasteless. So I prefer Cervantes and Fielding and Goldsmith, who follow in the footsteps of nature, to Scott, with his immense spectacular displays and impossible chivalry. Thus I give Dickens the preëminence in modern fiction. After all the talk about Hawthorne and Emerson, and all the New-England school of mutual admirationists, there is hardly one that will live. So in poetry we have some disconnected lyrics, like a few of Longfellow's and O'Hara's, which will last; whilst most of the ambitious attempts at immortality are but fit for the waste-basket.

Our histories are but annals; some of them large enough for a life-time's reading. Why preserve every unessential incident, when the great nucleus itself is not worth much consideration? A painter might just as well set forth an anatomical specimen, instead of the human form in all its beauty of body, and divinity of intellect and soul. In the Fine Arts we have been more fortunate. Joel T. Hart has produced the finest incarnation (in marble) of woman. He has followed only nature; and done all art can do — aggregate and accumulate her beauties.

So in landscape-painting, for the same reason, we begin to rival the world. In magazines we certainly show great progress. But even there a partizan spirit and cliques too often usurp the stage, where all mankind should hold equal succession. The newspapers themselves, the true exponents of modern progress and civilization, though of wonderful development, hardly satisfy the philosophical lover of the race. How are they warped by personal enmities, political prejudices, and disregard of justice!

It is worthy of note that the best efforts of the Human Mind have set forth the gloomy side of life. Thus Poe won eminence by his intense originality and melancholy. So Gray and Longfellow and O'Hara and others have attained their highest eminence here. Few, like Campbell and Byron, are equal in these extremes of light and darkness; and I think no four lines in our language surpass those authors in a vivid appreciation of nature, or set her forth in more lovely vestments:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."—CAMPBELL.

"Night wanes; the mists around the mountains curled,
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."—BYRON.

And thus the hard struggle between good and evil—between the mortal and the immortal—goes on forever.

So I sought companionship with the flowers and trees and shrubs, and with all vegetable and animal life; with books and paintings and statuary—the dread memorials of those who live no more. I gathered about me dogs and improved live-stock, and pigeons and barn-fowls, and the mute fishes—the flora and the fauna; and, seeking near communion with all life, I nailed a crumb-box on the tree at my library-window, where I fed the birds winter and summer—enticing the wild red-birds by my kindness, till these shyest of our songsters, generally retiring to remote and inaccessible ravines and bushy hills, came to be my every-day companions.

But at night I was left all the more alone—till I often opened wide the shutters that the bats should enter to pick the flies, as is their wont, from the walls; and their fluttering—life—life—was a great pleasure to me. So I sat long under the trees, looking at the moon and stars, and speculating upon the *Cosmos*, and things beyond the scope of mortal intellect—seeing that the finite can never grasp the infinite. There, too, I was baffled, like Manfred, calling for sympathy with the mute worlds in vain! Had I been worse than other men? And was this the punish-

ment of violated law? Was it of God, or of man? If of man, then will I contend with man—I will assert my eternal defense! And, if from Fate, then will I “wage with fortune an eternal war!”

I, who had sacrificed all to men, was by men left to myself alone. Kindred were cold, and children interested mainly in their own families! In a distant land—at the very antipodes—was one spark of eternal life, which, out of all the voiceless creation, spoke to me in words which I could well understand. Day by day that one image—that one voice which for so many years in a strange land I had listened to as the sweetest music—gathered into more vividness, till in my dreams I saw the imploring looks, and heard the calling for me of the lost one.

In the great city of St. Petersburg, of now near a million of people—that city of isolation, infinite intrigues, and silence—was born, in the year 1866, a male child. To the secret of his parentage I am the only living witness—I who have, of all men living, the best reason to know—and that secret will die with me.

So I sent for my adopted child, and brought him into the courts of Madison County, Ky., and had his name changed and recorded. As, after the mob at Lexington, I walked down the streets with calm indifference to my persecutors, so here, having made up my mind as to my highest duty, I calmly shouldered all the responsibility of my action. . . . This boy was then about four years old, well-formed, bright, and athletic, and full of health and color as a judicious culture could develop.

After I had joined the Democratic Party, the office-seeking Republicans who, when danger hung over our threatened cause, kept silent and out of danger, now, when offices were to be had, went to the front—to me mostly unknown. They persecuted me with as much violence as ever did the Slave-Power. They taught the freed-man that I was a traitor to my own life-cause, and the worst enemy of the black race. The old generation of

blacks knew better; and still had implicit confidence in my fidelity to my principles and justice. To these denunciators of me one old-time black, M. C—, in Frankfort, said, with great common-sense: "You say the question is not what Clay once was, but what is he now? Well, he is now what he always was. Another question is, who was your best friend when you most needed friends? It was Cash. Clay. When he risked his life in your cause many of these men were joined with our enemies to destroy him. There is no use of talking about who freed the blacks. Clay did more towards that than all of these here put together. He did not aid only in doing all he could towards freeing us, but *he did free us!*"

Such argument could not be answered; and all the more thoughtful freedmen remained my friends. But the younger set, who knew little or nothing of my history, were my implacable enemies, and ready to injure me in person or property. The Confederates took my horses, but the blacks, encouraged by the enmity and advice of the whites of both parties, who hated and feared me, I have every reason to believe, burned my large stone barn, full of grain, during the war; burned my business office, the old first residence of my father, with all my letters, except a few scattered ones in other places, with all the bedding and other furniture in three rooms; burned my two carriage-houses and carriages, and tried to set fire to a stone cottage by burning its window-shutters. The barn of Green Clay, adjoining my farm, was also burned, with all its contents.

So when, as formerly, I stood against one party, now I was set upon by both. My poor child, Launey, was the next point of attack. I had only black employès.* They

*C. M. CLAY AND ELIZABETH DE SOZIA WOOD.

"One of the biggest frauds of the day is Cassius M. Clay, the "Nephew of his Uncle," who got up a cheap reputation as a fighting Abolitionist in time of peace, and then went back on his record, and now curses the North as roundly as the most red-hot unreconstructed rebel dare. He made a great ado at one time

had all my keys, commanded all my stores of the meat-house and the pantry, as well as the wine-cellar. They ate and drank every thing that I did—we were as one family. I was absorbed in political thought, in my business, and in my books. I paid no attention to household-affairs as long as things were tolerable. But it turned out that every one was a traitor and my enemy. They not only used whatever

over the freeing of his slaves; but a Southern lady, who knows all the circumstances, says all that were of any value were first sent South and sold at good round prices, and only a few old and decrepid ones were set free. This was a master-stroke of policy in two ways—it obtained for him much coveted notoriety, and relieved him of their care and maintenance. Mrs. Elizabeth de Sozia Wood, of San Francisco, California, the wife of a naval officer, raised in Louisville, says, in the New York *Graphic*, that among those sold was the old nurse who suckled him when a child, and who for years he loved as a mother, and called her by that name. This woman fell into the hands of the family to whom we have referred, and Clay's ex-slaves (who went to that neighborhood,) all confirm what has been stated. Clay attempts a denial, but Mrs. Wood answers his rejoinder in a way that sets the matter at rest. It will be remembered, perhaps, that Clay recently shot a colored man dead, when no one else was present, and his unsupported word that the man first advanced on him was accepted by the community where he lived without an investigation."

The above article appeared in the Lacon (Ill.) *Home Journal* of March 20th; and, knowing the many sacrifices that Gen. Clay had made for the cause of freedom, at a time when it required nerve and resolution to advocate that cause, and believing that the charges contained in the article were false, we addressed a letter to him, and received the following reply:

WHITE HALL, KY., *March 25, 1878.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I received to day your letter of the 25th inst., inclosing a scurrilous clipping from the *Home Journal*, which is best answered by the inclosed letter of mine from the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*.

With regard to the original calumny of the *Home Journal*, I will only remark that my son, Launey Clay, was present at the shoot-

they desired, but plundered me systematically, and divided my property among a large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Sarah White, my cook, and David, her husband, had two sons. The elder lived in Winchester, the county-seat of Clarke. He had a market-wagon; and, when it was filled, he went with it to Lexington, sold out, and then

ing; and his testimony, under oath, taken lately before the grand jury, who, together with the coroner's jury, acquitted me, in accordance with the unanimous voice of all parties here, so far as I have heard. Respectfully, your friend,

C. M. CLAY.

Col. J. G. FORD, Lacon, Ill.

AN OPEN LETTER.

WHITE HALL, KY., *February 14, 1878.*

To the Editor of the New York Graphic—

SIR:—After I had repelled many calumnies—had silenced the batteries of the wily Seward, the stolid Grant, the immortal Fish, and “Bluff Ben. Wade,” the chiefs of the Radical Party, and had seen their disordered ranks go down, never again to rise—I thought to have some repose, and be allowed to “hang my arms upon the wall.” But, alas! for human hopes! Here comes from the far Pacific—from the land of the long-haired men and short-haired women; from the land of the hoodlums, unsexed women with Highland kilts and Turkish trowsers, with the household keys in their breeches pockets—a new gladiator, who leaps defiantly into the sanded ring—Elizabeth de Sozia Wood! “In the name of all the gods at once”—good gracious!!

If you had printed the whole of my reply to this infuriated woman, instead of suppressing the material points, you would have spared your journal a correspondence in which the public have but little interest, and which can not elevate the tastes or morals of your readers.

Let us recapitulate. Here is a woman, or “the counterfeit presentment” of a woman, of whom I have never heard—of whom (after diligent inquiry,) I never heard of any body that had ever heard; who was affected with a chronic “disgust” because Cassius M. Clay was constantly commended as a philanthropist, “for the “apparently one humanitarian act of a long life in the emancipa-

returned and recruited his ventures. He soon began to be known as a rogue. He was known to have driven a bullock from the pasture of a neighbor, and sold it to his confederates, who killed and either again sold it as beef, or ate it. He would come to my house, to his mother, my cook, at night, load up, and be off again; and I was ignorant of his coming, or his going.

"tion of (a part of) his slaves. . . . He did no such thing. "On the contrary, he did very much as Massachusetts did when "she first embarked in the emancipation business—that is, receive "dollar for dollar of their value at the auction-block."

I need not tell the world that this allegation against Massachusetts is a stereotyped falsehood, as old perhaps as "De Sozia" herself! The sum of her charges against me are:

1. That I sold the greater portion of my slaves, and then turned emancipationist; 2. That I received dollar for dollar of their value; 3. That I sold them at the auction-block; 4. That I, "her baby," sold my "old mammy," Rachael, in Louisiana; 5. That I lied to her, saying I would bring her back to Kentucky; 6. That if I again did emancipate my slaves in part, it was the only humanitarian act of my life.

Now "De Sozia," being a strong-minded woman, ought to know that, in courts of equity and common sense, it devolves upon her, the accuser, to prove those charges, which, if true, ought to subject me to the scorn of the American people. Yet, in her "reply," she says, with the *naïveté* of injured innocence: "I offer no proof beyond his simple word, which he must pardon me if I can not accept." Well, she admits that "I (she) *can* lie." I do not. So that would seem to settle the matter in my favor forever.

But who, by reason or facts, can silence a woman? I pronounce once more, then, all these six charges, singly and collectively, false and calumnious.

1. I have never sold a slave of mine in my life. The slaves sold were Rachael and her children, Emily and Solomon. They were trust-slaves—the title being in me only as trustee. I sold them for crime, as was directed in such case by my father's will; and the proceeds were re-invested in lands, in Lexington, for the benefit of those for whom the "*cestui qui* trust" was created. Rachael was an *abortionist*, Emily a murderess, and Solomon a rogue. (See Deed in Fayette County Court.)

Finding that some things were not in place, and must have been stolen, but knowing the tendency of such people to larceny, I winked at it; seeing that, like Æsop's fox, set upon by hungry flies, I would suffer as much, or more, from the new-comers, if the old were driven off.

The other son, Perry White, was a general loafer. He rode a fine horse and saddle, went well-dressed, and carried

2. I never received a dollar for a slave of mine in my life. On the contrary, I liberated all the slaves I inherited from my father, and thirteen others whom I bought to bring families together, or liberated at once — Dave "Crews," husband of trust-slave Lucy; Daniel and Fanny "Shearer," and child Minerva; Lotty and Zilla "Martin." "Mammy's son" paid part of the money for Jim's wife, Judy, to keep her in the neighborhood; Laura and child; Daniel "Parker" and his two daughters and grand-child. The buying and liberating of these slaves, half of whom never entered my service, cost me about ten thousand dollars. See records in Fayette and Madison County courts, and the several bills of liberation of these slaves, not recorded, but well known to all Central Kentucky. To prevent the separation of Rachael's family, I gave Frank and Jim and Solomon the choice of going with their mother, or remaining here with me. Solomon chose to go with Rachael and Emily; and Frank and Jim "Clay" refused to follow them. Frank is yet alive, with his family, in Richmond, and ever my friend.

3. It is false that the three trust-slaves were sold on the "auction-block." They were sent by a special friend, James Neal, with instructions to sell them all together, and to tell the purchaser of their crimes. It was De Sozia's aunt who patronized the "auction-block," not I.

4. I never "nursed a slave;" and in no sense was Rachael my "old mammy."

5. This namby-pamby poodle-dog talk, put into the mouths of Southern blacks, making them out to be as big idiots as the narrators, is all humbug. If the black (the weaker, like women,) is in any thing equal to the white race, it is in unfathomable cunning. Will any one believe that the criminal Rachael was bamboozled, as claimed by the silly tale of "De Sozia," that she went down to the South as a decoy-duck to get the children sold, under the promise that I would bring her back; and that, after being sold on the

a pistol always. Knowing his character, though often asked to do so, I never employed him. But, as his parents were with me, I disliked to forbid his coming to my place. He would sometimes practice his pistol-shots at trees in my pasture, which I forbade.

Launey, my son, was too young to take care of himself. So I put him in charge of one of the servants, with orders

"block," taken down to the sea-coast, and held under the tender mercies of a "De Sozia," she still looked for me, "her baby," to come, or send after her? Judging from "De Sozia's" letters, Rachael was the more sensible woman; and, from the motives and characters of those two, I believe that Rachael did not, but that "De Sozia" did lie.

6. The world knows that the liberation of my slaves was a small part of the sacrifices I have made in the cause of the freedom of the blacks. What does this infuriated woman know of my life that she should venture to limit my humanitarianism to this one act?*

In the first letter she affects the Southern lady by slandering the "Yankees;" but, when I pull off her mask, she seeks refuge under the cry of "chivalry," which is very sarcastic, no doubt, upon me, a Southerner. Chivalry has only to do with equals; and, whilst gentlemen every-where protect the weak and unfortunate, criminals deserve only punishment from every one. In that class I put "De Sozia." Therefore, I stood her in the stocks, and subjected her to flagellation, that she might be an eternal *caveat* to all future calumniators. But does she retract? Does that silence her? Not at all. Here she comes again, staggering into the arena, with taunting words:

"Rain, come wet me,
Sun, come dry me;
Stand back, white man,
Do n't come nigh me!"

But she ill-conceals her wounds, and her sardonic smile shows that henceforth, forever, she will never be "amused" at my name. You, the inquisitor, I subject you to inquisition: I ask you what

*The money and lands lost by me in friendly loans, securities, and donations, with interest, would not only run into thousands, but into hundreds of thousands of dollars. In addition to private charities, and donations to churches in money and land, the founding of Berea College, and other schools, I aided the cause of Cuba and of Hungary by money and speech.—C., 1885.

to obey her. He understood but little English, and had to learn to speak it; and was taught his letters and reading mostly by her.

Of all men I am the least suspicious when my confidence is once gained. So I did not see what was going on all around me. Articles of house-supplies, of table-linen, of bedding, and all that, gradually disappeared. My clothing, books, and even my money was stolen. The duplicate keys

is your age? Are you white, black, or mixed? Why were you isolated temporarily on those obscure coasts of Louisiana? Your family having but one slave, why did they, in that one, purchase Rachael, a notorious abortionist? What is the cause of your "loving" sympathy with these criminals? Did you "ever nurse a black?" If not, how do you know that I might have been very much better had he (I) done so? Can that be an excusable act in your aunt—buying and selling Rachael on the "auction-block"—which you falsely impute to me as a crime, because she was "in no sense a politician?" As your aunt purchased Rachael, and left Solomon and Emily behind, was she not guilty of separating families, which I had expended thousands to prevent? If the world cares very little whether "he (I) nursed a black" or not, why did you venture to draw me from my obscurity to hold me up to scorn for "selling my old mammy?" Did you ever read of that—the meanest thing ever imputed to the Athenian rabble—the sending of Aristides into exile? Did you hate me for the same reason, or really yourself, for being in a chronic state of "disgust?"

You attack me, then, to ventilate yourself, thinking that "very possibly Mr. Clay would respond to my letter." Indeed! The lepers, driven from concourse with the clean of the world, have a society of themselves. To them all happiness is not lost. But for a woman afflicted with chronic "disgust," alas, there is no future. You live by the ocean—try the water cure—drown yourself.

C. M. CLAY.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay's letter to the New York *Graphic* in response to the aspersions of "Elizabeth de Sozia Wood," concerning the disposition of his slaves, effectually disposes of Elizabeth. — *Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman*, 1878.

of my safe were taken, and the cypher also. At length the silver of the safe was missing. Then I saw all.

In the meantime I found that Sarah, my cook, church-member as she was, was preaching that the blacks being robbed by the masters, it mattered not how good they were, now they ought to be plundered on all occasions, as a matter of remuneration! With this substratum of all crime, murder followed fast in its wake. Launey lost his color, his vivacity, his appetite; often vomiting, he grew listless, and dropped things from his half-paralyzed hands. I did every thing I could to guard him from all ills. I was told that he ate dirt, and desired always to return home to his Russian birth-place. I attributed his decline to the change of climate; and hoped daily for a change. I then never suffered him to be out of my sight. If dirt was the cause, that would be seen; but, being with the nurse, the same effects ensued, and no change for the better took place.

Thus for years he was poisoned by these fiends, until one day I intercepted a letter from Perry White, threatening my life, because he conceived that the nurse, hired to me for the year by her mother, would marry him if she was removed from my employ. In all these years Launey had never grown at all. The same clothes which he had brought from Russia, three years before, fitted him to an inch. I tasted a peculiar flavor in the milk—I and he drank much of it—but supposed it to be acquired by the herbage in the park, full of wild shrubbery, as well as blue-grass, where the cattle grazed.

One morning I went into the bed-room of my son, as he had begun to sleep apart, and found him gone. There was left on the bed a letter written in his handwriting, saying that he was going to Russia, and bidding me farewell forever. The nurse, on being called, said that Launey had often said of late that he was tired of staying with me, and was going to run away, and that he would make his living by fishing; and some pieces of his fishing-tackle were found on the bed. I immediately called for every one to join the

search. I went myself to all the ponds, and carefully examined them. I went to all the adjoining fields, and examined if any tracks had passed; but, finding no trace, I returned home about noon, and found the boy standing beside the nurse. I then took him to my room. I had whipped him often severely for telling lies—in which he was encouraged—and no reform resulted. But finding, as I supposed, that I had been too harsh, and had uselessly punished him, I knelt down and thanked God for his return. I then resolved never again to punish him corporeally, and I never did.

When the letter of Perry White was discovered, like a flash of lightning I saw the whole ground of plunder and intended murder. I kept my own counsel. I made an elaborate examination of all my losses; and then sent for David White, and told him and wife to leave in fifteen minutes, if they desired to live. In less than five minutes Sarah was on a run for Foxtown. Dave asked to return next day and get his household furniture, which leave I granted. I had already given Perry orders never to come upon my land again, if he valued his life. I had heard of his boasting that he was “not afraid of Cash. Clay;” and I now told his father to tell him, if he came on my land I would kill him, and this his father admitted he told him. I packed up the nurse and sent her off. Then Launey, for the first time, at my request, told me all. How the nurse had often beaten him and starved him, and put dirt into his bed and pockets, and then made me believe that it was himself; that the nurse had dictated the letter, and threatened him with death if he did not jump out of the window; that he had at times told me the truth about the nurse’s maltreatment, and I would not believe him, and that he feared to tell me the truth; that Sarah was in conspiracy against him, and he was in despair; that, on the night of his disappearance (it was warm weather), he sat in the window of the third story (counting the basement,) with his legs over the sill, and, fearing to jump, at last went to sleep, and thus

fell upon the grass; that, when the first stunning effect was over, he got up, and, fearing to return, and finding himself able to walk, he went to the stable (about two hundred and fifty yards from the mansion), and laid down in the hay, where Perry White found him.

No language could describe my anguish. I looked upon his sallow, shriveled face and parched lips, which I have for long years kissed every night — so that no greater punishment could be inflicted upon him than to refuse him this trust of love. All the injuries of a life-time loomed up before me in fearful array — the death of my sister Anne's husband, a fine and gallant gentleman, killed by Mattingly, in Richmond, a few days after her marriage; the death of my elder brother, Sidney, killed with a designed dose of laudanum by his physician; the death of my two infant children, poisoned in Lexington by their nurse, Emily, who, on trial, was acquitted, in the midst of grateful enemies, and who were base enough to insult me by insinuations; the murderous assaults upon myself, and now, all that was left me, my innocent boy and only hope, was to be destroyed!

CHAPTER XXIX.

I STAND ON THE ETERNAL LAWS OF SELF-DEFENSE. — ARMING MYSELF, I START ON A HUNT FOR NEW SERVANTS. — DEATH OF PERRY WHITE. — BEREÄ — JOHN GREGG FEE. — THE HIGHER LAW CONTROVERSY. — “EXPEDIENCY.” — MY ESTIMATE OF JOHN G. FEE. — THE EQUALITY OF THE RACES. — LETTERS FROM JOHN G. FEE. — LETTER FROM W. C. BRYANT. — FROM HANNIBAL HAMLIN. — EDMUND QUINCY. — JOHN A. ANDREW. — ARCHIBALD ALISON. — EDWARD EVERETT. — THOMAS W. EVANS. — S. C. POMEROY. — WENDELL PHILLIPS. — JOSHUA R. GEDDINGS. — CALEB B. SMITH. — HORACE GREELEY. — WM. H. SEWARD. — T. BUCHANAN READ. — GEORGE BANCROFT. — EUGENE SCHUYLER. — GERRIT SMITH. — E. B. WASHBURN. — JAMES S. ROLLINS. — CHARLES A. DANA. — T. F. BAYARD. — A. G. THURMAN. — MY EULOGY ON WENDELL PHILLIPS. — RACE AND THE “SOLID SOUTH.” — REFLECTIONS ON SOCIAL EQUALITY AND DESTINY OF THE BLACK RACE. — END OF VOL. I.

FOR awhile I was paralyzed with despair. I had sacrificed all things for the happiness of mankind. I had shed my blood for the good of society; but society gave me no protection. The philanthropy of a life-time melted as the dew before a summer's sun. Sternly resolving, I exclaim: I will stand on the eternal laws of self-defense of me and mine!

When I had made this my resolve, I never felt more calm in my life. I armed myself, and never went out on the farm without shot-gun and pistol. We were now alone, I and Launey — not another soul within a mile of us. The man who was with me had saddled my mule, and then left the place. I mounted, with revolver and Bowie-knife; and, taking Launey up behind me, set out for Needmore, one Sunday morning, where the blacks held meeting, to hunt other servants. I will let others tell the tale of this tragedy, omitting the longer and more minute account sent from my home after the affair took place to the *Commercial* of Cincinnati by Col. Wm. G. Terrill, of Newport, Kentucky, 1877:

GEN. CLAY'S MISFORTUNE.

*Particulars of the Killing of the Negro Perry White—Examination Waived and Bail Given.**Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.*

RICHMOND, KY., Oct. 1, 1877.—Within the last few weeks Richmond and vicinity have been marked by several bloody tragedies, and in consequence the good name of our little city has suffered. The Saunders, Kennedy, and Edwards' difficulty, as also that between Burnam and the Maupins, have been sufficiently explained. At least, the true account *has been* rendered. Now comes another case, in some respects entirely different. A gentleman of distinguished, aye, national, reputation has been *compelled*, in defense of his life and property, to slay, within the very precincts of his own home, an impudent bully, and that bully a negro who had been fed and nurtured by the very hand that laid him in his grave. To understand properly this matter, it is necessary to state a few facts not generally known.

For several months Gen. Cassius M. Clay has had in his employ a negro woman (Sarah) as cook. Gen. Clay lives alone, several miles from town, and not nearer than a mile to his nearest neighbor. This negro woman had two or more sons—one, Perry, the unfortunate victim herein mentioned. Gen. Clay, in consequence of the impudence, thievery, etc., of these negroes, was compelled, in self-defense, to discharge the woman, Sarah. She was impudent and violent, and threatened him with the fact that she had sons and other friends who could and would protect her. Gen. Clay was even informed by other and reliable parties that the aforesaid Perry (Sarah's son) had said that he "was as good as old Cash. Clay, or any other white man, and if he fooled with him as he did with other negroes he would kill him," or words to that import. Gen. Clay paid little attention to these threats, but quietly discharged and sent this whole family from his place. Some months ago the negro, Perry, left the county, and during that time wrote several times to his mother. In these letters he distinctly stated that he "did not care for Cash. Clay, and, if he ever got a chance, he intended to kill him." These letters, the general, by accident, intercepted, and became aware of these threats. He was, consequently, forewarned, and was constantly on the lookout. The negro Perry was forbidden Gen. Clay's place.

Now comes the *finale*. On yesterday morning, about 11 o'clock,

Gen. Clay, mounted upon his mule, with a boy some ten years old behind him, started out in search of a cook, his negroes, through the persuasion of these hostiles, having all left him; and, when approaching his stable, about one hundred and fifty yards from his house, he discovered concealed in the woods, and behind what was apparently a loose horse, the negro Perry. Divining the scoundrel's object, the general at once dismounted; and, with pistol in hand, rapidly advanced on the would-be assassin, and, before he had time to fire, or even draw his weapon, confronted him face to face at but a few feet distance, calling on him at the same time to "hold up" his hands, all of which the said Perry complied with instantly. No sooner, however, had this occurred, and Gen. Clay commenced to question him about his cause of grievance against him, and to inquire why he had threatened his life, than Perry sprang to his feet and attempted to draw his weapons. At this demonstration Gen. Clay fired, striking him in the neck, and immediately afterward a second shot, which passed through his heart and produced instant death.

Gen. Clay rode at once to Foxtown, and there informed Mr. Green Samuels of the affair; and sent for his son, Major Green Clay, with directions to go at once and examine the body. When Major Clay arrived, about three-quarters of an hour after the killing, the negro's friends and kinsfolk, a dozen or more in number, had already arrived and had possession of the body. As no one was present, or any where in sight, save Gen. Clay, the little boy, and the negro killed, and as they had no means of knowing of the occurrence, unless privy thereto, it is plain that these people were a party to the whole affair, and were at the time either watching, or were at least within hailing distance. Such, in brief, are the particulars of this unfortunate affair. Gen. Clay came up at once to Richmond, and surrendered himself to the proper authorities. He was yesterday, at his own request, placed under guard; and this morning appeared in court, and having waived an examination, was held to bail, and that being promptly given he was released.

To his neighbors, his friends, indeed, to any one personally acquainted with Gen. Clay, it is unnecessary to say that he regrets the *necessity* of this action as much as any one could. He acted through an imperative necessity; and, however unfortunate the affair, has the sympathy of all good men in our community. It is not necessary to speak of Gen. Clay's character at home or

abroad. He is esteemed and loved by his neighbors, and respected every-where, even by his enemies. He is emphatically a law and order man, and nothing save an absolute necessity could have induced this act. The prominence of his name as a public man, and the habitual proneness of political and personal enemies to misrepresent public men, and a sincere desire to do justice to a clever gentleman, a kind neighbor, and a good citizen, have prompted me to write this letter. BERT.

ACQUITTAL OF MR. CLAY. — The jury in the case of the Commonwealth *vs.* C. M. Clay for shooting a negro, returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, every member of the jury signing the verdict. His son, who was present at the shooting, gave full particulars of the affair, under oath, before the grand jury. Thus it will be seen that Gen. Clay stands honorably acquitted of the charge of murder. — *Frankfort Yeoman*.

THE CLAY AFFAIR. — It was certainly a curious freak of fortune which compelled Cassius M. Clay, at the close of a long and prominent public career, to kill a member of a race which he championed so gallantly and persistently in early days. Mr. Clay is known as one of the old original Abolitionists. Unlike his associates in that cause, he carried the war into the enemy's camp, and preached abolition in Kentucky when Kentucky was a slave State. No one can doubt the purity of his purpose, or the honesty of his convictions; for he cheerfully endured social ostracism, and fearlessly risked his life for the sake of what he believed to be the truth. He was not a feather-bed philanthropist, but one always ready to work and equally ready to fight. His discretion and his judgment were frequently open to criticism, but nobody ever questioned his sincerity or his courage. His indomitable pugnacity on more than one occasion led him into bloody quarrels which might have been avoided; but, in the present instance, he seems to have acted solely in self-defense, and shot an antagonist who would otherwise have seriously, if not fatally, injured him. An old man of sixty-seven is no match for a young, burly, and vicious negro. Nevertheless, Mr. Clay and his friends will deeply regret an event which throws a tragic shadow over a path that had enough of such before. — *St. Louis Republican*, 1877.

The killing of the negro, Perry White, by Cassius M. Clay, appears to have been justifiable homicide. No doubt he will be acquitted, if the case be tried at all. It can not be argued against

Mr. Clay that he was actuated by prejudice against the negro race; for he was one of the most determined and one of the bravest of the old Abolitionists, and one of the few men, if not the only man, who fought openly against slavery where it existed. — *Philadelphia Record*.

It will be remembered, perhaps, that Clay recently shot a colored man dead when no one else was present; and his unsupported word that the man advanced on him was accepted by the community where he lived without an investigation. — (*Lacon, Ills.*) *Home Journal*.

Thus perished the chief conspirator against the life of my son and my own. These are the bases of my statements in my letter to the New York *Sun* during the late canvass of 1884. Such are the legitimate fruits of Slavery, and the Nihilism of the "Lost Cause!"

When I converted mechanics, tenants, and laborers to my liberal views, the Slave-Power either bulldozed them, or starved them into emigration to Ohio, Indiana, and the West. So I set about finding a remedy for this exhausting evil. I saw that a large portion of the State was mountainous, where there were but few slaves, and the people courageous; so that, if they were once committed to liberation of the slaves, we could have a permanent nucleus of political and physical force. I owned a considerable tract of land at the "Glade," in Madison County—the present site of Berea—and at the foot of the mountains of Kentucky. I had already given Hamilton Rawlings a tract of land, worth about one thousand dollars. He had been my ardent and intelligent friend for years, and had at once adopted my liberal views. When John G. Fee, a native of Bracken County, and a preacher of the Presbyterian Church, stood openly on our side, his father, a slave-holder and churchman, was alienated from him, and ultimately disinherited him. I saw in Fee's heroic and pious character a fit man for the service I projected. So I wrote to him to come on to Madison and help us. This he did, bringing with him his intelligent wife, a Miss Hamilton, the daughter of a plain and sensible farmer of the same county. I re-

member, also, her sister, Laura, as a fine woman. I gave my friend a small lot of land—as much as he wanted for his profession—as a homestead, which is now a part of the town of Berea; and a small tract for the church and school, when it became practical to move in that direction. I also sold several lots of land at nominal prices to our most courageous friends for self-protection.

From the following extract from my Diary, irregularly kept for long years, I suppose this movement was about the year 1854-'55: "1855, March 29. Paid John G. Fee \$200 in full of contribution to his house."

I can at least say that "we builded better than we knew." It served a great purpose in my political career; but I had not then anticipated its present growth, and the co-education of blacks and whites, males and females, for liberation itself was then too uncertain for such project. The honor of this last patriotic and Christian work belongs to John G. Fee alone. The political differences of opinion between us is fully set forth in these volumes—so that all the world may judge us. He has always been free to criticise my course, but my friendship for him has never abated. Any other man saying what he has at times said of me would have brought on him my greatest indignation. But as I know his sincerity of purpose, and his idiosyncracies of thought, I have not believed it necessary to defend myself.

At the late commencement at Berea, where several distinguished strangers—among others Roswell Smith of the *Century* company—were present, I took occasion to refer to the higher law controversy. I hold and have held from the beginning, that there is an inborn sentiment of justice and humanity which is the base of all human laws, and to which they should be conformed; that the existence of slavery, though sanctioned by constitutions and laws, was in opposition to that higher law, and that it should be abolished—not by indirection, or slave-escaping, or by armed assault upon the master, but by free discussion and the

ballot—to peaceably conform them to the higher law. (See my letters to Daniel Webster, pp. 188–205.) How far Fee differed from me remains for him, not for me, to say. After the expulsion of the Bereans, I made my memorable speech at Richmond, when the revolutionary committee, divided in council, attempted to silence me. The Cavanaughs, with drawn pistols in hand, tried to silence me; but I defied them, as will be seen in the sketch of that event in these Memoirs.

With regard to the allegation that I acted always upon the ground of “expediency,” I say that all human action is based upon it. What is the moral code of the Jewish *savants* but a sum of all the expedients of science, of consciousness, of philosophy, of the highest thought of all the ages, of all the generations of men, generalized into the Ten Commandments, for the guide of less thoughtful men, and leading to the highest happiness of the race? But as these commandments, which are deemed the only good, are *limited*, in their application to the actions of men, at least we must resort to a balance of “expedients” in almost every one of the infinite acts and thoughts of mankind. So that, whilst Fee may have followed the Jewish commands, as he saw them, I deny that he was influenced by higher and more self-sacrificing motives than myself; and the world must judge between us.

As I have known Fee long, and better, perhaps, than most men, it may be interesting to my readers to learn something more of the man, who has made so large a figure in the world. He is a classical scholar. In person rather below medium size, slender, with a head large in proportion to a rather delicate body. His features are not remarkable, being rather heavy than classical; hair once auburn, and skin fair but tanned. His expression is rather sad and earnest; but, when pleased, his face lights up into a very agreeable and sympathetic animation. His voice, like Horace Greeley’s, is piping, with but little inflection or compass; so that he is a better writer than

speaker, as his style is concise, terse, and earnest. His mind concentrates upon one truth, the subject at issue; but he lacks generalization, and he can hardly be deemed an eminent thinker. With such singleness of purpose and unselfish philanthropy, he can not fail to have a touch of fanaticism, and consequent bigotry; but it is not of the ascetic kind, but full of tender passion and Christian love, when his ideas of right do not prevent. On the whole, he is the first figure in the Southern Church, in the great struggle for Liberation. His work in Berea is fruitful of great good to the races; and the college is based on true ideas, and must live.

In justification of my political course, I append a few letters, not only from John G. Fee, but some of the most intellectual men of the "Abolition (*par excellence*) Party," and others. I hope one day to publish a volume of letters from eminent men and women of all parties:

LETTERS FROM JOHN G. FEE.

CABIN CREEK P. O., LEWIS CO., KY., *June 31, 1849.*

HON. C. M. CLAY:—Dear friend, for such you are to me, with painful anxiety and suspense have I been waiting the arrival of this morning's mail, hoping to hear a true account of the affair between you and Turner. Various reports have I heard, and many statements have I read in papers. First, we heard you were killed. Sad were our hearts. We felt we had lost a standard-bearer—a captain of the host. We heard, we saw, the enemy rejoicing, as they supposed, in triumph. We next heard that you were alive, getting well; but the enemy had still a black picture. It was that you were making a speech. Runyan called you a damned liar. You rushed immediately from the stand, intending to make him take it back, or whip him; then Turner pushed in and told you to whip him. At this you and he exchanged snaps, then drew your knives, and you emptied out his bowels. This I thought was not true, and said so—saying I think Mr. Clay is too self-possessed to rush in frenzy from the stand, and threaten spilling of blood for every insult of low-flung scoundrels in a promiscuous assembly; that he would not feel called upon to kick every jackass who, brute-like, might kick him; that, as a leader in a moral

reform, referring to pistols and assassination as a fruit of slavery, *he* would not be hasty to resort to such, and would do so only as a last resort in *self-defense*—to save body or life.

In this morning's *Eagle* I see a fairer, and, perhaps, truer statement, in which C. Turner is represented as accosting you with d—d lie, and a blow in the face; another stabbed you, Alfred Turner beating you over the head with a cane or club "stick," and Tom. Turner snapped four times at your head—a set of unprincipled wolves, as I believe, who had conspired to assassinate you, if this account be true. I regard your action only as that of self-defense, and as that which alone, perhaps, would have saved your life, the *Eagle* account being true.

I am glad that you have forbore to use instruments of death. No man can now say you were acting rashly. Those who were professed emancipationists were saying, "it will have a bad effect upon the cause," and so it would, had the first report been true.

And now, this account being true, I but the more admire your self-possession and deliberation. From the first time I saw you, and conversed with you, which was in your own house, I have ever said, C. M. Clay is not a rash man. This affray will do you, nor the cause, no injury, but good—it shows the spirit of slavery. When the report came here that you were dead, "No," said a by-stander, "he is not dead. God Almighty has a work for that man to do yet. I know he is not dead." I believe as that man (citizen of Madison County) did. God has a glorious work for you to do. Had you rushed from your stand, and cut open Turner merely for calling you a d—d liar, as first report said, many friends would have blamed you—have failed to stand by you—especially those friends East, who are not resisters. Many of your friends here would have done so. I should, had the man done nothing more than use opprobrious epithets. But such is not the case, as we now rejoice to know.

Now, my dear friend, you have done well in forbearing. Continue to do so. If they keep their hands off you, let them rail with their tongues—their tongues are no scandal. You have and are fast winning a name that can not be reached by their calumny, and which now excites their envy. Tell them, so long as they keep their hands off you, they can not provoke you by words. You are as Nehemiah when building the walls of Jerusalem—engaged in too great a work to come down into the plain and scuffle with Sanballat and Tobiah; that you are in a moral con-

test, and that you wish to carry your glorious object by moral means; that you come not to slaughter your fellow-citizens, if they will keep their hands off you. Bear long, as Christ your Saviour did. Men spat upon Him, and reviled Him; but He did not even revile again. May God guide and preserve you for the noble and glorious cause which you have espoused. The cause is growing rapidly. Your visit to Lewis and Bracken did great good. The people were deeply impressed; it opened many mouths, and strengthened and confirmed others. I sent a letter to the *Era* describing our meetings in Lewis and Bracken, with a notice of your labors. This was volunteered on my part. I see not the letter in this week's *Era*. I suppose it must have been miscarried. I see a notice there that you are dead. I shall send, by first opportunity, a copy of this week's *Eagle*, giving him a different account. I brought your reply to W. C. Marshall to Maysville on the next Tuesday—a day sooner than I expected to come, in order that I might get it in that week, but was still too late. I had it inserted in the *Eagle*, *Herald*, and *Flag* for the next week. I see as yet that "little Billy Marshall" sings dumb. I suppose, from what you told me, you are apprised of the value of cold water in cleansing and keeping down fever in wounds, bruises, or sores. I hope you will use great care—refuse any and all demands that will endanger your health and safety. You owe it to your God, your family, your country, and the cause.

We want a straight account of this matter given. If others do not give it, perhaps you will see fit to do so, through the *Examiner*, or other medium. I shall be glad to hear from you. May you long live to labor for man's redemption and God's glory. Our best wishes to you, your wife, and family. JOHN G. FEE.

PITTSBURG, PA., *December 12, 1859.*

MR. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR FRIEND:—I am still in the free States, being detained longer than I expected. My health is better than when I left home. We shall raise money enough to pay for our land, and open the way for other more extended interests.

I find Republicanism rising. The Republicans in Philadelphia have separated from the "mere peoples' party." They are going into the work in good earnest. I stopped with some true friends of yours, Wm. B. Thomas and Professor Cleveland. Many inquired for you. I told them you were still in the field, and the

true friend of freedom. I believe this, and I am pained when I hear Republicans talk of such men as Bates, Blair, etc., and omit your name.

I have repeatedly spoken of you in public and private. I think the spirit is rising in the Republican ranks, and will yet demand a representative man. If you or Chase or Seward are on the ticket, or tried men, I shall expect to work with the Republicans. I shall continue to do all I can to urge a higher standard. Wm. B. Thomas of Philadelphia says he will thus work and expend money to induce a higher standard; but, if the party "flattens down" below what it was last time, he is off. Hundreds of others will do the same—yes, thousands; and that class of men the party can not well do without.

Dr. Hart of New York proposed that I address a letter to you, calling you out. I thought it not best to do so until I should see you personally, or write to you, and have an arrangement. I am having encouraging audiences—staying longer than I had intended—perhaps 'tis all well. I learn there is some feeling against me in Kentucky in consequence of an article in the *Louisville Courier*, representing me as approving John Brown's course, etc. Such is a direct perversion of my uniform and invariable teaching. I have been careful here, and always said I disapproved his manner of action—attempts to abduct, or incite insurrection; but that I thought God is speaking to the world through John Brown, in his spirit of consecration. I suppose I can not help the gullibility of the people, unless I attempt to correct by publishing. *Is this best?* Write to me at Cincinnati, care of Geo. L. Weed. I shall start for Lewis in a day or two; from thence to Cincinnati, and home.

JOHN. G. FEE.

LETTER FROM W. C. BRYANT.

NEW YORK, *May* 4, 1860.

C. M. CLAY, Esq—

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for what you are so kind as to say concerning my discourse on Washington Irving. That your own life has not been allowed to pass in the same peaceful tenor as his ought not to excite in you any repining. You have been placed by Providence in circumstances for dealing with which you have shown a peculiar fitness. The great work of bringing a community prejudiced in favor of slavery to see their error, and to permit its evils to be freely discussed, has been laid upon you, and

you have shown yourself fully equal to it. He may be esteemed a fortunate man who does not fall below the occasion to which he is summoned. I am, dear sir, truly yours, W. C. BRYANT.

LETTER FROM HANNIBAL HAMLIN.

WASHINGTON, *May* 26, 1860.

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—Your very generous note of congratulation, of the 22d instant, came duly to hand. I thank you truly, sincerely, for the confidence you so kindly express, and am profoundly grateful to all my friends. Still, I say to you, in truth, that the position assigned me by the Chicago Convention is one which I did not desire. I would really have preferred to have seen it conferred upon yourself. But, as a true man to the cause, I must not now shrink from it. I hope I may yet live to do the cause some effective good. At all events, I feel confident it shall receive no injury at my hands. Yours, very truly, H. HAMLIN.

LETTER FROM EDMUND QUINCY.

DEDHAM, MASS., *May* 28, 1860.

C. M. CLAY, Esq—

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I owe you many apologies for not having answered sooner your letter of the 3d instant. It did not reach me until after some of those circumgyrations to which our American letters are subject; and, when it did come, it found me indulging in the rare luxury of sickness, which kept me away from the anti-slavery meeting in New York.

As to the subject matter of your letter, I can only say that it would take a great deal more than I have ever yet heard said against you to shake my faith in the integrity of your anti-slavery character. The sacrifices you have made, and the dangers in the midst of which you still live, are a sufficient seal of your apostleship, in my eyes. It is hard at this distance, and surrounded by such totally different circumstances, to judge of the unfortunate discrepancies between yourself and Mr. Fee and his associates. Whether judicious or not in their mode of action, I can not question the sincerity of their opinions, or the earnestness of their anti-slavery zeal. I can only regret the fact of your differences, and hope that time and tide may yet bring you side by side again. I am very sure that nothing will ever set you face to face against each other where slavery is to be encountered, however widely you

may differ as to the times and seasons and methods of your warfare.

I was in hopes that the Chicago Convention would have seen fit to go to Kentucky for its Vice-President. Seward and Clay, I still think, would have made a more available ticket than Lincoln and Hamlin. I do not see how the enthusiasm essential to success can be aroused for a rail-splitter who holds to the fugitive slave bill, as the *Tribune* of yesterday is careful to let us know he does. And, strictly *entre nous*, I still have a longing weakness for having gentlemen at the head of the nation.

With my friendliest regards for Mrs. Clay, I am now, as ever,
very faithfully yours,

EDMUND QUINCY.

LETTER FROM JOHN A. ANDREW.

BOSTON, NO. 4 COURT ST., *July 2, 1860.*

C. M. CLAY, Esq —

MY DEAR SIR:—I have this morning received your note introducing Mr. Campbell, of the *Wheeling Intelligencer*. And I shall try to do something for him by bringing his interests to the notice of our friends, and otherwise, as I may be able.

I was very glad to hear from you, and I should be still more pleased to see you face to face. I send you, by this mail, a copy of a number of the *Christian Examiner*, containing an article on Slavery in the Territories, which I think very able.

I saw some of your Kentucky friends at Chicago, and regretted not having the pleasure of seeing you with them. Our national prospects are looking well and hopeful; and I hope we shall see a happy result in the autumn of all the toils of the year.

I am, very respectfully and faithfully, your friend,

JOHN A. ANDREW.

P. S.—The ——— have not arrived. Did you send by Express? If I knew where to look, I would hunt them up.

J. A. A.

LETTERS FROM ARCHIBALD ALISON.

4 CANNON PLACE, BRIGHTON, *May 21, 1861.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY —

SIR:—I have read your letter in the *Times* with great interest, and would feel greatly obliged to you if you would favor me with your opinion of the enclosed. Yours respectfully,

A. ALISON.

4 CANNON PLACE, BRIGHTON, *June 20, 1861.*

C. M. CLAY, Esq—

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor of the 7th instant, for which I beg to thank you. The subject is very important, and I shall take the liberty of replying to you at some length.

You say the disruption of the Union is no sign of the failure of the Constitution. But on that point we differ. Congress has certainly failed to keep its people together; and as to restoring its lost unity without a Revolution, and a new Constitution, that is a hope which is unfortunately opposed to all experience. The disruption has, no doubt, arisen out of causes which have been in operation from the commencement of the Republic down to the present time; and, that being so, you can not restore unity until you first remove those causes.

Had a National Church been provided by Gen. Washington, coherence would have been given to the various States of the Union; but, as that was not done, a disruption in the long run was the inevitable result. There is no example in history of a great nation being produced without a National Church; and if the States desire to see their Nation attain the height of power and splendor they anticipate, they must begin the work of regeneration by founding a National Church. There are, no doubt, difficulties in the way; but I think I have shown in my work on Civilization, and in the pamphlet which accompanies this letter, that these are not insurmountable. Necessity has no law; and the necessity of peace for America is one that is sufficient to overcome every difficulty, great and numerous as these may be.

With regard to the question whether a Republic or a Monarchy would be best, I can not do better than point to South America, which, with one exception, is governed by republics. These governments, as you know, have fallen into a state of lassitude and misrule; and if North America is henceforth to be ruled by republics, and without the aid of a National Church, its future history may partake of the same character. The past has proven that it is not enough to embrace different provinces under one government, but that there must at the same time be a harmonizing principle at work in the shape of a National Church. You think the idea of converting the United States into a Monarchy a very improbable result; but if you refer to the letter of the *Times* correspondent, in which he states that there is a universal feeling in Charleston for a Monarchy, you will perceive that,

so far as the South is concerned, the idea is likely to be realized. The existence of independent States is only the German confederation reacted in the New World—a system which has never led the way to liberty in any part of the world. The new Italian nation found that the system of independent States would not work; and the genius of the great Cavour wisely overruled it. If all the States of the Union were merged into one, as has been done in Italy, it would clear the way for a better system of government. Independent municipal governments would be given to the towns, which would meet every reasonable desire for self-government which the people could wish for.

But you will ask: how all these great reforms could be put in operation? To which I reply, let Congress put forth a provisioned scheme for a new Constitution, and send down a circular letter to all the States inviting them to take the proposed Constitution into consideration. If the scheme so proposed was adequate to the emergency, I do not doubt that it would be generally accepted. To act upon the principle of allowing the contending parties to fight it out would be suicidal; for we all know that when things are left to take their own course they naturally take a bad course. No, let Congress step in and apply the legislative remedies, and the revolution will be brought to an issue which will raise the American Nation to a pitch of glory of which she has no conception. England is greatly interested in the speedy settlement of the war; for, if that is to go on, we shall not only lose a large portion of our cotton-trade, but of our iron and other trades, which will throw large masses of the population out of employment, and perhaps bring on a revolution. You may rely upon it that England will do all in her power to hasten the restoration of peace in America; and, if we advocate the monarchical form, we shall only do so because we think it the best—to produce a permanent peace. In the event of the present Constitution being adhered to, the future prospects of America are gloomy indeed. The war in that case will probably go on for ten or fifteen years, as was the case in France; and, although the North in the end is certain to be victorious over the South, yet when peace is declared it will be the peace of desolation, and civilization will be thrown back to an extent of which we can have no conception. I hope the great importance of the subject will excuse the length of this letter, and that I may have succeeded in meeting some of your objections; and, waiting the honor of your reply, I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

A. ALISON.

I corresponded with Mr. Alison on ethics mostly; but when he continued to urge the monarchial project for our Nation, I abruptly closed the discussion. That the South always intended to turn the Confederacy into a Monarchy, I never had any doubt, from my own reasoning, and the necessary divorce of slavery from the distrust of self-government, and the bases of its existence. This hope of England to see Republicanism come to grief was more potent than any financial pressure, or fear of our nautical supremacy. I do not see why Jefferson Davis showed so much sensitiveness about Wm. T. Sherman's assertions on this subject. Is the "Solid South" any more free than a liberal monarchy?

LETTERS FROM EDWARD EVERETT.

BOSTON, *October 29, 1861.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—Thinking it might be agreeable to you, in addition to official demonstrations to that effect, to be able to show Prince Gortchacow that his noble letter of the 10th of July is duly appreciated here by the public generally, I venture to inclose you an article on that subject from the *New York Ledger*.*

Wishing you entire success in your mission, I am, dear sir, with great respect, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

BOSTON, *June 27, 1864.*

MY DEAR MR. CLAY:—You will doubtless have seen in our papers the accounts of the honors paid to the officers of the Russian fleet in our waters. I send you a pamphlet containing the speeches made at a dinner given to Admiral Lessoffsky and his associates by the municipality of Boston. If you think the copies of the pamphlet would be acceptable to the Emperor, the Grand Duke Constantine, and Prince Gortchacow, I will thank you to offer them the copies herewith transmitted. I think you will be pleased with the unaffected cordiality which pervades the speeches; and which, I assure you, was shared by our entire community.

I remain, my dear Mr. Clay, with high respect, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

His Excellency CASSIUS M. CLAY—

* Seward never noticed this letter, which filled all Europe with interest. — C.

P. S. — I regret that it is not in my power to send you a copy of the pamphlet in better binding. A very limited number only were sent me in cloth, and the three accompanying this letter are all that remain.

E. E.

LETTER FROM THOS. W. EVANS.

PARIS, *May 11*, 1862.

MY DEAR GENERAL CLAY:—I write you again at St. Petersburg. I thought you would be in America by this time, but it seems Cameron is *uncertain*. I received a letter a few days since from a gentleman in the States—a friend of C's. He states the gentleman will be in Paris by the first of June. He writes rather positively on this subject. Your nephew, Mr. Clay, called upon me two days ago. He said he was going to Turin as secretary. He looked well and handsome. Bigelow tells me Bayard Taylor is going as secretary to St. Petersburg, according to his letter; and your nephew to Italy, instead of St. Petersburg. I think him fortunate to go to Turin, as it will soon be to Rome. To be at the latter place will be interesting, as the beginning of a new era. I hope soon to see you in Paris. You have been less in a state of uncertainty—for you not to be at home so soon. You can pass by Paris, and spend some time. All the Ministers are traveling now.* Dayton has been to visit Holland and Belgium. Judd has been here; also Fogg and Sanford. I hope to see you before long. Come to our house direct—41 Avenue de l'Impératrice. We shall be glad to see you. I hope you will not believe the story about the recognizing of the South. I don't; but hope we shall soon have some great and startling news from home.

I inclose a few lines to Mr. Ludlow, to attend to one or two little matters for me. I hope he will also come to see us when he arrives in Paris.

Thurlow Weed was here a few weeks since. He desired to be kindly remembered to you when I wrote. He has gone to England. Believe me your sincere friend, THOS. W. EVANS.

LETTER FROM SENATOR S. C. POMEROY.

WASHINGTON CITY, *August 13*, 1862.

CASSIUS M. CLAY—

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have made some ineffectual attempts to see you here; but now will write you a line to New York.

* It seems other Ministers could get leave of absence; but I was in harness for nine years without a day of rest.—C., 1885.

It is no time for words. So allow me at once to say that *we* want you to take a *command west of the Mississippi River, and all west of it*. Declare you policy: "Not to carry the sword in one hand and the shackles in the other." The President will give you that command under *these* responsibilities. I have little doubt. I am going to see the President to-day upon this matter. *We must do it*. This vacillating *policy*—or want of a *fixed* policy—is demoralizing the Nation. The hour has fully come. The *first* one—in a century—it may be the *last*. God does not often repeat *lost opportunities*. This must be done now. Let me say, *you* are the *man* for this *work*. We have been looking for him for twelve months. Lead this Nation on to victory *by the short road*! Emancipation will *secure peace* until the millennium. There is no other basis for a settlement. And can be no other. The peace of my own—once distracted—State (Kansas) is an illustration.

In all kindness let me say, *you must not return to Europe*! This is an hour of peril to the country! If you leave us after a thirty-days' visit, *you* and *we* are the *sufferers*. You can not do it. Your past history, your unselfish devotion to others, your own *pluck* in the hour of trial, *forbid* you leaving the "old ship" now. By the memories of the past, by the responsibilities of the present, by the *glorious hopes* of an *opening future*, I urge you to stay here, and command *us* in the West. Give the country *freedom* and *peace*. God direct you, my dear sir.

S. C. POMEROY.

LETTERS FROM WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, *August 19, 1862.*

MAJOR-GENERAL CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—I have to-day given to my friend, Capt. M. Pinner, a letter of introduction to you. He has been, for one year, quartermaster on Major-General Kearney's staff, and I venture nothing in saying he is the very best quartermaster in our army. . . . He has tendered his resignation; but will withdraw it, if he can have the same post with you, for whom he has a strong admiration.

Now, one word to yourself. Thank you heartily for coming home. We need you here. Don't, on any account, go away again. Your birth, a Kentuckian, your military repute, your political importance, make you more than almost any man able to advise, and likely to have your advice weighed. I consider you worth at least any half dozen Northerners just now. Now press the Government to your views, and go into the field authorized to

carry them out. I think we shall succeed at last; but it seems to me *you* have the power to hasten the adoption of the needed policy, so much as to save thousands of lives, millions of dollars, and untold dangers to Republicanism springing from the continuance of such a war. Faithfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BOSTON, *April 26, 1865.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—This will be handed you by my friend, E. W. Kittredge, Esq., of Cincinnati. I know he will need no word of mine to secure him your kind interest in furthering the objects with which he visits St. Petersburg. But am sure the fact that he is an original anti-slavery man will give him an added claim on your regard; and I trust he will lose nothing by this word from one who has watched your course with admiration and respect since your first well-dealt blow (your speech) in Europe. May I ask for Mr. K. every kindness in your power? Sincerely yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

LETTER FROM JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL, BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN PROVINCES.

MONTREAL, *August 21, 1862.*

MAJOR-GENERAL C. M. CLAY:—I take pleasure in commending to you my friend, Seth A. Bushnell. He is one of the "old guard"—a gentleman of position in Trumbull County, Ohio, has seen some service, and I understand is desirous of again entering upon military life. Would that I could be with you.

Very truly,

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

LETTER FROM CALEB B. SMITH.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, WASHINGTON, *Sept. 10, 1862.*

GEN. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR;—I regret that you did not call on me on Monday as you said you would do. I saw Halleck and the President. With the former I could do nothing. He seemed to think that your military knowledge was acquired outside of West Point. The President desires to accommodate you; and I think he will agree to give you a department in the South West.

I have your note of yesterday, and am obliged for your compliance with my request. Yours truly,

CALEB B. SMITH.

LETTER FROM HORACE GREELEY.

OFFICE OF THE "TRIBUNE," NEW YORK, *Nov.* 24, 1863.

HON. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your Albany speech, which I had not before read. I mean to print it soon;* but I am now overwhelmed with pledges to print one thing or another, including Mr. Julian's speech, and have been long struggling for room to fulfill some of these promises. But I trust I shall find room for yours very soon. Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

LETTER FROM WM. H. SEWARD.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, *June* 3, 1865.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, Esq—

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your kind letter of the 25th of April last, in which you speak of the future of your country; and I have to thank you for your suggestions concerning the principles with which we should be controlled.† While seriously affected by that which you communicate, and cordially agree with you, I am yet in too feeble a state of health to answer you otherwise than through an amanuensis. I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

WILL. H. SEWARD.

LETTER FROM T. BUCHANAN READ.

ROME, *March* 12, 1868.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—From a carnival of sunshine and flowers to a carnival of snow and sleigh-bells; from the city of the ancient Pontiff, ruling a realm still glorious in spite of its decadence and malaria, to the city of the Czar, the vigorous empire of the modern Odin; from the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars to the renewed Valhalla of the North, where you sit heroic among heroes, this comes greeting.

You remember when you and General Fremont and I were together, you made the general promise that, when he should become President, then *I was to go Minister to Greece!* He was not elected to the White House; and you are plenipotentiary at the Court of the head of the Greek Church, and I am ministering to

*He no doubt was overruled by the Bayard Taylor faction. He never kept his promise. It was never published in the *Tribune*.—C., 1885.

†I was in favor of amnesty and State-rights. See letter to Louisville *Journal*, 1866.—C., 1885.

the Muses near the chair of St. Peter. Now, I think of it, we are both ministering in *St. Peters-burg*! Well, this is as near as we frequently come to our desires. I wish you could lay aside your Norland furs, and come down here for awhile, where a light toga would more become you, and enjoy the delights of this antique world of art before the vestiges of the classics entirely disappear.

It may be, however, that I may see you in your temporary home one of these days, where we can congratulate each that we still have a country; and that you, the Kentucky pioneer of freedom, have seen your favorite scheme accomplished.

My immediate object in writing is to gain some information: I have a young friend—rich, good looking, *six feet three*, just twenty-one, ambitious, intelligent, etc.—who wishes to see service in some foreign army. What are the chances for such a youth in the Russian army? And what are the requirements? When you have a moment to spare, please drop a word in reply to these questions, and oblige your devoted friend,

T. BUCHANAN READ.

Care of Hooker & Co., Bankers, Rome.

LETTER FROM GEO. BANCROFT.

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES, BERLIN, *January* 18, 1869.

SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to send you a printed copy of my treaty with North Germany, and likewise copies of the treaties with the minor German powers. They differ from each other slightly in the details, in consequence of the different military laws, from the operation of which *bona fide* emigrants are to be relieved. In substance, they are the same. I am, sir, truly yours,

GEO. BANCROFT.

C. M. CLAY, Esq., U. S. Minister, St. Petersburg.

LETTER FROM EUGENE SCHUYLER.

Moscow, *April* 28—*May* 10—1869.

MY DEAR MR. CLAY:—You are very kind to write me all the particulars about the mistake with regard to the Moscow consulate. The post that would have brought those appointments seems to have miscarried, as I knew nothing except the letter in the *London Times*, which I had already seen, and which sufficiently disturbed me. I am very glad that Mr. Allen goes to Morocco, and

not to Moscow; for I am not quite ready to go home yet. I have not finished my Russian studies; and, I will admit, I rather begin to like the duties of the place, though I wish there were more of them.

I am very glad on your account, and also on account of the country, that Jeremiah Curtin can no more borrow money or get drunk here. My ideas of the subordination of a secretary to a minister are such that I should consider it his first duty to resign in case he could not agree with his principal. Much more in a case where he had willfully quarrelled with the minister, and sought to injure him. I wish, indeed, that the moral had been pointed even more sharply by Curtin's instant recall the moment Grant came into power. I am glad you have succeeded in relieving St. Petersburg of him; and I trust he will not have the impudence to continue his animosity on the other side of the Atlantic.

With regard to the certificate, I am afraid I can do nothing. Prince Stcherbatoff is never at home when I call; and he has been succeeded as mayor by Prince Tcherkarsky, who knows nothing about it, and was not in Moscow at the time. The time, too, is very uncertain; but I will try.

If you have a New York *Times* or *Tribune*, with the list of appointments, could you send it to me? Yours, very truly,

EUGENE SCHUYLER.

To GEN. C. M. CLAY, U. S. Minister, St. Petersburg.

LETTER FROM GERRIT SMITH.

PETERBORO, *February 15, 1870.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your letter of the 11th inst. Are you certain that my draft of a thousand dollars for the Cubans has been put to use? My bank book was written up a few days ago, and the draft had not then been presented. Perhaps it lies in some file of my friend Greeley's papers; and the letter, which he calls "an attack upon the Administration," lies with it. I wish that letter could be found, were it only to convince him that it is not at all what he characterizes it to be. It is a mild presentation of the matter, and takes such ground as Senator Carpenter takes in his very able speech, which I have just read in the *Tribune*. There is such an incessantly heavy pressure upon all of Horace Greeley's time, that it is only strange he falls into no more misapprehensions.

I do not know Senator Carpenter; but I infer from his great speech that he is both a statesman and a lawyer.

Can our Government delay much longer to do the justice which it owes to Cuba? I trust not. With great regard, your friend,

GERRIT SMITH.

LETTER FROM E. B. WASHBURNE.

HOMBOURG LES BAINS, PRUSSIA, *July 17, 1869.*

MY DEAR SIR:—I have duly received your letter of the 11th instant, forwarded to me from Paris. I have never seen or heard of the dispatch you speak of—neither have I ever seen Curtin; but, from what I know of him, you may be quite sure I should never recommend him for any thing. Your successor, Gov. Curtin, is now here. I understand he proposes sending his secretary at once to St. Petersburg, so that you can be relieved; and we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here quite soon. I will not be here much longer; but, if you will write that you will be here soon, I will wait for you. Very truly yours,

E. B. WASHBURNE.

Hon. C. M. CLAY, Minister, St. Petersburg.

LETTER FROM JAMES S. ROLLINS.

COLUMBIA, Mo., *September 11, 1871.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:—L. U. Reavis, Esq., of St. Louis, who is a very clever fellow, and now about *half crazy* about the election of Horace Greeley to the Presidency, informs me that you have consented to deliver an address in St. Louis, early in October, favorable to the claims of Mr. G. I am gratified to hear this. Mr. G. is an honest man; and, if he could go in on the one-term principle, would make an excellent President. My idea, however, is to get clear of Grant, and put a statesman (if there are any left) in his stead; and it don't matter much which side he comes from, so that he is a statesman and a patriot. My opinion is that Grant will be re-nominated by the Republican Convention; and the only way to defeat him is for the Democracy to unite upon a Liberal Republican as their candidate, as yourself, Gratz Brown, Judge Chase, O. H. Browning, Charles Francis Adams, or some such man!

Brown would be a very strong man. His record is a good one, and he is a great favorite with the German element of the *entire* country; and, in a close contest, this element would hold

the balance of power. Gratz is also strong *in the fact* that he headed the Liberal Republican bolt in Missouri last year; and, with the aid of Senator Schurz, carried the State by 40,000 majority.

Of course, the Democracy supported him very cheerfully, and would do so again; and by *transferring* the contest in Missouri of last year to the National theater, Missouri would give a majority of 100,000 votes against Grant. But it is not merely to win a partizan victory that I prefer to see the Democracy nominate, or *accept*, a Liberal Republican as their leader in the contest of 1872. Such a line of policy would settle finally all questions growing out of our civil war, and would quiet that distrust which many feel about certain *reactionary movements* in the event that the Democracy were restored to power.

Now, if you agree with me in these views, you might very well, whilst advocating the claims of your friend Greeley, put in a *paragraph* or *two* urging the importance of getting clear of Grant; and that, if *unfortunately* the Republicans should nominate him again (instead of Greeley or some such man), the Democracy would act wisely to select a Liberal Republican as their candidate — Brown, Chase, Charles F. Adams — and who would be sure to win. Such sentiments very *emphatically expressed* would not *set you back any* in St. Louis. The truth is, parties are pretty much broken up now, any way; and I should have no objection to see an old-fashioned sweep-stake race in 1872, somewhat after the fashion of the Presidential race of 1824. I think it would relieve the country, and give many good men a chance, who have, by the weight of party, been kept in the back-ground. I shall probably meet you at St. Louis.

By the way, Reavis is anxious to get a copy of your "Life and Writings." If you have a spare copy, please send it to him, directed to St. Louis. Present my kind regards to Mrs. Clay and family, and believe me, very truly yours, JAMES S. ROLLINS.

LETTER FROM CHARLES A. DANA.

EDITOR'S OFFICE OF THE "SUN," NEW YORK, *Feb.* 23, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your note of the 16th instant, and have read it with great interest. I am glad to see that you take so cheering a view of the situation, and I trust that your anticipations may not prove erroneous. I am thankful for your expressions of kindness toward myself. . . .

H. G. means business. If he should be nominated for Vice-President, or for President, I think that he will prove a formidable candidate; and, as the case looks now, it seems possible that he will be selected for the second place on the ticket.

Yours, faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

GEN. C. M. CLAY.

LETTER FROM THOMAS F. BAYARD.

U. S. SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON, *May 28, 1874.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

DEAR SIR:—I was absent from Washington when your letter of the 15th arrived here, and must say to you how much gratified I am to receive such expressions of approval from you.

The issues in regard to which we differed have had a terrible solution, and are not to be recognized in the facts which now confront us. I am most glad to know that a man of your decided and independent views has reached the same conclusion as myself in regard to the inevitable tendencies of our government as at present administered.

So far as I can at present judge, the tide of public sentiment sets strongly in opposition to the course of action which has produced such a condition of affairs as we now witness in Louisiana, South Carolina, and other of the Southern States, and which is a blot upon the very name of Republican rule, and a disgrace to our country and the age of proposed civilization of which we are so prone to boast. I am, with much respect, your obedient servant,

T. F. BAYARD.

LETTER FROM A. G. THURMAN.

PUT-IN BAY, O., *August 16, 1875.*

Hon. C. M. CLAY—

MY DEAR SIR:—Having been absent from Columbus for more than two weeks, it was not until yesterday that I received—in my mail forwarded to me here—your kind and interesting letter of the 2d instant. I thank you heartily for it, and am much gratified to know that my Mansfield speech meets the approval of your judgment. I quite agree with you that the greatest question before the American people is: "Can we preserve our mixed form of Government in its integrity?" Compared with that, all other questions are ephemeral. I had noticed the article in the *Commercial* that you were kind enough to send me, and had read

it with much interest, You are quite right in your opinion that Grant has not given up the idea of a third term. He is a man who believes in his destiny, or, as he calls it, his *luck*. He is firmly convinced that he is the most popular man in the Republic, and that no other man of his party can be elected.

I hope that ere long I may have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance; and, in the meantime, that I may hear from you as often as your leisure may permit.

With great respect, I am, very truly, your obedient servant,

A. G. THURMAN.

The death of Wendell Phillips, which occurred early in 1884, occasioned my production of the following, which appeared in the *Commercial-Gazette*, of February 14, of that year:

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"The man dies, but his memory lives." This apothegm draws interest from the great man who uttered it, and the great cause in which it was uttered. And this memory of man is a large part of the Divine system of moral government, which is as certain and as fixed in its laws as those of physics. To honor the illustrious dead is not only a pleasure, but one of the highest duties which we owe to society. This wide-spread reverence, which the whole civilized world is paying spontaneously to Wendell Phillips, shows that he was one of the heroes of our race. As his cotemporary and coadjutor in the cause of emancipation, I may be allowed to throw my bouquet of immortelles upon his revered tomb, though it be but an humble tribute of wayside flowers little worthy of notice among more magnificent offerings. Though about the same age of Phillips, I began sooner than he the anti-slavery war. I heard William Lloyd Garrison in 1831, in New Haven, when Abolitionism was treason, and committed myself to the holy cause of universal liberty in my oration, delivered in 1832, the centennial year of Washington's birth, in the same city. And so I have known and heard Phillips often, and have had him before me in all his brilliant career. Truth is the foundation not only of all real happiness in our earthly career, but the basis of all eloquence. It is a misfortune, then, in the systems of religion, that any error has entered or been maintained as a needed prop to what we all can see in the main is good. Again, it is a misfortune that there has been so little known and taught about

the unity of the intellect, and that the obscure and misleading doctrine of "Head and Heart" has been used to divide our actions into mind and sentiment, when they are both the result of the action of the brain. It is not admissible, then, in a philosophical sense, to say a man's heart is right, and his head all wrong, or the reverse; for truth loses much and gains nothing by such metaphorical utterances. I was to lecture in New Haven, on one occasion, upon the "Economy of Pure Breeds of Live Stock," by the invitation of Yale College. I had a crowded house, and was ready to commence, when I was told that Wendell Phillips was about to begin his accustomed onslaught upon slavery. I rose up and asked the audience to excuse me, saying I wanted to hear Phillips; that I would resume my lecture next day, and "let us go and hear him now." This was received in good part, and we all got up and went to the hall, where the great speaker had already entered upon his subject. The house was crowded, but with difficulty I got where I could see and hear him. I had often heard him before; and my reason for this movement, so unusual, was to show my respect for a man who was then the most effective advocate in all New England of the great cause to which I was devoting my life. I mention this incident to show that I am not behind Phillips' greatest admirers; whilst I shall not follow them in indiscriminate praise even of the dead. It may well be said of him that he was the greatest lecturer (an orator in a narrow sense,) of his country; but he was not the most eloquent man,—he was not the greatest speaker. The lecture and the oration are presented to the mind for contemplation, for instruction, for pleasure; but it does not include action—near and pressing action also. The most eloquent, the greatest *speeches* in history, were made by Demosthenes. The organization of the Athenian Democracy was the greatest field for oratory of the latter kind—where action was the thing in hand—that was ever presented to man. The whole people were addressed in person; they had to act as well as decide. The man who carried the vote for war had to lead the voters himself to war. The occasion was great, because the Republic, though small, affected the destiny not of that State only, but of the whole world. Hence, the greatest eloquence requires first a great brain, a great character, and then a great cause; and, with all these, *immediate action*. Of these four requisites Phillips had the first three; but the last he had not, nor could he have. Phillips, as all know, had a fine pres-

ence. He was tall, well-formed, with an intellectual head, and expressive features. His cultivation was perfect. His voice musical and sufficiently flexible for its uses. His logic was his *forte*. When he had demonstrated a truth, like all earnest natures, he was impatient that all did not move at once in the direction of his *Q. E. D.* And then he would pour forth his sarcasm as cutting as a Toledo blade. This paper will not allow me to dwell upon his devotion to principle, his philanthropy, his self-sacrifice, and all that. But after we have said all in his favor that can be truly said in his favor—loyalty to the eternal truths upon which at last all usefulness can stand—Phillips could not be the greatest and most eloquent speaker of his country; because he was wrong—wrong in his conception and his treatment of the most eminent premise of the problem he set himself to solve. For the slave he was willing to break up the Union of these States. In that he was wrong. In that he was weak. Like Paris, he had a vulnerable spot; and therefore he fell short of the highest eloquence, and failed to be a first-class hero among men. No man has been more sorely pressed than I in this contest between Liberty and the Slave-Power; no man has had greater personal provocation to take up his household gods and, “shaking the dust from his feet,” go into strange lands, and thus leave the remorseless slave-holder to his fate. But there was a higher sentiment than self-elevation, or even of self-preservation, which held me to my work. It was the Union of the States, and the grand destiny which God had allotted them. Not “Union and Slavery,” but the Union without Slavery—“one and inseperable.” Now, after I had given up my lecture to hear Phillips, when I listened to his anathemas against the Union and our fathers, I felt the same indignation that I did against slavery itself. I had the greatest difficulty in restraining myself from rising up at his closing, and speaking the conscientious objections which my calmest thought decreed. What was the use? He was doing great good in his own way; and I had a field for all my efforts and more, without antagonizing my allies. The upshot was proven error; because, at the breaking out of the war, Phillips and that school were found acting in union practically with the Slave-Power—they by a dissolution to destroy, and the South by the same means to save, slavery. But these men had the good sense at last to see their error, and to join late in the same common battle for a common cause. I think, therefore, that the speeches of John Adams and

Patrick Henry, for American Independence, and Webster's speech for the Union, and, above all, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, for the liberty of all mankind, are greater speeches, of more powerful eloquence, than any utterance of Phillips, or any other Abolition orator. His after-life, though true to his ideas of philanthropy, was tainted with the same defect of judgment; for woman's rights and a spurious, fraudulent paper-currency are on a par, and, in my judgment, would result in similar evils, which ever come of a violation of nature's laws and eternal truths.

C. M. CLAY.

WHITE HALL, KY., *February 12, 1884.*

The discussion of the race-issue and the "Solid South" has fallen into the hands of ingenious speculators, with many assumed facts and imaginary sequences. So great and complicated a question above all requires common sense, a close observation of facts, and unobscured logic.

The present status shows the supremacy of the whites in social and political rule; while the blacks have all the legal equality that written constitutions can secure. Does intimidation, corruption, force, and fraud on the part of the whites override all legal enfranchisement? And, if so, is there any remedy, if desirable, but time? The antagonism of races, whether arising from "previous servitude," or the natural antipathies of race, thus exhibited, makes the black race of the South, for all practical purposes, of no force in the State and National elections. And the white Republicans of the South allied to the blacks share the same fate. Thus, as parties now stand, the Democrats rule the South against black and white Republicans with autocratic power. Is this the best thing possible?

Thus the "Solid South," united to a few Northern States, by a minority-vote of the whole people, rule. Is this the best for the Nation? Will not a toleration of a minority-rule debauch the public conscience, bring the rule of the majority into contempt, and thus self-government be lost? If the "government of the people by the people for the people" is not desirable or possible, would it

not be better to come to the rule of an autocracy by more direct methods at once and forever? If we are not prepared to go back into the old worn-out slums of despotism, what can save us? Will the superior increase by birth of the blacks do it?

Some years ago I had occasion to compile a comparative table, running for a long term of years, showing that, as a matter of fact, the whites of the slave States increased at a greater ratio than the blacks.* Has that ratio been changed by the freedom of the slaves? I think not. I know, of my own knowledge, from unquestionable testimony, of three children being killed after birth by their black parents in my own neighborhood. So I have reason to believe that, by abortion before and by homicide after birth, the increase of the blacks in all the South has been retarded. Immigration to the South is all in favor of the whites. Again, the "Solid South" has great temptation to make false returns of the black voters—seeing that increased numbers give increased political power. But, admitting the assumption that the blacks are increasing faster than the whites, in spite of the influx of whites and the emigration of blacks, how long will that state of affairs exist? Now, the law of population and subsistence applies alike to man and other animals; that is, population depends upon the food. But, in the artificial civilized life of man, the willful destruction of offspring, want of shelter, clothing, medicine, and proper nourishment and nursing, to say nothing of epidemic diseases, falling mostly upon the blacks, the

*The table is lost, but it was conclusive in my judgment. It was based on the actual census of some States—slave and free; but other facts were also reviewed, changing the common data, such as the barrenness of many slave women, and especially the emigration of the non-slaveholding whites,—who are famed for their number of children,—from mostly the border States into Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and the further fact that from their poor and inaccessible homes they were much overlooked in the census, whereas every slave was counted.

despotic rule of the South will forever keep them in the supremacy. For it is the substratum of every people that perishes first for want of subsistence.

Will education be the remedy?

Education, of course, gives power. But who is to put the "salt upon the bird's tail?" The editor of the Memphis *Avalanche*, one of the most intelligent in the South, answers that "the South rules from above, and the North from below." That is, in other words, the whites of the South have the ascendancy, though the blacks may increase ever so much; and they intend to keep the supremacy. They will oppose the education of the blacks, as before, in slavery. Nevertheless, the friends of equality before the law must use all the means—and education is one of them—with or without the co-operation of the oligarchy, as in Berea, in Kentucky, where blacks and whites are educated and protected by the mountain people.

Will force succeed?

I think not. Force has been tried; and, like the storm in Æsop's fable of the sun and the winds, caused the traveler to bind his cloak the more closely around him—it was the chief cause of southern solidity. If this was a central despotism, then force by arms would be the remedy, certainly. But the disease is too great and widespread for such remedy, and not suited to a Republican form of government. The ten years of such attempt should warn our statesmen not to attempt that remedy again for the dissolving of the "Solid South."

What is the true solution?

The North has the numerical majority, the superior education, and greatest wealth. She, too, must become *solid*. She must hold the government with no equivocal intent. Having given the South full legal equality with the North, she must show that she is determined to stand by and enforce all the penalties of the bond. The South is now very well content to bury, nationally, "the bloody shirt." *She is in power*. It is not the rider of the horse who cries

out: "Ride and tie; now dismount, and let the footman take the saddle." The ambitious men of the South, seeing the national honors and emoluments impossible so long as the South usurps undue power and tramples upon the vital principles of self-government—the sacred ballot, one vote, and a fair count—will themselves break up the "Solid South." The blacks must be divided between the northern and southern parties; that will break up the caste of race. That, and time, will make us one people; and blot out the old Mason and Dixon's line, and all will be equal before the law.

Social equality hardly enters into the political discussion of the race-issue. Nevertheless, it does disturb legal rights, and the normal relations of the races.*

A word as to the legal right of intermarriage.

Admit that there is a natural antipathy between the black and white races, for argument's sake, is that a reason why marriage should be forbidden? The right of unrestrained marriage is denied to the whites and blacks in the South by law. But does not every one see that the law is intended to protect the white, and not the black race, and therefore is unequal in its force; and, so far, works in

*There are two facts which, generally unknown are overlooked, are of great importance in the consideration of the race-issue. First, the races or nations of blacks in Africa are as distinct in form and intelligence as the whites of Europe. Consider the Moors of ancient times, and the Arabs of the late conflict in the Soudan, running down to the lowest type of Africans—Bushmen. These varieties of race, by the slave trade, have become more or less mingled in American blacks. I have known myself, Africans of Caucasian face and craniums as far removed from the ordinary Congo as the first of the white race is from the lowest.

The other fact is, that in a little over a half century I have remarked a great improvement in the craniums and facial angles in the same families of blacks. So, under favorable surroundings, the progress of races is rapidly advanced—centuries crowding into years. These indisputable facts, as I believe, can not be ignored in the discussion and solution of the race-issue.

favor of caste and the destruction of real "equality before the law?" The objections to such a law is, that it destroys the self-respect of and degrades the whole black race. A wise statesman should do all things to cultivate the race, not to degrade it. But I deny the right of society, or the State, to say whom I shall or shall not marry. In this sacred relation no one can justly forbid the inalienable elements of human happiness. But, admit that there is an instinctive repugnance between whites and blacks sufficient to warrant a restraining law of intermarriage, then such repugnance is also sufficient without law; and therefore such a law is needless in the main issue, while in its degradation of a whole race it is *per se* criminal. I conclude, then, all laws recognizing inequality between the races in marriage, in public functions, in churches, in places of travel, in schools, may be safely omitted. As a matter of taste or judgment, if you please, I am in favor of pure breeds in domestic animals, and among the races of men; and even among the white varieties of the race there is reason to believe that those varieties are happiest where intermarriage is confined to the nearest type and closest affinities of rank, education, and sentiment. But as a matter of *right*, and the great principles of human civilization, I would here, as in political power, let all stand "EQUAL BEFORE THE LAW."

I might add that in Europe, where I saw several blacks and whites intermarried, such alliances being there everywhere admitted by law, it created no sensation whatever; as such unions are so few as to cause no fear of any serious amalgamation of races, even by the negrophobists.

Beyond all these data, and in a wider circle, lies the capital assumption that the South is the superior people in that highest development of intellect and moral qualities—*fitness to rule*. They say that the Roundhead, or Puritan civilization of the North, where so much weight is given to wealth as well as narrow views of religion and life, caused the South here, as in England, to rise to po-

litical supremacy; and that, after a quarter of a century in a minority and "exile," "the King has come to his own again," and "come to stay." Some of the South's ancient supremacy was due, no doubt, to a broader and truer view of religion and human life, making this earth the arena of development and happiness, rather than the uncertain and perhaps untrue substratum and relations of a future and unknown state. Thus the Puritan ideas (like the exclusiveness of the Jewish hierarchy, while, perhaps, it gave certain force of character to that nation, repelled the sympathies of other peoples,) excited antipathy in more liberal minds, and gave the South allies to a large extent in the North itself.

But the main cause of the South's political ascendancy was due, no doubt, to slavery, which, providing for economical wants, allowed the best intellects to concentrate in politics. This was well enough in such a Union as ours — the North playing the part of the belly, and the South the brain. But when, as shown by the late war, the "belly" was withdrawn, the "brain" perished.

The first — Puritanism — is being more and more eradicated by a wider thought in the New Englanders themselves, and by the large emigration from other nations, especially the Germans, whose views of life are more liberal, and, as I think, more in accordance with natural law. Slavery is gone forever; and the North and South stand at equal vantage in the future race for supremacy. Here, as elsewhere, we rest upon the survival of the fittest, and we shall see what we shall see.

The equal political and civil rights of the blacks being established, the least said about race-caste, it seems to me, the better. Can any man tell which of the white races will dominate in this Republic? In a narrower sphere will it be even Puritan or Cavalier? Then why further discuss this subject? The problem will solve itself; and, when solved, will no doubt be well solved. The attempt to create alarm about the increase, real or imaginary, of the blacks over that

of the whites is illusory. So long as the blacks form the substratum of society, they will be subject to the influences which limit all increase of the human family, and therefore nothing need be feared of black supremacy. Should the blacks assume domination in the far future, it will come of other causes than their mere natural increase. Education and wealth will make them the aids and factors of a higher civilization—the road we all aspire to follow.

The discussion of the social problem seems no more urgent. I stand now where I have stood all these past years—against all political or civil caste. I am for “an open field and a fair fight.” Why discuss the social problem at all? Does any man ignore the differences of each individual? So much greater is the difference of nationality and of race! They can safely adjust themselves. I stand as I do in stock-breeding—for purity of race; but whilst I would by no means recommend the intermarriage of whites and blacks, I would sternly leave all by law to act as the highest freedom and pursuit of happiness of the individual should indicate. If there is any danger in the Nation, it is not of consolidation of social ties, but of the centrifugal forces, which might ultimately endanger law and order. I think, therefore, that the highest philanthropy, as well as the noblest patriotism, stand on the side of Christianity, which admits and consecrates the brotherhood of all the races.

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